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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

In This Number

EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES—GEORGE WESTON—WILL PAYNE—RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD
PETER B. KYNE—SAMUEL G. BLYTHE—MARY ROBERTS RINEHART—E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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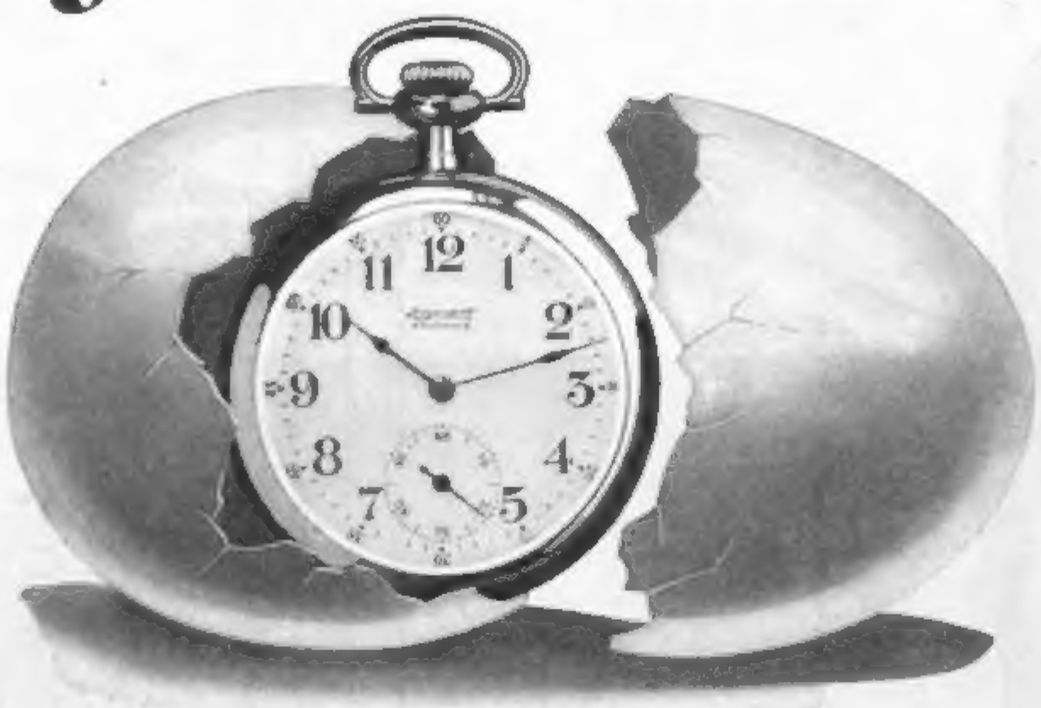

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THE FOOL'S HEART

He Was Shot All to Pieces—I Don't Know How Many Times

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

CHARLEY ELLIS did not know where he was; he did not know where he was going; he was not even cheered by any hope of damnation. His worldly goods were the clothes he wore, the sixshooter on his thigh, the horse between his legs, and his saddle, bridle and spurs. He had no money; no friend closer than five hundred miles. Therefore, he whistled and sang; he sat jauntily; his wide hat took on the cant joyous; he cocked a bright eye appreciatively at a pleasant world—a lonesome world just now, but great fun.

By years, few-and-twenty; by size, of the great upper-middle class; blond, tanned, down-cheeked. Add a shock of tow-colored hair, a pug nose of engaging impudence—and you have the inventory.

All day he had ridden slowly across a dreary land of rolling hills, northward and ever northward; a steepest, interminable gray ridge of limestone on his right, knife-sharp, bleak and bare; the vast black bulk of San Mateo on the west; and all the long day the rider had seen no house, or road, or any man.

One thing troubled him a little: his big roan horse was road-weary and had lost his aforetime pleasing plumpness. He had also lost a shoe to-day and was intending to be very tender-footed at once.

Charley was pleased, then, topping a hill, to observe that somebody had chopped a deep notch into the stubborn lime-stone ridge; and to see, framed in that tremendous notch, a low square of ranch buildings on a high tableland beyond. A dark and crooked chasm lay between—Ellis could see only the upper walls of it, but the steep angle of the sides gave the depth.

A deep and broad basin fell away before his feet. Westward it broke into misty branches between ridges blue-black with pine. Plainly the waters of these many valleys drained away through the deep-notched chasm.

It was late. The valley was dark with shadow. Beyond, the lonely ranch loomed high and mysterious in a blaze of the dying sunlight. Ellis felt his blood stir and thrill to watch it higher and higher above him as he followed down a plunging ridge. Higher and higher it rose; another downward step and it was gone.

Ellis led his horse now, to favor the unshod foot on the stony way. He came to a road in the valley; the road took him to a swift and noisy stream, brawling, foaming-white and narrow.

They drank; they splashed across.

A juniper stood beside the road. To it was nailed a sign-board, with the rudely painted direction:

BOX O RANCH, FIVE MILES

Below was a penciled injunction:

DON'T TRY THE BOX CAÑON. IT'S FENCED.
TOO ROUGH ANYWAY. KEEP TO THE ROAD.

"Vinegaroan, you old akeesicks," said Charley, "I'm goin' to leave you here and hoof it in. Good grass here and you're right tired. Besides, that foot of yours'll be ruined with a little more of these rocks. I'll rustle a shoe and tack it on in the morning." He hung the saddle high in the juniper—for range cattle prefer a good sixty-dollar saddle to other feed. Tents and bedding are nutritious but dry. A line of washing has its points for delicate appetites; boots make dainty titbits; harness is excellent—harness is the good old stand-by—harness is worthy of high praise, though buckle-y; but for all-round merit, wholesome, substantial, piquant, the saddle has no equal. Bridle and blankets are the customary relishes for the saddle, but the best cattle often omit them.

Charley hobbled old Vinegaroan and set out smartly, hobbling himself in his high-heeled boots. As the dim road wound into the falling dusk he regaled himself with the immortal saga of Sam Bass:

"Sam Bass he came from Indiana—it was his native state;
He came out here to Texas, and here he met his fate.
Sam always drank good liquor and spent his money free,
And a kinder-hearted fellow you'd seldom ever see!"

"If You're Telling the Truth You've Been Up Against It Hard"

II

THE Box O Ranch stands on a bone-dry mesa, two miles from living water. It is a hollow square of adobe; within is a mighty cistern, large enough to store the filtered rain water from all the roofs. The site was chosen for shelter in Indian times; there is neither hill nor ridge within gunshot. One lonely cedar fronts the house, and no other tree is in sight; for that one tree the ranch was built there and not in another place. A mile away you come to the brink of Nogales Cañon, narrow and deep and dark; a thousand feet below the sunless waters carve their way to the far-off river. The ranch buildings and corrals now mark one corner of a fenced pasture, three miles square; the farther cliffs of Nogales Cañon make the southern fence.

The great mesas pyramid against the west, step on step; on that heaven-high pedestal San Mateo Peak basks in the sun, a sleeping lion. But the wonder and beauty of San Mateo are unprized. San Mateo is in America.

Two men came to the Box O in the glare of afternoon—a tall man, great of bone and coarse of face, hawk-nosed; a shorter man and younger, dark, thin-lipped, with little restless eyes, gray and shifting. He had broad eyebrows and a sharp, thin nose.

A heavy revolver swung at the tall man's thigh—the short man had an automatic; each had a rifle under his knee. They were weary and thirst-parched; the horses stumbled as they walked—they were streaked and splashed with the white salt of sweat, caked with a mire of dust and lather, dried now by the last slow miles, so that no man might know their color.

The unlocked house lay silent and empty; the stove was cold; the dust of days lay on the table. "Good enough!" croaked the shorter man. "Luck's with us."

He led the way to the cistern. They drank eagerly, prudently; they sluiced the stinging dust from face and neck and hair.

"Ain't it good?" said the short man.

"Huh! That wasn't such a much. Wait till you're good and dry once—till your lips crack to the quick and your tongue swells black."

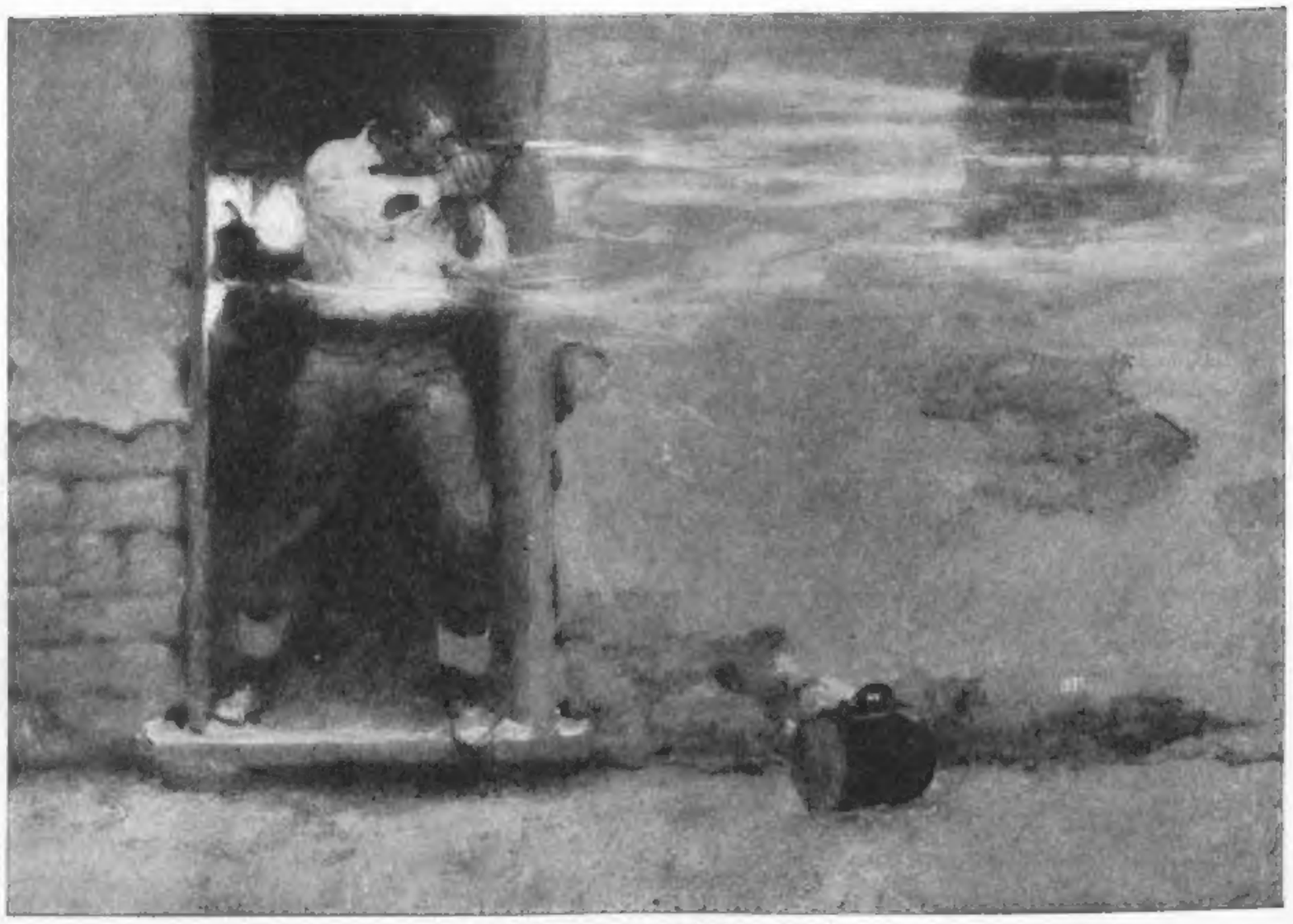
"Never for mine! I'm for getting out of this. I'm hunting the rainiest country I can find; and I stay there."

"If we get away! What if we don't find fresh horses in the pasture? There's none in sight."

"Reed's always got horses in the pasture. They're down in the cañon, where the sun hasn't dried up the grass. Oh, we'll get away, all right!

"They've got to track us, Laxon—and we've left a mighty crooked trail. They can't follow our trail at night and the Angel Gabriel couldn't guess where we are headed for."

"You don't allow much for chance? Or for—anything else? We sure don't deserve to get away," said Laxon.



Moss Steadied His Automatic Against the Doorframe

He led his horse in, took off the bridle and pumped up a bucket of water. The poor beast drank greedily and his eyes begged for more.

"Not now, Bill. Another in ten minutes," he said in answer to a feeble nickering. He unsaddled; he sighed at the scalded back. "I'll douse a few bucketfuls on you quick as your pard gets his."

He turned his head. The younger man leaned sullenly against the wall. He had not moved. Laxon's face hardened. It was an ugly and brutal face at best—the uglier that he was slightly cross-eyed. Now it was the face of a devil.

"You worthless cur, get your horse! I thought you was yellow when you killed poor Mims last night—and now I know it! No need of it—not a bit. We could 'a' got his gun and his box of money without. Sink me to hell if I've not half a mind to give you up! If I was sure they'd hang you first I'd do it!"

"Don't let's quarrel, Jess. I'll get the horse, of course," said Moss wearily. "I'm just about all in—that's all. I could sleep a week!"

"Guess your horse ain't tired, you swine! I ought to kick you through the gate! Quarrel? You! Wish you'd try it. Wish you'd just raise your voice at me! Sleep, says he! Sleep, when somebody may drop in on us any time! All the sleep you get is the next hour. We ride to-night and sleep all day to-morrow in some hollow of the deep hills, over beyond the Divide. No more daylight for us till we strike the Gila."

Moss made no answer. Laxon hobbled stiffly into the house and brought back canned tomatoes, corned beef and a butcher knife. They wolfed their food in silence.

"Sleep now, baby!" said Laxon. "I'll stand watch."

He spread the heavy saddle blankets in the sun; he gave the horses water, a little at a time, until they had their fill; with a gunny sack and pail he washed them carefully. Their sides were raw with spurring; there were ridges and welts where a doubled rope had lashed.

A cruel day to the northward two other horses lay stark and cold by Bluewater Corral; a cruel night beyond Bluewater the paymaster of the Harqua Hala Mine lay by the broken box of his trust, with a bullet in his heart.

Laxon found a can of baking powder and sprinkled it on the scalded backs.

"Pretty hard lines, Bill," he said, with a pat for the drooping neck. "All that heft of coin heaped up behind the cantle—that made it bad. Never mind! You'll come out all right—both of you."

His thoughts went back to those other horses at Bluewater. He had shot them at sunrise. He could not turn them loose to drink the icy water and die in agony; he could not stay; he could not shut them in the corral to endure the agony of thirst until the pursuit came up—a pursuit that so easily might lose the trail in the rock country and never come to Bluewater. It had been a bitter choice.

He built a fire and investigated the chuck room; he put on the coffee pot, took a careful look across the mesa and came back to Moss. The hour was up.

Moss slept heavily; his arms sprawled wide, his fingers jerking; he moaned and muttered in his sleep; his eyes were sunken and on his cheek the skin was stretched skull-tight. The watcher was in less evil case; his reserves of stored-up vitality were scarcely touched as yet. Conscious of this, his anger for the outworn man gave way to rough compassion; the hour had stretched to nearly two before he shook the sleeper's shoulder.

"Come, Moss! You're rested a little and so's your horse. I've got some good hot coffee ready for you. Get a cup of that into your belly and you'll be as good as new. Then you go drive all the horses up out of the pasture—just about time before dark. While you're gone I'll cook a hot supper, bake up a few pones of bread for us to take along, and pack up enough other truck to do us. I'd go, but you're fifty pounds lighter'n me. Besides, you know the pasture."

"Oh, I'll go," said Moss as he drank his coffee. "There's a little corral down in the bottom. Guess I can ease a bunch in there and get me a new mount. The rest'll be easy."

"We'll pick out the likeliest, turn the others out and throw a scare into 'em," said Laxon. "We don't want to leave any fresh horses for them fellows, if they come. And, of course, they'll come."

"Yes, and they'll have a time finding out which is our tracks. I'll just leave this money here, and the rifle," said Moss, in the corral. "That'll be so much weight off, anyway." He untied a slicker from behind the saddle. Unrolling it he took out an ore sack and tossed it over beside Laxon's saddle; it fell with a heavy clink of coins. "Say, Jess! Look over my doin' the baby act a while ago, will you? I should have taken care of my horse, of course—poor devil; but I was all in—so tired I hardly knew what I was about." He hesitated. "And—honest, Jess—I thought Mims was going after his gun."

"Guess I didn't sense how tired you was," said Jess, and there was relief in his voice. "Let it all slide. We're in bad and we got to stick together—us two."

At sundown Moss drove back twelve head of saddle stock. He had caught a big rangy sorrel at the horse pen in the cañon.

"This one'll do for me," he announced as he swung down.

"I'll take the big black," said Laxon. "Trot along now and eat your supper. I'll be ready by the time you're done. I've got our stuff all packed—and two canteens. Say, Moss, I've got two bed blankets. I'm goin' to carry my share of grub behind my saddle. My sack of money I'll wad up in my blanket and sling it across in front of me, see? We don't want any more sore-backed horses. You'd better do the same."

"All right!" said Moss. "You fix it up while I eat."

Laxon roped and saddled the black, and tied one of the grub sacks behind the cantle; he made a neat roll of his own sack of money and the blanket and tied it across behind the horn. Then he fixed his partner's money sack and grub sack the same way and thrust the rifle into the scabbard. He opened the outer gate of the corral and let the loose horses out on the eastern mesa.

"Hike, you! We'll fall in behind you in a pair of minutes and make you burn the breeze! . . . Now for Bill, the very tired horse, and we'll be all ready to hit the trail."

Bill was lying down in a corner. Laxon stirred him up and led him by the foretop out through the pasture gate. The saddle-house door opened noiselessly; Moss steadied his automatic against the doorframe and waited.

"You go hunt up your pardner, old Bill. You and him orter be good pals from now on. So long! Good luck!" said Laxon. He closed the gate.

Moss shot him between the shoulder blades. Laxon whirled and fell on his face; the swift automatic cracked. Laxon rose to his elbow, riddled and torn; bullet after bullet crashed through his body. He shot the sorrel horse between the eyes; the black reared up and broke his rope. As he fell backward a ball from Laxon's forty-five pierced his breast; falling, another shot broke his neck. Then Laxon laughed—and died.

III

WHITE, frantic, cursing, the trapped murderer staggered out from his ambush. Shaking horribly he made sure that Laxon was dead.

"The squint-eyed devil!" he screamed.

He ran to the outer gate. The band of freed horses was close by and unalarmed, but twilight was deepening fast. What was to be done must be done quickly.

He set the outer gate open. He bridled old Bill and leaped on, bareback; with infinite caution he made a wide circle beyond the little bunch of horses and worked them slowly toward the gate.

They came readily enough and, at first, it seemed that there would be no trouble; but at the gate they stopped, sniffed, saw those dim, mysterious forms stretched out at the farther side, huddled, recoiled and broke away in a little, slow trot.

Moss could not stop them. Poor old Bill could only shuffle. The trot became a walk; they nibbled at the young grass.

Once he turned them back, but before they reached the gate they edged away uneasily. Twilight was done. Twice he turned them back. All the stars were out and blazing clear; a cool night breeze sprang up. Nearing the gate the horses sniffed the air; they snorted, wheeled and broke away; the trot became a gallop, the gallop a run.

Moss slipped the bridle off and walked back to the corral. His whole body was shaking in a passion of rage and fear.

He drank deeply at the cistern; he reloaded the automatic; he went to the dead horses. Whatever came, he would not abandon that money. After all, there was a chance. He would keep the notes with him; he would hide the gold somewhere in the rocky cliffs of the cañon; he would climb out over the cliffs, where he would leave no tracks to follow; he would keep in the impassable hills, hiding by day; he would carry food and water; he would take the rifle and the first time he saw a horseman alone he would have a horse.

Eagerly he untied the two treasure sacks and emptied one into the other. He started for the house. Then his heart stopped beating. It was a voice, faint and far away:

"Rabbit! Rabbit! Tail mighty white!
Yes, good Lord—he'll take it out o' sight!
Take it out o' sight!"

In a frenzy of fear the murderer dropped his treasure and snatched up the rifle. He ran to the gate and crouched in the shadow. His hair stood up; his heart pounded at his ribs; his knees knocked together.

"Rabbit! Rabbit! Ears mighty long!
Yes, good Lord—you set 'em on wrong!
Set 'em on wrong!"

It was a gay young voice, coming from the westward, nearer and nearer. Slinking in the shadows, Moss came to the corner. In the starlight he saw a man very near now, coming down the road afoot, singing as he came:

"Sam Bass he came from Indiana—it was his native state."

From the west? His pursuers would be coming from the north along his track—they would not be singing, and there would be more than one. Why was this man afoot?

With a desperate effort of the will Moss pulled himself together. He slipped back into the kitchen and lit the lamp. He threw dry sticks on the glowing coals—they broke into a crackling flame; the pleasant tingling incense of cedar filled the room. He dabbed at his burning face with a wet towel; he smoothed his hair hastily. Drawn, pale and haggard, the face in the glass gave him his cue—he was an invalid.

Would the man never come? He felt the mounting impulse to struggle no longer—to shriek out all the ghastly truth; to give up—anything, so he might sleep and die and rest. But he had no choice; he must fight on. Someway he must use this newcomer for his need. But why afoot? Why could not the man have a horse? Then his way would have been so easy. His throat and mouth were dust-dry—he drank deep of the cool water and felt new life steal along his veins.

Then—because he must busy himself to bridge the dreadful interval—he forced his hands to steadiness; he filled and lit a pipe.

"Hello, the house!"

Moss threw open the door; the dancing light leaped out against the dark. Along that golden pathway a man came, smiling.

"Hello yourself, and see how you like it! You're late. Turn your horse in the corral while I warm up supper for you."

IV

"I LEFT my horse back up the road. I just love to walk," said Charley. At the door he held up a warning hand. "Before I come in, let's have a clear understanding. No canned corn goes with me. I don't want anybody even to mention canned corn."

"Never heard of it," said Moss. "Sit ye down. How'd fried spuds, with onions and bacon, suit you?"

"Fine and dandy! Anything but ensilage." Ellis limped to a box by the fire and painfully removed a boot. "Cracky! Some blisters!"

Moss bent over the fire.

"You're not from round these parts, are you?" he asked. He raked out coals for the coffeepot and put the potatoes to warm.

"Nope. From Arizona—lookin' for work. What's the show to hook up with this outfit?"

"None. Everybody gone to the round-up. Oh, I don't live here myself. I'm just a-stayin' round for my health." . . . If I could only get to this man's horse—if I could leave this man in the trap! The pursuit must be here by to-morrow. Steady! I must feel my way. . . .

"Horse played out?"

"No; but he's right tired and he lost the shoe off his nigh forefoot to-day. Stake me to a new shoe, of course?"

"Sure!" . . . But this man will tell his story. I can never get away on a tired horse—they will overtake me; they will be here to-morrow. Shall I make it seem that Laxon and this man have killed each other? No; there will still be his tracks where he came—mine where I leave. How then? . . .

"Sorry I can't let you have a horse to get yours. Just set myself afoot about sunset. Had all the saddle horses in the corral—saw a coyote—ran out to shoot at him—did you hear me, mister? I didn't get your name. Mine's Moss."

"Ellis—Charley Ellis. No; I was 'way over behind that hill at sundown. You're sure looking peaked and pale, Mr. Moss."

"It's nothing—weak heart," said Moss. The heavy brows made a black bar across his white face. . . . How then? I will stay here. I will be the dupe, the scapegoat—this man shall take my place, shall escape, shall be killed resisting arrest. . . . "Just a little twinge. I'm used to it. Where was I? Oh, yes—the horses. Well, I didn't shut the gate good. It blew open and away went my horses to the wild bunch. Idiotic, wasn't it? And I was planning to make a start to-night, ten mile or so, on a little hunting trip. That reminds me—I got a lot of bread baked up and it's out in my pack. You wash up and I'll go get it. There's the pan." . . . This man Ellis was the murderer! I left my horse. Ellis stole away while I was asleep. He tried to escape on my horse. He can't get far; the horse is about played out. When I woke and missed Ellis I found the dead man in the corral!

The black thought shaped and grew. He hugged it to his heart as he took bread from the pack sacks; he bettered it as he hid the sack of money. He struck a match and picked out a sheaf of five-dollar bills; he tore them partway across, near one corner, perhaps an inch. Then he took one bill from the torn package, crumpled it up and wadded it in his pocket, putting the others back in the sack.

Next, he found the empty ore sack, the one that had carried Laxon's half of the plunder. With a corner of it he pressed lightly over the dead man's back, so that a tiny smear of drying blood showed on the sack.

Then he took the bread and hurried to the house, dropping the ore sack outside the door. It was swiftly done. Ellis was just combing his hair when his host returned.

"There! Coffee's hot and potatoes will be in a jiffy. Sit up. Where'd you say you left your horse?"

"Where the wagon road crosses the creek west of the Box Cañon—where there's a sign nailed to a tree."

"Which sign? There's several—different places."

"'Five miles to the Box O Ranch,' it says."

"Hobbled your horse, I reckon?"

"Yep. Wasn't really no need of hobbling, either—he won't go far. Some gaunted up, he is. He'll be glad when I get a job. And I'll say this for old Vinegaroan—he's a son-of-a-gun to pitch; but he don't put on. When he shows tired he's tired for fair. Only for his wild fool ways, he'd be the best horse I ever owned. But, then, if it hadn't been for them wild fool ways the V R wouldn't never 'a' let me got my clutches on him. They never raised a better horse, but he was spoiled in breaking. He thinks you want him to buck. Don't mean no harm by it."

"I see! Roan horse, branded 'V R' and some devilish; you might say he named himself."

"That's it."

"What is he—red roan?"

"Naw—blue roan. Mighty fine looker when he's fat—the old scoundrel!"

"Old horse? Or is that just a love name?"

Charley laughed.

"Just a love name. He's seven years old."

Moss poured the coffee and dished up the potatoes.

"There! She's ready—pitch in! I'll take a cup of coffee with you. Big horse?"

"Fifteen hands. Say, this slumgullion tastes mighty ample after—you know—fodder. Last night I stayed in a little log shack south of the peak."

Moss interrupted.

"How many rooms? So I can know whose house it was."

"Two rooms—'H G' burned on the door. 'Chas. J. Graham, Cañada Alamosa,' stenciled on the boxes. No one at home but canned corn and flour and coffee. Night before at the Anchor X Ranch. No one at home. Note sayin' they'd gone to ship steers at Magdalena. Didn't say nothing about goin' after chuck—but I know. There wasn't one cussed thing to eat except canned corn—not even coffee. Blest if I've seen a man for three days. Before that I laid up a couple of days with an old Mexican, right on the tiptop of the Black Range—hunting, and resting up my horse."

"I knowed a V R brand once, up North," said Moss reflectively. "On the hip for mares, it was; thigh for geldings; side for cattle."

"That one's on the Gila—Old Man Hearn—shoulder for horses; hip for cattle."

"Let me fill your cup," said Moss. "Now I'll tell you what—I wish you could lay up with me. I'd be glad to have you. But if you want work bad, and your horse can make eighteen or twenty miles by noon to-morrow, I think you can catch onto a job. They're meetin' at Rosedale to-morrow to start for the north round-up. This country here has done been worked. They'll light out after dinner and make camp about twenty-five miles north. You follow back the road you came here for about a mile. When the road bends to come here, at the head of the draw, you bear off to the left across the mesa, northwest-like. In six or eight miles you'll hit a plain road from the river, running west, up into the mountains. That'll take you straight to Rosedale."

"Well! I'll have to be up and doin', then, and catch 'em before they move. Much obliged to you! Think I'm pretty sure of a job?"

"It's a cinch. Them V cross T cattle are a snaky lot, and they never have enough men."

"Look here! Stake me to a number-one shoe and some nails, will you? Loan me a rasp and a hammer? I'll stick the tools up in the tree where the sign is. Clap a shoe on at daylight and shack along while it's cool. I'll make it by ten o'clock or later."

"But you'll stay all night?"

"No—we might oversleep. I'll chin with you a while and then hike along back and sleep on my saddle blankets. Then I'll be stirrin' soon in the mawnin'."

"Well, I'm sorry to see you go; but you know your own business. No more? Smoke up, then?" He tossed papers and tobacco across. "Say, I want you to send a Mex. boy down here with a horse, so I can drive my runaways in off the flat. Don't forget!"

"I'll not. May I have a bucket and wash up these blistered feet of mine before I hike?"

"Sure you can! Sit still; I'll get the water. I'll rustle round and see if some of the boys ain't left some clean socks too; and I'll wrap you up a parcel of breakfast."

"Well, this is luck!" declared Charley a little later, soaking

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"I'll Make You an Offer: Give Me Your Boots and Your Forty-Five, With the Belt and Scabbard, for My Automatic, With its Rigging and Five Dollars, and I'll Throw in My Boots"

BALM FOR LOVERS

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

IF I WERE His Satanic Majesty, and a novelist came to me for judgment, I should beetle my brows in a horrible manner and quiz him thus:

"Did you ever make your heroine eighteen years old? Did you ever endow a maiden with the repartee of Pinero, the intuition of Blavatsky, the carriage of Garden, the hauteur of the Medici, the beauty of Aphrodite and the wisdom of Athene—all at the age of eighteen years?"

If the novelist answered me "Certainly not!" I should say: "To Heaven with you!" But if he answered "Sure, I did!" I would blast him where he stood.

For, of all the iniquitous, fallacious, unfair and dangerous doctrines, this takes the icing of the cake—that the female of the species reaches her apogee at the immature age of eighteen.

Does a girl know how to mix mayonnaise when she's eighteen years old? Can she run a house or make hot biscuits? Can she size up a man or a situation or a leg of lamb? Can she talk about anything or think about anything or dream about anything but herself?

Oh, what a rage I am in!

And if I were Old Nick, and a village gossip came to me for sentence, I should wrinkle my nose until he shivered, and then I would tempestuously roar:

"Look here, you Village Gossip! Did you ever use the term Old Maid when referring to any lady less than forty-five years old?"

And when he stammered "Yes" I would sentence him to dance the Dippy-dip-dip barefoot for a million years with a clumsy-footed partner weighing three hundred pounds who had incandescent spikes on her shoes.

For, of all the mean, contemptible, chuckle-headed phrases the idiots of mankind have coined, this is the meanest—Old Maid.

At eight, a girl is a blossom—at eighteen, a green apple; but at twenty-eight she begins to reach perfection, and from then on she grows more and more perfect.

The Elder Miss Perkins Whispered: "Margaret!" and Hastily Locked the Door

If you have ever been in Clarksville, you will know that Washington Street and Lincoln Avenue come together sharply, like the lines of a V. And right in the point of that V is an old house, white, with green blinds, a Colonial doorway, and an old-fashioned L, which dates back to the year before the year when King George III drew on his first pair of long trousers.

By the side of the house you'll see a fountain, surrounded by a gravel path, which is, in turn, surrounded by a circular box hedge; and in the garden at the rear you won't find any Burbank plums, or any New Zealand spinach, or any vegetable oysters; but—M'm!—the fragrant bushes of Old Man, and the beds of double sweet Williams, and the hollyhocks, and the white lilacs!

Last year, if you had asked a native who lived there he would have answered: "The Miss' Perkins." And if you had fed him a cigar and pressed him for further plans and specifications, he would have smelled the cigar like a connoisseur and told you—*inter alia*—"Coupla old maids."

Oh, had I the horns of a ram and had caught that native bending!

The younger Miss Perkins' name was Margaret—the elder was Agnes; and on the evening when our story opens these two sisters were in the sitting room of that old Colonial house aforesaid. One was reading—or trying to read. The other was writing—or trying to write.

"Do you know, Margaret," said Agnes, thoughtfully shaking the ink from her pen, "this is the third wedding present we have made this year."

Margaret made no audible reply but—answering with her eyes—her glance took on a slightly saddened slant, like that of a fruit-and-vegetable merchant looking out of the window on a wet Saturday night.

"In fact, I sometimes wonder," continued Agnes, "whether we ought to continue to give them or not."

"Oh, Agnes! We must!"

"Not necessarily, my dear. After all, one gives a present under these circumstances either because one has received similar presents in the past or expects to receive them in the future; but in our case ——"

"Oh, Agnes!" repeated the other, blushing amazingly. "Surely we still have a—have a chance!"

"Margaret, I am thirty-four."

"I am thirty-three."

"For sixteen years I have been waiting."

"So have I."

"One by one the eligible young men of our age and acquaintance have married—elsewhere."

"But Agnes, dear, as father used to say in his playful manner: 'There are other flies on the ceiling!'"

"I know! I know! But, in the vulgar phrase of the day, What's that to us if we can't swat them?"

For a time the sisters regarded each other with a mournful mixture of every gentle emotion from agitation to yearning; and then, at last, Agnes spoke again:

"So far as I am concerned, I am willing to accept my place on the shelf; but when I look at you, with your beautiful blond hair and your lovely eyes and complexion —— Well, I simply can't understand it at all!"

She stabbed the blotter with her pen, and her black eyes widened in moody helplessness.

"No, no, Agnes. I can understand why they have passed me by—poor little washed-out thing that I am. But you, with your beautiful black hair and olive complexion —— No; I can't understand it at all." But after a thoughtful pause she added: "Unless we are—somehow—different from other girls."

"Different?" asked Agnes, staring at her.

"I wonder! Sometimes I think that perhaps other girls have a method of attracting gentlemen—a method that we don't know."

"My dear!" said Agnes in a shocked underbreath. "You don't mean anything—immodest, do you?"

"I don't know what it is! That's just the point. No; I don't think it's anything immodest. I hope you won't be angry with me, Agnes; but I'm going to suggest something that I've been thinking about for weeks. It couldn't do a bit of harm and it might do some good! About a month ago I happened to pick up a copy of the New York Evening Star. It had a department entitled Balm for Lovers; and I couldn't help thinking that—maybe—we ——"

"But, Margaret! We aren't lovers!"

"Not yet—but we might be." This with a tremendous gulp. "The department was conducted," she hastily continued, "by two ladies—Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane. They are very nice-looking ladies. Their photographs," she explained, "appear at the top of the column. I clipped the article out and put it in here."

She ran to the bookcase, opened the thirty-second volume of Scott's Complete Works, and handed the clipping to Agnes.

With a guilty glance round the room, Agnes rose and pulled down the curtains.

"You see?" whispered Margaret, perching on the arm of her sister's chair: "This is Aunt Sophonisba and this is Cousin Jane."

"Aunt Sophonisba does show refinement in her features," confessed Agnes. "I like a high forehead on a woman. Cousin Jane's looks are in her favor too. There is character in that line from her ear to her chin. And now let me read what they say." In a hushed voice she began:

Dear Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane: I am a young girl, sixteen years old, and my friends say I am very pretty. A young man of my acquaintance has asked me whether I would keep company with him. He is dark and has a steady job. What would you advise me to do? ANXIOUS.

[You are too young to keep company with any man. Tell him to wait a few years; and then if he really cares for you he will ask you again.]

"Now that," said Agnes, looking up from the clipping, "is what I call sensible advice. Of course the girl is too young! I think Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane have answered that very well. Let's read the next one."

Dear Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane: I am a blonde and live with my parents. Two years ago I met a young man who is always saying he loves me; but he never says anything about being engaged or married. He doesn't like me to go out with other young men, though I have plenty of invitations. How can I bring him to the point? K. L. C.

[Until he has declared himself you are certainly free to do as you please. We should advise you to accept the invitations of the other young men you mention. When your backward lover sees you in their company he will know that he must either propose or run the risk of losing you. If he is willing to run that risk you will know that his love is not deep enough to be sincere.]

"Don't you think that's good?" asked Margaret, her eyes unusually bright.

"I think it's a very clever way of dealing with the question," replied Agnes, looking with approval at the two photographs at the head of the clipping. "You see? They would make him jealous."

"But read the next one":

Dear Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane: I am a young man of twenty-four, with a good position and prospects. I should like to meet a young woman of some accomplishments, but I don't know how to go about it. I am all alone in the city and have no relatives here. What would you advise? LONESOME.

[Interest yourself in local church work and other neighborhood affairs. Join a good dancing class. You will at least acquire grace. Cultivate the acquaintance of your married friends, so they will invite you to their homes. If all these methods fail of the desired result write again and we will advise you further.]

"Really," said Agnes thoughtfully, "that, too, is sensible advice; though, of course, it wouldn't apply to our case. We are already interested in church work and there are no dancing schools in Clarksville."

They read the rest of the letters and answers with increasing respect for the judgment and ingenuity of Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane.

"There!" said Margaret. "And now, Agnes, I want to ask you a question."

"Yes, my dear?"

"What would you say if"—she was rosy but determined—"if we should write to Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane and ask for advice too?"

"But, my dear!" gasped Agnes. "People would know!" And she looked like a timid schoolgirl opening—for the first time—a textbook on mythology.

"I've thought of that," said Margaret. "But see! At the head of the column it says: 'Letters held confidential if so desired; in which case inclose stamp for answer.'"

"Yes," said Agnes as though she were taking another peep; "but at least Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane would know—wouldn't they?"

"Not if we signed only our initials and gave the number of our post-office box. We could sign it 'A. and M. P.' No one would ever know what that meant but ourselves."

"Somehow it sounds very dreadful!"

"But, Agnes, dear! Don't you think we are justified in making one final effort before resigning ourselves to be really and truly old maids?"

Agnes sighed and arranged a hairpin in her sister's golden crown.

"Well . . . perhaps—for your sake, Margey."

"No, dear! For yours!"

The sisters looked at each other with an increasing tenderness, which ended in a close embrace.

"I'll finish this letter," said Agnes briskly, "and then ——"

The seven-league boots were certainly some; but the seven-league boots weren't one-two-three with the footgear of fancy which are now adorning my fortunate feet. With one bold step I stride from the modest village of Clarksville to the immodest city of Ballyhoo, situated at the confluence of Long Island Sound and Mr. Hudson's River.

O thou city of false fronts, of an immortal ideal, of sky-scraping buildings and earth-boring souls, how lovely you are—and hateful! You are inspiration—and despair. You are a slum—and a beautiful. You are a queen—and a hussy. Your flame lights the world; but how many moths have flown into your flame on the wings of ambition!

At half past eight on the second morning of our story we station ourselves at the busiest point of this pandemonium of paradoxes, and then, turning south with the cloud of moths, we are carried two hundred yards. There we fight and struggle and push our way to a doorway on the left. Then up a flight of stairs. Then up another. Then round and round a spiral staircase until we come to a metal door marked The Evening Star.

We push that door open—and Bedlam assails us in all its exquisite horror of noise, smell and heat. Threading our way through a grove of typesetting machines, matrix presses, galley stands, belts, pulleys and perspiring printers, we reach a grille guarded by the great and only John.

And, peeping through this grille, we see—in a far corner—the desk where Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane are poring over a letter which had just that minute arrived from Clarksville.

"Now what do you think of that?" asked Aunt Sophonisba in the vernacular of the shop.

"Miracles," said Cousin Jane, "have not yet ceased!"

It was indeed a letter of letters, written on spinstery paper in a maidenly hand, faintly scented—one might think—with lavender; the sort of a letter one unconsciously associates with rose hedges and silk mittens, and a distant steeple raising its delicate spire above the trees.

"We trust sincerely," it began, "that you will not deem us forward or bold." The writers—continued the letter—were two sisters "in the middle thirties." Neither had ever "received the attention of a suitor." Briefly, shyly, they mentioned their accomplishments, including "fancy needlework, music, a good knowledge of dressmaking, cookery, and possibly a somewhat unusual skill in matters pertaining to the home." But, regarding that sad lack of suitors: "Do you think we have perhaps been remiss?" And bashfully, almost tremulously: "Do you think you can make any suggestions that might possibly lead to a change in the situation?" The letter was marked "Confidential." A stamp was inclosed for a private reply.

"We shall have to be careful with this," said Aunt Sophonisba.

"It is very precious," said Cousin Jane. "Are you busy to-night? If not I'll drop round and we'll collaborate."

It pleases the present generation to cavil at the public prints, and to call their employees hired myrmidons of a prostituted press and members of the sobbing sisterhood; but let history make note of the fact that Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane collaborated that night from eight to twelve-fifteen, fixing up Balm for Lovers; and this they did without one hope of ducats or one idea of doom.

"The men in Clarksville haven't much sense," said Aunt Sophonisba, "to leave those girls unmarried."

"Man is a jackass," quoth Cousin Jane.

The Misses Perkins came out of the Clarksville post office with the overinnocent air of two girls who have just bought a package of cubebs and are going to some secluded spot to smoke them.

"What a fat envelope!" whispered Margaret once.

"Sh!" cautioned Agnes. "Somebody will hear you!"

Whereupon their overinnocent air became supernaturally so; but the moment they reached the shelter of their own front door the younger Miss Perkins kicked up one foot at least eight inches, this signifying abandon; while the elder Miss Perkins whispered: "Margaret!" and hastily locked the door.

There were eight typewritten sheets in the letter from Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane. The Misses Perkins read the letter twice. By that time they were out of gasps and could only stare at each other, their eyes as bright as dew-kissed flowers, their lips slightly parted with emotion.

"The old order changes," gasped Agnes again, quoting from the letter, "and gives place to the new!

"Please forgive us for saying so, but we fear you are old-fashioned. You should cultivate a little picturesque slang. Your clothes should be in the latest style. Learn the modern dances. Practice unrestraint. Buy only up-to-date corsets, short walking skirts and black silk stockings.

"Perhaps all the advice we have given above may best be summarized in the following five words: Be naughty, but be nice!" The sisters stared at each other, fascinated, fearful, frightened.

"Oh, Margaret!" despaired Agnes. "I never, never could!"

"But, Agnes, dear! Somehow I think they're right. They tell us to do exactly what we have never done. And if we go on the way we are I'm sure we shall die old maids." Her voice trembled. "And I don't know how you feel about it, Agnes, but I don't want to die an old maid! I don't!"

"Of course," said Agnes, thinking it over, "we could learn some of these modern accomplishments and decide later about showing them in public."

For the second time that morning Miss Margaret Perkins executed a *pas seul*: but on this occasion she also cried:

"I should worry!"

"Margaret!"

"I am starting right now," Margaret shouted, "on the slang!"

Following the advice of Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane, they bought the complete works of the three Georges—Fitch, Ade and Chester; and every night they practiced in the following sprightly manner:

"Anything new from the G. & W. city this evening?"

"G. & W.? What's that, Agnes?"

"That's George Fitch for Great and Wicked."

"Oh, yes. Aunt Sophy has sent samples of the latest shades that society is sporting on the Avenue. What do you think of this?"

"Somebody spilled the German mustard on it?"

"Button's Nothing. Look at the Side Pockets in This Skirt!"

"Saucy sister, no! That's the new tango shade—the *dernier cri*."

"Enough to make anybody dern near cry!"

"Agnes, you are certainly going some. Aunt Sophy sent a mail-order catalogue, too, showing all the latest wheezes in style. Look at this!"

"She's going to a masquerade disguised as Two Links of Fresh Sausage. Did I hear you say this was a circus program?"

"Back up, little sister! Whoa! We've got to pick out a few of these freaks and send an order in the morning. So get busy, sis! Get busy and look 'em over."

"Tell me something first."

"Shout it out!"

"If we've got to wear skirts like bolster cases, where do we put our petticoats?"

"In the clothes closet. It wouldn't be neat or tidy to leave 'em on a chair."

"But, Margaret! My dear! We've got to wear something underneath!"

"Sure! There's a picture of 'em on page sixty. See?"

"Why! Why! They're nothing but——"

"Ye-eh! But nothing-buts are fashionable this year. They're 'wearing nothing else."

Agnes walked to the window and looked over those old-fashioned beds of hollyhocks and columbines and marigolds. And it may have been the sunset, or it may have been the reflection of the sweet Williams below, but, whatever it was, her face gradually assumed the shade of the American Beauty rose.

"Oh, Margaret!" she sighed. "What awful things one has to do not to be an old maid!"

The dresses came by parcel post. Each of the sisters had selected an evening dress and a tailored suit.

"If this tunic would only reach to the floor, or even to my knees," said Agnes, "I wouldn't mind it so much." But the tunic—alas!—made a saucy flare like a ballet dancer's gauze skirt and then stopped short—far short. "I feel," whispered Agnes, "like the little girl whose mamma didn't use wool soap!"

"I'm the one with the big kick," said Margaret. "The catalogue showed this skirt quite loose; but look at it, people! Look!"

It was a filmy dress of silk chiffon and the skirt was girdled with tucks like the lines of latitude that run round the globe.

"I wish they'd left those top tucks off," she lamented. "I feel all trussed up." And catching, then, a profile view of her figure in the glass, she sank on a chair—to hide the effect—faintly moaning: "Oh, I never, never could!"

"You could make a tunic like mine," suggested Agnes. "And I think I'll get a piece of wide lace and edge my tunic round. It will take away that bold French look."

Nota bene, if you please: Under the shock of their emotions the teachings of the three Georges were temporarily forgotten; but when they tried on their tailored suits they gradually reverted to form.

"Yours cordially feels like a beetle in this," reported Agnes.

"In mine," said Margaret, swaggering round, "I feel sorter fly."

"Just like a big brown beetle!"

"Just like a bluebottle fly!"

"Blind people make baskets over at Middletown; but I guess they let the crazy ones design the modern styles."

"The one who designed this had a straitjacket on him and a keeper sitting somewhere on his chest. Look where they went and put this button! Where are the scissors? Quick—before somebody comes!"

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Bill Was Showing Agnes a New Step

THE JITNEY JUGGERNAUT

By WILL PAYNE

IN JUNE last L. R. Draper, a citizen of Los Angeles, then employed as a salesman of auto trucks, contemplated the conditions of local transportation on First Street. He observed, as anybody may observe on the busy thoroughfares of any city, that people were always standing on the corner waiting for a trolley car. Possibly auto trucks were not selling as briskly just then as Mr. Draper could have desired. At any rate, being the owner of an automobile, he sat down and figured a while as to how much it would cost him to carry passengers in his machine. The result of the figuring was that on July first Mr. Draper drove his car down to First Street, with a neat sign attached indicating that passengers would be carried to Boyle Heights—a distance of some three miles—for five cents a head, thereby touching off the fastest little revolution in urban transportation the country has ever seen.

All great inventions start back of the official beginning. Professor Langley worked out the principles of mechanical flight before the Wrights flew. A German made a sort of telephone before Bell invented his. Various savants learnedly speculated on evolution of species before Darwin did so. And, to forestall criticism, I may as well say here that at Long Beach, a suburban town twenty-three miles from Los Angeles, somebody carried passengers in an automobile at five cents before Mr. Draper's venture; but the effectual beginning was in Los Angeles.

Several conditions there require consideration: The town is well paved and many good roads lead from it. Out-of-door weather lasts all the year round. As a product of those two conditions an automobile is regarded there as a necessary of life. Comparatively speaking, everybody has one. To meet this universal demand the low-priced cars are sold a third—or less—down, and the remainder on easy monthly installments; and that arrangement results in a large stock of secondhand cars. There are no tenements. The carpenter who, in New York or Chicago, would live six stories up lives, in Los Angeles, a few miles out, in a bungalow, and very likely owns a car.

More important still for our purpose, the reaction in business that affected the whole country throughout 1914 was quite pronounced on the Pacific Coast, and a good many men were temporarily out of jobs.

A Word With a Dubious Past

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. Draper's busy little car, people were still standing on First Street corners waiting for the trolley; so during July two or three other enterprising persons, having leisure and a low-priced automobile, hung signs on the latter and followed in Mr. Draper's footsteps, covering the same route. In August there were four or five other recruits, all running from First Street to Boyle Heights.

By that time W. A. Hagans, a street-car conductor, was seriously considering the transportation problem—having, in fact, had excellent opportunities to study it from the rear platform of a trolley car for several years. Like Mr. Draper, he had enterprise and a car. He decided it would be worth his while to give up transfer punching and try out the five-cent automobile. As he puts it, the possible future of that field was what attracted him. He thought it might offer an opportunity for a man of small capital, who did not belong to the same club of which the president of the First National Bank was a member, to set up in a permanent and growing business on his own hook. So Mr. Hagans hung a sign on his auto and put it in commission.

Two or three others followed Mr. Hagans' trail. A few more venturesome ones struck out on new routes; but in the fore part of October, according to the street-railroad count, there were only about thirty automobiles in operation. "Then," in the language of a street-railroad statement, "the fever took violent hold and spread with wonderful rapidity."

There was considerable unemployment. A good many men had cars, but no particular jobs. Others could buy secondhand cars on easy terms. Still others, like Mr. Hagans, had employment, but saw more freedom and opportunity for themselves in the new industry. Men who had been selling lots on commission, when lots were to be sold readily, turned to transportation. Clerks quit their desks for the more healthful and agreeable occupation of driving a car. Some women came in. By the middle of November well toward a thousand five-cent autos were plying the streets and the word "jitney" had become a call to arms.

There are various explanations of the origin of this word. It is said to be derived from the corruption of a Japanese term for a small coin; but people acquainted with the Japanese tongue give no countenance to that theory. Somewhat more plausibly, it is said to be taken from the Russian; but the most likely explanation gives it a negro origin. One account says that a penitentiary trusty named Jedney used to smuggle tobacco to the other prisoners, giving them a nickel's worth in consideration of a nickel profit to himself; and that a colored employee who succeeded Jedney in this contraband trade called the five cents' worth a jitney. Again, I am told that the word was used among Mississippi negroes years ago.

However that may be, it is certain that the word jitney was considerably used on the Coast as a slang term for a nickel long before five-cent busses were known there. Last September a Los Angeles man engaged in the automobile trade, having just returned from the East, noted the new phenomenon of a five-cent auto. He was discussing it at luncheon, with others of his trade, and commented: "An auto ride for a jitney ought to be popular."

Until recently five cents was practically the smallest coin in circulation on the Coast. Even now the newsboy is apt to look surprised and disappointed if you wait for change from your nickel. Of course the name of the smallest coin is always more or less a term of reproach and contempt. I remember when it was considered quite crushing in the East to refer to certain popular journals as penny papers. So jitney on the Coast, as the term for the smallest coin, was also more or less a term of derogation and contumely. And, as the five-cent bus suffered a great amount of derogation and contumely, the word jitney was deemed peculiarly appropriate to it. It is an excellent word, by the way, because it is short and distinctive. I hope it will stick, as no doubt it will.

Beginning about November, then, there has been a jitney war in Los Angeles, raging with unabated fury to this writing. It has produced estrangement between friends and icy looks across bank counters. It would no doubt have divided brother from brother if two brothers had taken opposite views of it. The spring election will be strongly flavored by it. On the one hand is the new industry, struggling to live, and on the other hand are powerful opponents who want it to die. A man's standing in the community can almost be determined according to whether he is pro-jitney or anti-jitney.

As a true Wilsonian neutral I sympathize with both sides. Take, first, the case of the street-railroad company, which estimates that seventy-five per cent of the jitney receipts come out of its pocket—or would go into its pocket if the jitneys were suppressed. There is really no telling what the jitney busses take in. Almost invariably each car is owned by the man who drives it. Cases of one man's owning more than one car are so rare as to be fairly negligible. There is no association or organization to which owners report receipts. Indeed, it is doubtful whether many of them keep an accurate account of receipts. Mostly they flocked into the new field in a more or less temporary, experimental sort of way and are by no means men trained in bookkeeping.

PHOTO. BY KICH, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

A Rush-Hour Jitney Load. Passengers Prefer Even This to Crowded Trolley Car

The Takings of Jitney Bus Drivers

THE number of jitneys in operation varies from day to day and still more widely from month to month. A rain will keep many of them off the streets. Again, a man may try his hand at jitneying for a month or so and find that some other occupation pays better. When he drops out somebody else may take his place or no one may take it. Meantime a new man may be starting on another route. So change of ownership and variation in the number of cars are constantly going on, and even an approximately accurate statement of the business done is out of the question.

The street-railroad company from time to time has put checkers on the streets to count the number of cars and passengers, and so has figured out that receipts run about three dollars to each car a day. On the other hand, in a tax argument to be mentioned again presently, trolley interests represented the average jitney receipts as about six dollars and a half a day for three hundred days in the year, or nearly two thousand dollars a year.

Jitneys have earned from ten to fifteen dollars a day; but that is exceptional. In the nature of the case a route that yielded such fat pickings would soon attract other cars until average receipts to a car were cut down to something like the mean. Mr. Draper is still successfully operating his original bus on First Street, and his receipts since July first have run about two hundred dollars a month, I am told. I am also told by experienced jitney men that this is above the average.

Probably jitney receipts in Los Angeles are now running at the rate of something more than a million dollars a year, and about three-quarters of them come out of street-railroad earnings. Trolley people advance several reasons why this is immoral and intolerable. They have to run nearly as many cars as before; so their expenses do not decrease proportionately with decreased receipts. They have a heavy, fixed capital investment, while the investment in jitney busses is not only small but fluid—that is, a jitney owner can dispose of his car at any time and

PHOTO. BY KICH, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

A Line of Jitneys Waiting for Passengers

retire; while it is quite impracticable for a trolley company to sell off rails, electric cables and cars. It is, so to speak, lashed to the mast. Especially the trolley men complain that the jitneys take the cream of their trade—that is, the comparatively short-haul rides along routes of dense traffic, which are most profitable to a street railroad.

By almost universal American custom the street-car fare is five cents, whether a passenger rides one mile or ten. If he rides one mile the company makes a profit on him. If he rides ten it makes no profit. The jitney routes are commonly three or four miles—sometimes less; seldom more. In short, the profitable, short-haul passenger hops into a jitney, leaving the trolley to carry the unprofitable long-haul one. Nearly always the jitney follows a street-car route, picking up passengers who would obviously take a trolley if there were no jitneys; but it practically never follows the whole route. Having reached the limit of comparatively dense traffic, it skips back to the beginning, while the nearly empty street car must bump lonesomely along four or five miles farther because a few passengers want to go that far and must be accommodated.

It is easy to see how excessively annoying this must be to a trolley company. The Los Angeles street-car company is rather unique in that its entire capital stock of twenty-five million dollars is owned by one man—H. E. Huntington. On the other hand, the jitney busses are owned by ex-carpenters and plumbers and trolley-car conductors, and clerks and petty salesmen, and one cannot talk very extensively on the jitney subject without discovering an instinctive feeling that it is simply monstrous for a lot of fellows to bob up and put a dent into a twenty-five-million-dollar street railroad.

I am not saying the trolley company has no grievance, for it has. The jitney competition is exceedingly annoying and it takes the trolley company at a certain disadvantage, because the company is required to perform services that are not required of the jitney, and it undertakes to perform them on a tacit assumption that it shall have the profitable short-haul business as well as the long-haul. Probably there is not a street-car company in the country, in a city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, that could continue to do its present long-haul business if the short-haul business were taken away from it. General and continued jitney competition would very likely force the adoption of zone fares for street cars, with higher charges for the longer hauls.

Then, too, merchants have some legitimate ground of complaint against the jitneys. Broadway is the business retail street in Los Angeles. Even before the jitneys came, it was about as crowded for four or five blocks as Broadway, in New York, or State Street, in Chicago. Several street-car lines pass down it. Shoppers' automobiles come in a pretty steady procession. The sidewalks are jammed. Corresponding blocks on Spring and Main Streets show a high traffic density. The district indicated is a good deal like the retail part of the Loop District, in Chicago. About everybody wants to go there. There most of the street-car lines converge. There naturally a great many of the jitney routes start; and eight or nine hundred such busses—looking for passengers and stopping to pick them up and discharge them—appreciably increase the street congestion. They make it more difficult for shoppers' automobiles to get up to shop doors. Naturally enough, merchants complain of that—particularly as the jitneys, generally speaking, bring them no new customers, but only those who formerly came on trolley cars.

The banks, the Chamber of Commerce, the Realty Board and the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, representing the most important business interests of the city, demand jitney regulation, which would probably amount, in fact, virtually to jitney suppression.

It is hardly too much to say that, in the judgment of the interests mentioned, the jitney bus is a nuisance and ought to go. It some respects, as now operated, it is a nuisance. It adds decidedly to traffic congestion in the busiest streets. Presumably it increases street accidents, though the police records are not kept in such a way as to disclose any definite information on that subject. The busses are often recklessly overcrowded—eight or nine passengers piled into a five-passenger car, standing on driving boards or perched on laps, doors and mudguards, being a quite common sight. There is generally little responsibility to fall back on for a claim for damages due to an accident. A judgment against the individual owner of the car, which in many cases would be uncollectible if for a considerable amount, is all the victim would have.

Against all that, however, stands the indisputable fact that the public, as an automobile man expressed it in discussing jitney busses, "went to 'em like ducks to water." In Los Angeles the busses must be carrying about sixty thousand passengers a day who could take a street car if they preferred that mode of conveyance. The bus has some obvious advantages over a street car. It is lighter, quicker, more mobile. It can accommodate itself to traffic conditions more readily. Often it is faster; for, having got its load, it can run to the other end of the route, while a street car will be stopping at every corner for many blocks to take on more passengers.

The street-car service in Los Angeles, I should say, is very good; yet it shows at times the overcrowding that seems to be an inevitable incident of trolley service in every city. I have been jammed and trampled on in a Broadway car at the rush hour there just as I always expect to be in a Chicago or New York rush-hour car. I do not mean that the jamming is by any means so constant a feature in Los Angeles; but it does happen.

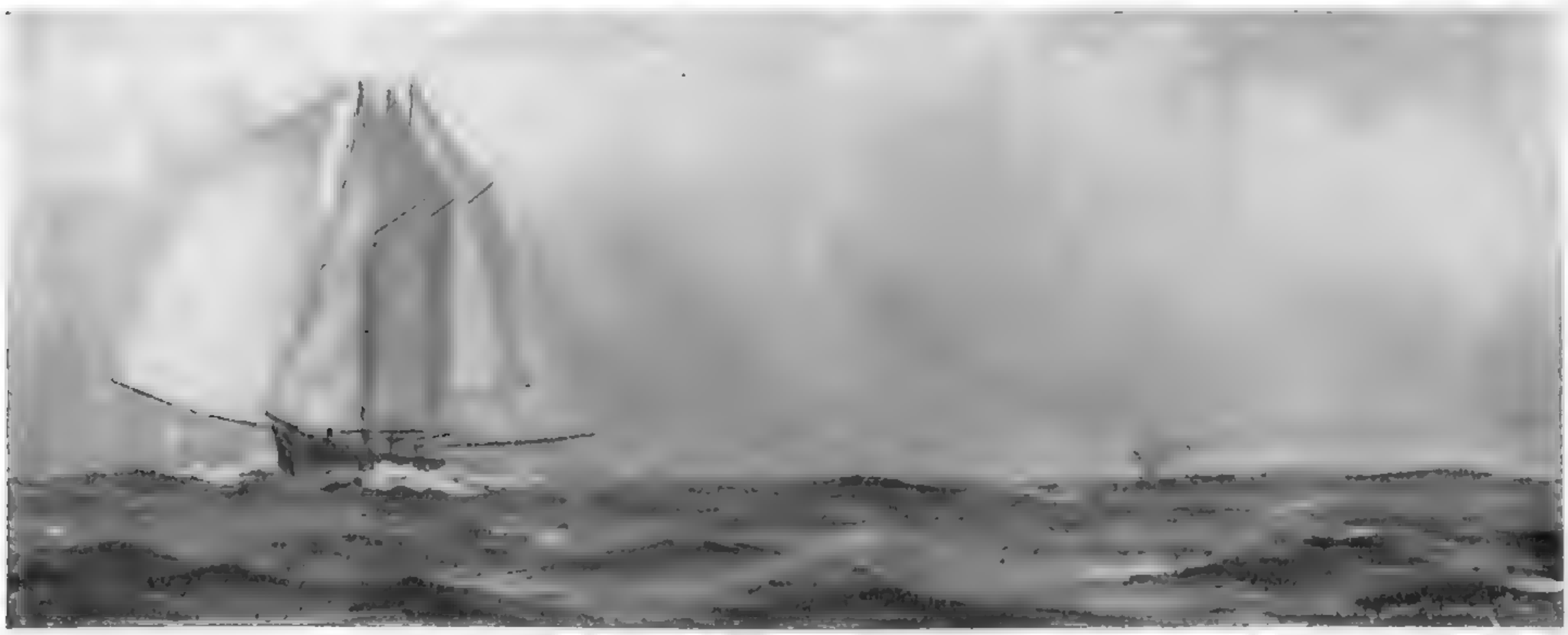
Probably, on the whole, a jitney bus that is not overcrowded is more comfortable. Opponents of the jitney account for its popularity on the ground that it makes people think they are getting a real automobile ride for five cents; but I believe there must be a more solid basis for the preference or the traffic would not hold up as it does.

(Continued on Page 65)

THE DEVIL DRIVES

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



She Was Fairly Leaping Through the Seas and Doing Sixteen Knots at the Very Least

SHE was built on the Clyde by McChesney & Watts for the Red Stack Line, of Boston, and launched in the spring of 1900. A fine, big, boxlike brute of a boat she was, with ample power and a fair turn of speed. Fifteen years ago she was looked on as a leviathan. She cost the Red Stack people a trifle over three hundred thousand dollars; and, since McChesney & Watts, who had figured the contract on her very close, used rivets other than those specified in the specifications, and the Red Stack engineer, a man above price, made them take them out again, the Maid of Avon was a money-loser before she left the ways.

During the years the Red Stack Line ran her she lived up to the hoodoo that followed her into the drink. She was in two collisions, and in the subsequent lawsuits her owners received the worst of both arguments. In a gale off Hatteras she kicked off her wheel and was towed in at a very fancy figure; and twice she arrived from Vera Cruz with smallpox aboard, and was in quarantine for thirty days both times, with her crew aboard under full pay. Consequently her owners were very glad to sell her to Hall & Calthorpe, of San Francisco, when Hall came East looking for a stanch big freighter for trans-Pacific service.

Hall, who was an old steamship captain, took her round himself, and in the Strait of Magellan he managed to bump her and start a couple of plates. Thanks to water-tight compartments she remained afloat; but she carried that Strait water into San Francisco Bay, where the bill for dry-docking and repairs put a lien on her earnings for many a day to come; in fact, the only persons to whom the Maid of Avon ever paid a dividend were The Hoodlum and Jud Bunker, who invested in her nothing more tangible than two months' time, considerable elbow grease and a deal of courage; for which they each received one hundred thousand dollars. Yet even Hall says they earned every cent of it; and there is no doubt that they did.

The story begins with the Russo-Japanese War. Russia, her eastern ports blockaded by the Japanese, quite naturally developed a brisk market for foodstuffs; and, since a nation at war must pay an outrageous price for the commodities she is forced to purchase from a neutral nation, it is not a matter of surprise that the tremendous profits incident on a successful running of the blockade should attract Hall & Calthorpe.

Now, there is no profit worth while in running a blockade with a small vessel; for, if one is going to land a cargo, the larger the cargo the greater the profit. Consequently when Hall & Calthorpe decided to get into the game they chose the Maid of Avon. The next thing to choose was the port of discharge. At the time, Port Arthur was sewed up tighter than a drum, and Hall & Calthorpe did not give it even a second thought. Petropavlovsk was an open port and a number of cargoes had been landed there; but the Japanese warships had a miserable habit of dropping in unexpectedly and putting a prize crew aboard any vessel they found discharging contraband there. So Hall & Calthorpe finally decided to send the Maid to Vladivostok,

which was sufficiently protected by mines and Russian warships to keep the enemy out; also, because of the frequent fogs in the North Pacific, a vessel piloted by one familiar with the Golden Horn and the approaches thereto stood a very fair chance of being able to sneak in unobserved.

Moreover, Vladivostok being the terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railroad the Russian Government was particularly desirous of landing foodstuffs there and rushing them down over the railroad into Manchuria; and, as an inducement for Hall & Calthorpe to take a chance, it furnished a pilot in the person of an old naval officer, and entered into a contract to reimburse the owners of the Maid of Avon to the full value of the ship and her cargo in the event that she should be captured or destroyed by the blockading squadron after her passage of Tsugaru Strait, when the command of the vessel was to be turned over to the Russian naval officer.

Naturally this simplified matters greatly and made the proposition singularly attractive. The sole risk Hall & Calthorpe ran, therefore, was the risk of wind and wave between the Golden Gate and Tsugaru Strait; for, of course, insurance is not available on a blockade runner at any premium rate. However, the owners of the Maid of Avon considered this risk almost *nil*—particularly since Hall declared he would take her out himself; for he and Calthorpe were also the owners of the Maid's cargo, and in this exigency they would trust the ship to none other.

The vessel was about two-thirds of the way across the Pacific when her hoodoo put in an appearance. About four o'clock one morning Hall, asleep in his berth, was called on the engine-room speaking tube by the chief engineer.

"I have a leak in the engine room, captain," the latter reported. "I've got the steam pumps going, but the water is gaining on me—and I can't seem to locate the leak. If we don't find it the fires will be out in an hour."

"And then, of course, she'll fill and sink like a plummet," Hall replied quietly.

Every dollar he had in the world—and some he did not have—was represented in the Maid and her cargo; but he did not lose his head. Five minutes later he was wading in gum boots through the rapidly rising flood on the engine-room floor, directing the stokers and engineers in a frantic search for the leak. A diligent exploration, however, failed to reveal it.

"I suppose she's sprung a plate somewhere," Hall finally concluded. "She was probably strained worse than we thought when she bumped in the Strait of Magellan. We've been through a week of heavy weather and she's loaded deep. Got working, I suppose, and now she's due for the final dive." He sighed and started for the engine-room ladder. Halfway up he paused and looked down at the chief. "No use, chief," he said. "She's doomed. Let off steam and tell your men to get ready for the boats."

He went to his room and debated with himself whether to leave the Maid of Avon or go down with her. Finally his glance rested on his wife's photograph and he decided to live. "Thank God," he murmured, "I'm only fifty-two—and I can still command a ship. We'll not die of starvation, Mary."

The Maid of Avon had lost headway and was wallowing sluggishly in the trough of a long, lazy sea, when Hall came out on deck and ordered the mate to get the boats ready. Fortunately they had ample time in which to water and provision them; and, in view of the fact that the vessel was now well up into the cold latitudes, the men were instructed to dress in their warmest clothing and to take their blankets.

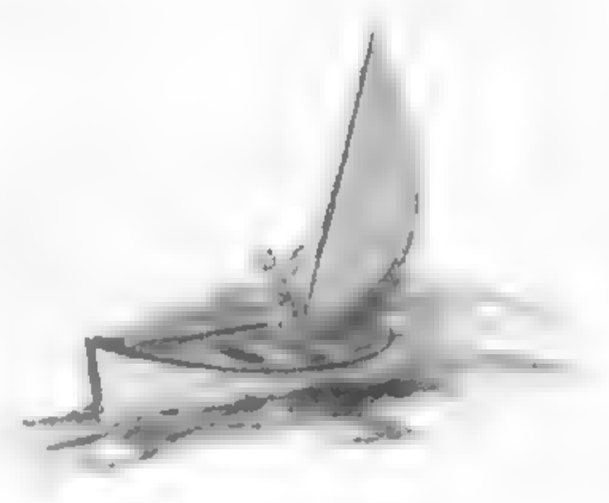
Hall had shot the sun at noon of the day before, and by consulting the taffrail log and allowing for the northern drift he was enabled to figure out by dead reckoning his approximate position. Quite calmly he gave the commander of each boat, as it was lowered away, the course to Juneau, Alaska. Though they were closer to the Siberian coast, the prevailing winds were westerly and it was easier to run before them.

He was the last man to leave the ship, in the last boat, and the chief engineer preceded him. As Hall took his seat in the stern sheets and the men gave way, the chief patted the skipper's shoulder sympathetically, for he knew what the old man was facing.

"Thank you, chief," said Hall; "but they can't put a fellow in jail for debt, you know. And I'm glad that fog is closing in on her—it spares me the sight of my ruin; though, even in ruin, I have one comfort, chief: I took her out myself, and I'm glad of that. I could never forgive any other man for losing her!"

II

THE sealing schooner Athenia had long been under suspicion of being a poacher, but had never been caught in the act; consequently the revenue cutters and gunboats patrolling American waters were always on the watch for her. Several times they had sighted a schooner of her description within the sixty-mile limit of the Pribilofs; but each time she had shown them such a clean pair of heels that, summer after summer, they had been forced to rest content with giving her a run and her daring commander, Jud Bunker, a fright; it being hoped that this would have a distinct moral effect—which, by the way, it had not. For Jud Bunker had a superabundance of red blood and poached because he liked to poach and had found it very profitable. He would not have lied or killed or played the dog with man or woman; but he did believe, in common with some of our greatest authorities on international law, that a government blockade, to be recognized, must be effective.

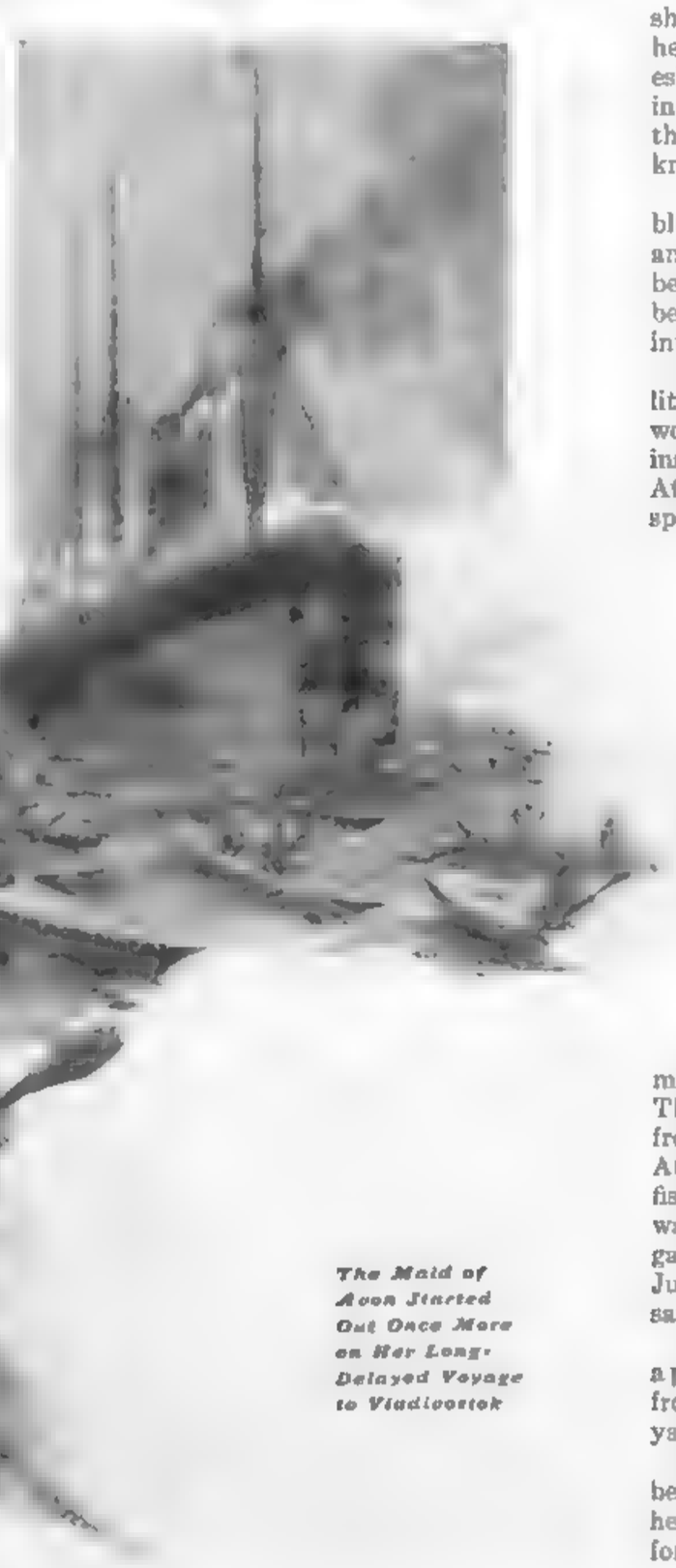


Five Hours Later He Managed to Beat Up to the Maid of Avon

He recognized the right of the United States to lease the islands of St. Paul and St. George to a private corporation engaged in collecting sealskins; so he never raided these rookeries. Indeed, he had no objection to the United States forbidding pelagic sealing within sixty miles of these rookeries—provided they could enforce the law; for Jud Bunker held that the waters sixty miles from the Pribilofs constituted the highway of the world; and he held, also, a theory that might was right on the high seas.

However, nobody had a keener respect for a revenue cutter than did Jud Bunker; in consequence of which he had taken care to provide himself with a boat capable of a speed that would reduce the risk of capture to a minimum. For this reason he had selected the Athenia. She was a big cruising schooner yacht designed along the lines of a Gloucester fisherman, and very fast—particularly in light winds. When Jud Bunker acquired her she was flush-decked, with a knockabout rig, and beautifully finished in African mahogany.

A hundred and twenty-six feet on the water line, and with a good, deep draft, she was the ideal boat for his purpose. He ripped out her beautiful interior finish, built a house on her and installed a hundred-horsepower gasoline engine, with a feathering propeller, which gave her a speed of nine miles an hour under power. With a spanking breeze to help her, she had been known to do sixteen. He put a short bowsprit on her and cut down her sail area to accord with the brisk breezes of the North Pacific; and in his sail locker he carried a full suit of light racing canvas. His crew was hand-picked and worked on a lay of the catch.



The Maid of Avon Started Out Once More on Her Long-Delayed Voyage to Vladivostok

Jud Bunker, having found patrol boats too thick for his comfort in American waters, had cruised over to St. Jona Island, in the Okhotsk Sea, and raided with very fair results. Then a Russian boat chased him out; and when he lost her he dropped in at the Copper Islands and was chased again—which was a surprise to him. With Russia at war with Japan he had figured on being permitted to work undisturbed. In huge disgust, therefore, he returned to Bering Sea, where he planned to do pelagic sealing during the month of September; for there still was room for a few skins below decks and he wanted to fill that space before standing off for Yokohama to discharge his precious cargo.

There had not been so much as a smudge of smoke on the horizon when Captain Jud Bunker swung his boats overside, and accordingly the hunters were ranging wider than usual. The Athenia was ratching lazily back and forth under spanker, foresail and jib; while the captain, with the assistance of the mate and engineer, was engaged in sending up the foretopmast, which had been sent down a week before in an effort to disguise the vessel by making her bald-headed. They had just completed their task when the lookout shouted:

"Cutter abeam! Starboard side!"

Jud Bunker turned and saw her. Up out of the south she came, white as a gull; and, with the crossed yards on her mainmast, there was no mistaking the Athenia's Nemesis, the revenue cutter Sea Fox, the fastest patrol boat in Bering Sea. She was about eight miles astern, and by the way the smoke poured from her funnel Jud Bunker knew she was not sparing the coal.

"Mr. Johnson," he ordered his mate, "break out the blue burgee in the main rigging. Hoodlum, below with you and get the kicker turning over. If we never needed it before we need it now. We'll have to beat out to west'ard, because if she drives us north we're almost certain to run into the Bear and the Albatross."

He ran forward and touched a match to the fuse of a little, old-fashioned brass cannon securely anchored in wooden chocks. The smart report of the little gun instantly attracted the attention of the hunters to the Athenia, and they saw the blue burgee, which always spelled danger to them. Immediately each boat came scampering back to the Athenia, like chicks fleeing to the protection of the mother hen when the shadow of a hawk darkens the barnyard. As the Athenia overhauled the first dory the helmsman signaled the engine room to reverse and gave her a wipe into the wind. She brought up standing and the dory shot under her counter. Five seconds later the steel grappling hooks on the dangling davit falls were fast in the rings at bow and stern and the dory, with her freight of men and dead seals, was hoisted aboard and swung in on the deck out of the way. The first dory was no sooner clear of the water than the Athenia was racing to meet the next one. Indeed, some of them she almost picked up on the run; and, before the last panting, perspiring man came over the rail, Jud Bunker had the wheel himself and the Athenia was flying from her pursuer.

He had small need to bellow orders. The men anticipated them. Up went the mainsail and the main and mizzen gaff topsails, and Jud Bunker looked critically aloft. There was a very slight breeze, but such as it was it came from the north—and, headed southwest as she was, the Athenia was very little off the wind; so he sent up the fisherman's staysail, and the fore staysail followed. Their wake showed white and frothy—proof that The Hoodlum's gasoline engine was doing its five hundred revolutions; and Jud Bunker, glancing at the taffrail log half an hour later, saw that they were doing twelve knots.

The Sea Fox, he knew, could do better than thirteen in a pinch and she was now less than six miles astern. He knew from experience that when she was within four thousand yards she would try for him with her forward four-inch rifles.

The chase swept away into the southwest, the Athenia bearing away on a course that if maintained would bring her down among the Rat Islands, in the Aleutian group, for there was always a fog bank to slip into down that way;

and, if not, Jud Bunker, who knew every foot of that ground, hoped to dodge his pursuer among the islands.

He had shifted his course slightly in order to be more directly on the wind, and had just broken out the spinnaker, when the first shot came over with a whoosh! and cast up a waterspout a cable length ahead of the Athenia. The shot was purposely wide, being merely a command to heave to or take the consequences.

Jud Bunker decided to take the consequences, for now, glancing astern, he beheld in the distance a little ripple across the bosom of the sea, which told him the wind was freshening. The schooner heeled slightly as it reached her and her cordage strained a little—the sweetest music Jud Bunker had ever heard.

"We'll walk away from her in jigtime now!" he exulted to the mate. "Call all hands aft."

At the mate's order they came running.

"Men," said Jud Bunker, "the Sea Fox is close enough to sink us, but we're outfooting her. We're doing fifteen miles now—and the best she can do is a trifle over thirteen. Shall we heave to and spend the next few years of our lives in the pen at McNeil's Island, or shall we trust to our luck and the Athenia's speed? You know me, men! I'll run while I have a stick standing; but I don't want to sacrifice any of you. What is it to be, lads?"

"We'll run for it!" came a voice from the booby hatch over the engine room, and the grease-streaked face of The Hoodlum appeared on deck. A daring devil was The Hoodlum. His real name was Timothy Kilbannon, and he hailed from Boston.

"Aye! We'll run for it!" a voice took up The Hoodlum's cry; and "We'll run for it, captain!" ran down through the last man of the Athenia's courageous crew.

"Then we'll try the lift of a baby jib topsail," Jud Bunker yelled; and a cheer answered him. The Sea Fox tried another shot as her commander saw the little sail flash aloft. "Ah, that helps!" Jud Bunker called as the Athenia responded to the additional canvas. "That's better."

"So's that!" cried The Hoodlum, and pointed to the spinnaker boom, from the extreme end of which the projectile had bitten a small mouthful and passed on.

The breeze continued to freshen. The sky had grown dull and leaden to the north and the mate stepped below to read the barometer.

"It's falling rapidly, sir," he announced when he came on deck. "We're in for one of these September gales."

Jud Bunker grinned happily.

"Blow high, blow low; there'll be no reefing done until we're out of range of the Sea Fox," he declared. "Damn the sticks! I'll trust to the luck of the Athenia."

Two more shots soughed over; but they were clean misses, though too close for comfort. The next shot, however, tore off the starboard corner of the stern, while thirty seconds later there was the snarl of ripping canvas and a gaping hole appeared in the mainsail. The next shot fell short; but the one after that wrecked the house and elicited three agonized screams from the negro cook. Then there was silence, broken presently by The Hoodlum, whose red head still stuck up through the booby hatch.

"Well," he said plaintively, "who'll do the cooking now?"

Jud Bunker eased the schooner off a little more, so that she was running now before the wind. Her speed increased perceptibly. She was fairly leaping through the seas and doing sixteen knots at the very least. In ten minutes she would be out of range, and the patrol boat seemed to realize this, for presently a shrapnel exploded beyond the Athenia and the sea was dimpled with tiny waterspouts over an area of thirty square yards as the bullets plunked downward.

"Damn!" Jud Bunker murmured in an awed voice. "What kind of stuff is that they're using? Below with you, men!" he shouted. "You're safer there. That last one just rained bullets."

The men needed no second invitation. There was a wild scramble for the little hatch covering the companion to the forecastle. The foremost man had almost reached it when the second shrapnel reached them—and this time it broke fair off the port counter. As is the habit of shrapnel, its hundreds of little bullets were projected forward, outward and downward full on the deck of the schooner.

The Hoodlum ducked below as the shrapnel burst, but an instant later his red head appeared again. He gazed owlishly at the skipper, who still had the wheel.

"Mess!" said Jud Bunker shortly. The Hoodlum climbed out of the booby hatch and ran forward to investigate. When he returned his face was green.

"Yes, sir," he announced huskily. "Just mess!"

"All gone, eh?" Bunker queried, and his voice quavered a little. "Poor lads!" he added. "Poachers' luck!" The Hoodlum nodded. "Shall I heave to?" the captain asked him; but The Hoodlum only shook his head, as though to say: "What's the use—now?" He ducked below and Jud Bunker's glance followed him admiringly.

The Athenia was hulled twice and her decks and top-hamper riddled with shrapnel before she finally drew out of range of the revenue boat's guns. Half an hour later, when The Hoodlum came on deck, he found the Athenia wallowing sulkily through a thick snowstorm. She was down by the head and very sluggish in answering her helm.

"She's flooded forward, captain," he announced; "and when the bulkheads give she won't last long."

He walked aft and examined the dory swinging low in the stern davits. Of all the boats on board it was the only one undamaged by the shell fire, and The Hoodlum so reported.

"We'll have to leave her, Hoodlum," Jud Bunker declared. "She may keep afloat for hours yet; but it would be a sign of bad luck to be found aboard her if this snowstorm abates for an hour. Put a breaker of water, a tin of sea biscuit and some canned soup in the dory. We'll want enough for a month. And you might put in an oil stove and a can of kerosene. Don't forget the matches. You'll find the sprit-sail and the mast below somewhere. And, of course, put in plenty of blankets and get into a suit of fur clothing before you leave. I'll drive the Athenia while her sticks stand."

He did not have long to drive her. Her masts were already sprung with the cloud of canvas she was carrying, and several of her stays and shrouds had been damaged to such an extent that, before a sudden fierce gust out of the north, her top hamper came crashing to the deck, and the mizzen mast, which had been chewed almost in twain by a shell, went by the board. The Hoodlum's motor, however, still drove the battered hulk onward and Jud Bunker held her on her course; for, though the Sea Fox had long since disappeared in the whirling snow, he was anxious to put as much distance between her and the Athenia as possible before he and The Hoodlum should be forced to take to the small boat.

When The Hoodlum had the boat prepared for their departure at a minute's notice, and had dressed himself in Arctic costume, Jud Bunker gave the engineer the wheel while he took an ax and cleared away the wreckage aft. Then he let go the halyards on all the headsails and they came down on the run; for, with the schooner already deep by the head, he feared she might, if driven, sail herself under. He believed the forward bulkhead would keep the water from flooding her entirely, and it was his plan to drive her with the gas engine as long as she stood up under him.

These details attended to, he carefully deposited his charts and navigation instruments in a little water-tight hardwood chest, which he lashed securely in the dory. Then he walked forward and examined each of the still forms, now mercifully half shrouded in snow, and on his way back he looked in at the wreck of the galley. The Hoodlum was right. Of all the Athenia's dare-devil crew he and The Hoodlum alone remained; and Jud Bunker's heart was very heavy as he dressed in his furs and joined The Hoodlum at the wheel.

Two hours they drove the Athenia under power; then she was so deep by the head that her stern rose out of the water, her propeller commenced to race, and it was no longer possible to hold her on her course. So Jud Bunker went below and opened the sea valves and her deadlights; and as she slowly settled they lowered themselves over her stern, cut the boat falls and pulled away into the driving snow.

"Hoodlum," said Jud Bunker, "with the evidence against us at the bottom of Bering Sea, we're free men—and paupers."

"Poachers' luck!" The Hoodlum replied carelessly.

For Thirteen Hours They Fled Through the Thick Snow

III

WHILE The Hoodlum handled the oars Jud Bunker stepped the mast and bent on it the sprit-sail, reefed down until it appeared no larger than a pocket handkerchief. It was sufficient, however, to make the dory scud before the storm, and for thirteen hours, by Jud Bunker's watch, they fled through the thick snow. Then the sky cleared and the dory ramped along through an occasional rain or hail squall, with the wind hauling and backing all round the compass. They brewed some tea and heated some soup on the little oil stove, and by working in four-hour shifts they each managed to obtain a little sleep, though The Hoodlum fared best in this respect, for as a boatman he was nothing to brag of, and while the weather continued squally Jud Bunker hesitated to intrust the dory to him.

They were afloat in the dory for five days before they got an observation.

"We're about a hundred miles north and three hundred miles west of Unalaska," Jud Bunker announced after he had worked out his position. "We'll not try to win through the passes between the islands to the east. The tide rips would swamp us. But there's a good strait forty-five miles wide farther west, between Rat Island and Amchitka, and we'll slip into the Pacific there and cruise east to the Sanak Banks, where most likely we'll find a codfisher. If not, we'll land on Sanak Island and winter there. We'll find a few white men on Sanak and we won't starve to death;

while if we land on one of these Aleutian Islands we'll find the grub question a problem. The Aleuts starve there, more or less, every winter."

Day after day they loafed along, through rainstorm, snowfall and fog, until, ten days after leaving the Athenia, they rounded Amchitka and passed out into the Pacific, where a northwest gale caught them and drove them far offshore. Four days they fled before it; then, the wind abating and shifting into the northwest, they started to beat back to their original destination, the Sanak Banks. They had made probably a hundred miles when the wind failed, the fog rolled down out of the North, and for hours they barely made headway.

The brief northern night came down and they moved through the most profound darkness for about seven hours; then the gray light commenced to steal over the ocean, and presently Jud Bunker, who was on watch, raised a great shout.

"Steamer ahoy!"

The Hoodlum rolled out from under his sodden blankets. Not a cable's length distant he could make out the dim, ghostly outlines of a steamer's spars; and as Jud Bunker pulled frantically toward it the towering red hull of a huge freight steamer loomed out of the fog.

"She's hove to. Repairs in the engine room, most likely," The Hoodlum cried joyously.

Again Jud Bunker raised a hoarse shout: "Steamer ahoy! Let down a ladder!" But no answering hail came from the steamer; nor could they see, as they came closer, any sign of life aboard her. They rowed in under her big, towering stern and read her name and home port—Maid of Avon, Liverpool; and as they emerged on the lee side the mystery was solved in the dangling boat falls.

"Deserted!" The Hoodlum cried with an oath.

"How low she squats!" Jud Bunker exclaimed. "She's waterlogged or I'm a Chinaman!"

"Well, let's climb aboard and stretch our legs, Jud."

Removed from the old discipline of the Athenia, in the democracy born of mutual suffering and misery, they were calling each other by their first names now.

"Not much, Hoodlum! If her crew deserted her it was because they were in a hurry to get away before she could sink under them; so why should we risk our lives? God knows we've fought hard enough for them this two weeks past."

They pulled round her in a spirit of idle curiosity; and as they passed round on her weather side The Hoodlum suddenly pointed.

"That's what's wrong with her—and the crew didn't know it. One of her deadlights is open—I saw it that time she wallowed. Wait, Jud, until she rolls back again. Now then—there! See it? She's taking a ten-inch stream into her bunkers and I'll bet her engine room is flooded ——"

"If we close the deadlight we can salvage that steamer," Jud Bunker interrupted, and bore down on the Maid of Avon.

Both men had observed that as she rolled her rail came within three feet of the surface, and The Hoodlum needed no blue print of the skipper's intentions. He stood up in the bow as Jud Bunker cleverly whipped the dory alongside the wallowing steamer. She rolled toward them and on the instant The Hoodlum leaped, caught her rail, and scrambled aboard. Jud Bunker saw him stagger stiffly along the deck into the alleyway and stoop over; there was the clang of metal and he was gone. Fifteen minutes later, when he reappeared, he was as sooty as a chimney sweep.

"Closed it!" he shouted. "Lifted up the deck plate they coal her through, dropped into her bunkers, and burrowed through fifteen feet of screenings until I found it."

Jud Bunker rowed round to the lee side of the Maid of Avon and tossed the end of the painter to The Hoodlum, who drew the boat in to the side of the steamer at the opportune moment, and Jud Bunker scrambled aboard. With some difficulty they succeeded in dragging the dory in after them, bow first, when the steamer wallowed particularly deep and a wave swept in on her flooded deck.

"She won't sink now," The Hoodlum declared.

Jud Bunker smiled.

"No, Hoodlum—not in this oily sea; but if it lumps up she'll be blanketed and go down like a piece of lead. Let's have a look at her."

On the grating above the engine room they found an oil torch, which they lighted and lowered into her interior, from which came the gurgle and swish of water. They whistled softly as, with the roll of the vessel, the water in the engine room splashed and deluged them.

"Judas priest!" Jud Bunker murmured. "She must have fifteen hundred tons of water in her, and she's loaded deep with cargo besides. She couldn't have lasted more than half an hour if you hadn't closed that deadlight."

"I'll have the water out of her in ten hours, Jud, my lad," The Hoodlum declared.

Bunker stared at him inquiringly.

"How?" he demanded.

"Well, it might take a trifle longer," The Hoodlum admitted. "Let's go for'd to the mate's storeroom and find out."

They went to the mate's storeroom and The Hoodlum shouted with joy as he pointed to about fifty feet of spare three-inch pipe.

"That's the ticket!" he declared. "Out with it, Jud; and we'll screw about eighteen feet of it together. That'll be the angle to go down into the flooded engine room, while a twelve-foot section will project at right angles out the entrance to the engine room and over the rail. And—by Neptune!—here's an elbow to form the angle; and then, damn me, Jud Bunker, we'll have a siphon!"

"No, you won't," his companion declared. "You can't siphon water unless the intake of the siphon is higher than the outlet."

"Jud, don't try to tell me anything about machinery. Remember, I was in steam once and had a second assistant's ticket, but quit because I only made seventy-five dollars a month and there wasn't any excitement. We'll make a steam-jet siphon, Jud. I'll show you how to lift the water out of her."

"But how," Jud Bunker demanded, "are you going to make a steam-jet siphon without steam? You seem to forget the engine room is flooded. Going to make steam in the kettle on the galley range?"

"Not at all, Jud. We'll make it in that auxiliary donkey boiler on the fiddle over the engine-room grating. Big steamers like this one are required by law to carry a donkey boiler above the deck, so they can have an auxiliary pumping plant in case anything happens to the engine-room pumps. The water poured in so fast through that deadlight it had the engine-room pumps smothered before they had a chance to get a steam-jet siphon at work to help out; and, at that, I guess the leak would have had 'em beaten from the start.

The Hoodlum Felt Very Lonely as He Watched Jud Bunker Slip Away Into the North

"Now, the coal in the top of the bunkers is dry—I discovered that when I went in to close the deadlight—and we'll get that dry coal up through the deckplate and feed it to the donkey on the fiddle. Then, when we have a good head of steam in the donkey, we'll put our siphon in place, insert the nozzle of the steam pipe through a little hole here, and turn on the steam full force. The rush of the steam out the pipe will create a vacuum, suck the water up from the engine room and spew it overboard."

"But it's a long lift—and we're bound to lose our vacuum," the captain protested.

"Well, I'll admit this isn't the finest steam-jet siphon I could desire," The Hoodlum replied; "but I'll bet you my share of the salvage it has a lifting power of at least twelve feet. And we won't lose the vacuum while we keep the steam jet going, and we won't lose the steam jet unless we neglect the donkey."

"But after you've lowered the water twelve feet there'll still be six or eight feet left in the engine room. How're we to get that out? With buckets? Man, it'll take us a month, and by that time the northerly drift will have set the steamer ashore on one of the Aleutians!"

"Oh," The Hoodlum answered patiently, "after we've lifted twelve feet of water out of her I guess she'll be riding a few feet higher than she is now, won't she? Well, that'll leave her upper deadlights above water. Then we'll just lower our siphon and, instead of sticking the discharging angle out of the engine-room door, we'll project it through an open deadlight. That will give us another eight or ten foot lift with the steam jet, and all we have to do is to lead the steam hose down below!"

"Hoodlum," said Jud Bunker, "you're a genius, and I always said so." He shook hands very feelingly with The Hoodlum and they set about the construction of their siphon.

They worked swiftly, for they had no guaranty that the sea would not lump up and every second was precious. With the aid of a pipe wrench and a vise they had their siphon together in less than an hour. Then The Hoodlum, with a cold chisel, spent another hour cutting a little round three-quarter-inch hole in the pipe just below the elbow and smoothing off the jagged edges with a file.

They toiled for another hour hoisting sacks of dry coal out on deck, and when they had a ton of it piled on the grating over the engine room they fired the donkey. While waiting for the steam gauge to rise Jud Bunker invaded the galley and prepared the first square meal in two weeks. By the time they had eaten, the donkey was registering a hundred and ten pounds of steam, the nozzle of the steam hose was introduced into the siphon, and the junction carefully packed with red lead and bound with adhesive tape—for the Maid of Avon was a well-found vessel and the mate's storeroom yielded whatever they required. And when The Hoodlum turned the steam on full force the water poured out in a solid three-inch stream and cascaded overboard!

Once the water had been started running, it was comparatively easy to retain the vacuum with a limited amount of steam. The Hoodlum kept her in water while Jud Bunker fed her coal. Worn, weak, sleepy and ready to drop with exhaustion though they were, theirs was a desperate struggle to stay awake in the pleasant warmth of the throbbing donkey and fight for the life of the Maid of Avon. Frequently each would discover the other dozing off.

For five hours the siphon worked perfectly; then the lift overcame the vacuum and the water ceased to flow. Whereupon The Hoodlum removed his clothing and climbed down into the icy water, on the surface of which floated a dirty smear of coal dust, oil and grease. When he stood on the engine-room floor his chin was just above water; but through the deadlight, on a level with his face, he could see the light of the gray northern day; and he came out shivering but happy. Bunker, who had procured some heavy towels from the captain's bathroom, rubbed him down vigorously; and, while The Hoodlum hugged the donkey, Bunker hauled up the siphon and unscrewed a section of it.

Then they lowered it into the flooded engine room and the poor Hoodlum braved the icy water again, opened the deadlight and thrust the outlet pipe through it. He noticed that the steamer would ship a smart dash of water through this opened deadlight whenever the vessel rolled particularly deep. However, there was not sufficient leakage to bother, for The Hoodlum knew that as the ship rose, according as the water was pumped out of her, this deadlight would rise correspondingly above the waves that beat gently along the vessel's huge sides. He fastened his siphon to the engine-room stairs with a length of rope and Jud Bunker turned on the steam.

Up the greasy iron ladder the naked Hoodlum clambered and out on deck. He leaned out over the rail and saw the water pouring steadily from the siphon.

"Thank God!" he murmured piously. "We'll save the old girl yet."

Then Jud Bunker rubbed him down again and helped him dress, and together they robbed the steward's storeroom, where they found strong waters and drank a health to their desperate enterprise.

IV

EXACTLY fourteen hours from the time Jud Bunker and The Hoodlum had clambered aboard her, the Maid of Avon's engine room was pumped dry and the vessel was riding high again through the choppy seas. The fog had cleared; so Jud Bunker hung in her main rigging, one above the other, the three large black balls that constitute the signal by day that a vessel is not under command. Then he cleaned, trimmed, and filled and lighted her side lights, and hung them in place; after which he performed a similar office for three red lanterns, which he also hung in the main rigging, one above the other, to give the signal by night that the vessel was not under command. The wheel, he had long since ascertained, had been lashed amidships when her original crew deserted her.

"We can't do anything more for her until to-morrow," he announced; "so we'll have a bite to eat and turn in

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Japan and the United States

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

K. Iwasaki, a Leading Japanese Business Man

"SUPPOSE," said one of the great financiers of Japan, "suppose war should be declared between Japan and the United States."

"All right," I replied, "suppose that."

"Suppose, farther, that Japan should take the Philippines."

"Very good; suppose that too."

"Suppose, again, that Japan should capture Hawaii."

"Well," I said, gulping a little, "suppose that also."

"What then?"

"What then?" I repeated, because I couldn't think of anything else to say that seemed polite.

"Then," he continued impressively, "that tremendous engine of warfare, the United States Treasury, would get into action on its work of reprisal. Then that most formidable machine for national offense and defense would start operations. Then the real war would begin."

"But," I protested, "the Treasury would be there all the time."

"Certainly, but not in the way I mean. If it were not there at all, Japan would annex the United States any bright morning the idea occurred to the government, provided some other Power did not think of it first, and run over and accumulate your country. It is there. It will continue to be there. It may possibly—possibly—be that Japan thinks she might overcome your army and navy. Soldiers and sailors are likely to be somewhat egotistical. But nobody in Japan thinks Japan could, in the long run, overcome the Treasury of the United States—that is, nobody who knows the difference between a yen and a dollar. Hence let us forget this chatter about war between Japan and the United States, and talk about the peaceful acquisition of trade."

"Explain things a little," I suggested.

"If you were familiar with the finances of Japan you would not need an explanation. But this is what I mean: We have hypothetically taken the Philippines, and Hawaii—hypothetically. The Philippines would be reasonably easy, from our point of view, but Hawaii might be more difficult. However, let us consider all difficulties swept away and Japan in armed possession of the two groups of islands. Then Japan would sit there in possession, for the project of landing troops in California, or elsewhere on the Pacific Coast, possesses angles of difficulty not ordinarily considered by the alarmists in either nation. At that moment the tremendous Treasury of the United States would begin its deadly work. Five cents would be added to the taxes here; two cents there, a dime in another place and one cent elsewhere. It would be simple and easy. It would not increase the burden of the ratepayer much. But the result would be millions and millions in money that would be used to build ships and equip soldiers and organize a machine that eventually would come out and drive Japan back to her own land, and maybe drive her quite a bit inland after she had reached her native shores.

"Five cents here and two cents there and ten cents another place—a simple problem of imposing a few cents additional to the rates. But how about Japan? While your country could and would put on additional taxes in these small sums, and realize as many millions as were necessary, without causing any person any financial inconvenience, how about Japan? My dear sir, Japan could not add a penny. Japan has reached the ultimate in her taxing possibilities, unless practical confiscation begins. Taxes in some instances run as high as forty per cent of takings and average not much less. Imagine, if you will, the result of an attempt further to increase that frightful burden. It cannot be done. But in your country a tax increase such as is necessary, or would be necessary, is a matter of small moment. You Americans know nothing about taxation. You pay smaller imposts than any country on the globe. Your potential resources from this incident of government would be so enormous, if applied as they are applied in Japan, for example, that the sums that would accrue stagger imagination. It would take time, of course, but you have the time and you have the resources to be called upon, to say nothing of your bond-selling capacities.

"Once these things happened—which never will happen in our day, by the way—there would be nothing for Japan to do, after her first dash, but hold on so long as she could and then retire. It is all so preposterous I wonder that sane people pay any heed to this continuous talk of the Yellow Peril, on the one hand, and this American discrimination, on the other. Neither is true, in the broad sense. We do not want war. We've had enough and more than enough of that sort of national enterprise. What we want is peace and trade—trade—money and the opportunities for making it. Japan is not looking for glory, save in some small section of that portion of her population to which the acquirement of glory is a profession. What Japan wants is trade and money."

The Swift Progress of Japanese Civilization

THAT is the cold, hard-headed business view of all this long-continued talk of war between Japan and the United States. I have been in Japan for some time, and I have met and talked to men in all stations of life, from the leaders of the government to the small merchants, bankers, diplomatists, professional men, editors, great captains of finance, members of parliament, princes, counts, manufacturers, exporters, importers—to all classes. When you come to sift the opinions and get at the gist of them, to set aside the national spirit of patriotism and the national

Prince Yamagata, Most Influential of the Elder Statesmen

Baron Shibusawa, Statesman and Business Man

spirit of we-are-as-good-as-anybody—if-not-better, you find that the chiefest concern of Japan is not to expand her territory, but to expand her commerce; not to increase her martial glory, but to increase her bank balances; not to fight, but to acquire.

Here is a nation that progressed from the rushlight to the electric light almost in a day; that accomplished in fifty years what it took Europe four centuries to accomplish, and the miracle of that accomplishment is not lessened by the fact, so often overlooked, that Japan had at her disposal appliances for aiding the transformation that Europe did not have. In other words, Western civilization was easier for her to attain because she simply had to attain it and not construct it. With that attainment of Western civilization came its responsibilities and its opportunities. One of those opportunities is not war. One, and the greatest one, is commerce, that shall give employment to her people and enable them to enjoy the fruits of the Occidental civilization that the nation has attained.

War produces nothing but debt and death. Commerce produces employment and the following reward; and that following reward is the first necessity for the enjoyment of the civilization that incites it. A bond issue can finance a railroad or a bond issue can finance a war. But the bond issue that finances a railroad does more for the people of a nation, in every sense, than the bond issue that finances a war; for even if a war results in the acquisition of territory, that acquisition of territory, as is so amply instanced in the case of the acquisition of Korea and Formosa by Japan, entails responsibilities and expense that, in many cases, counterbalance the benefits for the people at home, and add to a burden instead of lightening it. Take our experiences in the Philippines, for example.

For the past nine or ten years—since the ending of the war between Japan and Russia, to be somewhat definite—there have been constantly recurring excitements, both in Japan and in the United States, over the forthcoming war between the two countries. There has been a vast quantity of loose talk in each country, and some governmental recognition of conditions, not justified in either event, but caused by the communication of the influences of the agitations to the men in control of affairs. It has always been a vague alarm. To be sure, militarists have claimed to have certain specific knowledge. Once we were in a great to-do over Hawaii. Also there have been panics over the Philippines. Nothing came of them. Nothing will come of them in any future that is of account to those of us now worrying about it. Both nations have had spells of seeing things. Both nations have had agitators who have, to some extent, influenced popular opinion. But it takes more than the ambitions of professional military men or the yaps of agitators who have motives of their own, that can be ascertained by investigation, to bring on such a war.

Discarding for the moment the agitations and the alarms of the past, let me take the situation as it exists

at the present, in the early days of March, 1915. I leave out of consideration any effects or contingencies coincident with or following the negotiations between China and Japan now in progress. The United States isn't going to war with Japan over China, nor for China. That is the dream of the white men in the East who are out of touch with sentiment at home, and who have no other recreation than the discussion of international politics, and the formulation of theories thereon, without, in most instances, the supporting basis of fact. The greatest war declarers in the universe are the white men who live in the Far East. They have little to talk about except international politics. Hence they consider themselves a sort of a governing and directing board of the universe. One thing they lack is perspective. However, it is safe enough to say that when China gets her face sufficiently saved Japan will have what Japan wants, and the significant fact about it all is that up to this time no nation interested, including the United States, has entered a word of governmental protest over Japan's program.

However, letting China and Japan go by the board with the assertion that China will never bring the United States into war with Japan unless there is a distinct stain put upon our national honor by Japan—which will not, to the best of my belief, be the case—let me set down the facts as I found them, with relation to Japan and the United States at this particular time—not yesterday nor to-morrow, but now.

Whatever irritations there have been between the United States and Japan—and there have been some—were caused by a lack of intelligent comprehension of the one country by the other. We have not understood the Japanese. The Japanese have not understood us. These various misunderstandings and misconceptions, which have a racial base, have been accentuated by agitators, and by certain acts on our part that were not subject to any process of Japanese analysis or comprehension, and were particularly offensive to the Japanese spirit of nationality.

It is trite enough to say the Japanese have the Oriental view, while our view is the Occidental. Japan has been "interpreted" on that basis fully a hundred times, in massive books that line the shelves of the secondhand bookstalls in the Kudan, in Tokio, and can be obtained for a few sen each. That isn't the cause of trouble. It goes deeper than that, for even so divergent views as those of the Far East and the Far West can be reconciled, if the matter is taken earnestly in hand. The irritations come from a misunderstanding of the national spirit of Japan, on our part, and from a failure to accept our American basic principles of government as final, on the part of the Japanese.

Causes of International Irritation

THE real foundation for such irritations as have existed, and now exist in some measure, rests on our misconception of the fact—or lack of conception of it—that the Japanese is a Japanese before he is anything else. Before he is father, brother, son, he is Japanese. He has been taught, and acclaims publicly, at least, that his Emperor is divinely descended, a Son of Heaven, and that his first allegiance is to the Emperor and the country over which he rules.

His patriotism is more fervid than ours. His sense of national allegiance is stronger; not stronger than ours would be in a case of supreme emergency, perhaps, but stronger than it is in the common events of the day. His conviction of national responsibility is wider. His pride of race is greater. His sensitiveness to affront is more pronounced. His suspicion of ulterior motive is the outgrowth

T. Hara, Leader of the Opposition

of that sensitiveness which is supersensitiveness. He holds himself the equal of all, if not the superior of most. He does not agree to the tenet that the higher civilization must necessarily exist in the West, save as some of its outward forms may proclaim, and he considers his own status to be on a more elevated plane, morally and metaphysically, than that of any other people. He considers his right place in the sun is to be mediator between the nations of the East which have not progressed materially as he has progressed, and the West, from which part of the world he has absorbed such material benefits and advancements as his bright intelligence taught him to consider to his commercial advantage.

Naturally, with all these traits strongly developed in the Japanese, as a race they lack that philosophic sense of humor that is the lubricant when nations have dealings one with another. It is undeniably true that though we do not take the Japanese as seriously as they take themselves, they, on the other hand, take us more seriously than we take ourselves. It is not much more than fifty years ago that the Japanese were living in a feudalized country. What they have done since the beginning of the Restoration, when the shogunate was deposed and the country began its present progress, will forever remain the miracle of the world. And that very progress, although helped and fostered by the United States, is the impelling cause for whatever irritation may exist, and consequently the basis for all talk of War and Yellow Peril and Mastery of the Pacific, and all the other pet phrases of the propagandists.

Japan considers herself one of the Great Powers, which she is. She is proud of her progress, as she has every reason to be, but—and here is the crux of it—Japan knows her own weaknesses and her own difficulties, and her national supersensativeness is induced by that very knowledge. If a man has a weakness and you tell him of it, he is insulted by the telling, not gratified. If a man has a weakness and he knows you know it, even if you do not tell him of it, he is equally miffed. And if a man has a weakness he conceals it and endeavors to face it down

Here, then, is a great nation, conscious of its discrepancies as marked by Western ideas of civilization, and supersensitive to a high degree over what it inwardly knows but outwardly seeks to conceal. Suspicion inevitably is the outcome of such a condition—suspicion of motives, and a determination to adopt the bold front and hold a front rank, not alone by merit, but by the assumption of such qualities as it may inwardly know and feel have not yet been attained. A weak people could not do this. An unintelligent people could not do it. It requires brawn and brains to hold the pose, and Japan has both in full supply.

How Japan Puts the Best Foot Foremost

AS I HAVE said, every Japanese is a Japanese first and whatever else he may be second. In this unified patriotism they are incomparable. It extends even to the minor affairs of life. There is no Japanese, of high or low degree, who will admit any fault of his country to a foreigner, however strict his censure may be when talking to his friends. If there are faults the Japanese conceal them. They never volunteer any information as to drawbacks and they always have an excuse for failures. No condition can arise in Japan whereby a foreigner can learn from a Japanese of anything to the detriment of the country. The statesmen will not tell you anything. The coolies will not tell you anything. They are units of concealment. They put the good face on everything. It is Japan first with them, Japan first always, and always a super-Japan.

If you wonder at the lack of municipal improvements in Tokio, for example, you are reminded that it is only half a century since Tokio was a feudal city. If you ask a Japanese to read you from a Japanese newspaper, he will carefully skip anything he may find in that paper that, as it seems to him, would be detrimental to the fair name and fame of Japan if communicated to a foreigner. If a Japanese—any Japanese—hears anything he deems of importance or of use to his country, he sees to it that that information gets to the proper person. He seeks to show you the bright spots. He presents an always smiling face to you, even though he may be suffering inwardly. He always has the appearance of a person who is joyous because he is a Japanese, because he lives in Japan, because fate has been so kind to him as to allow him the great beneficence of belonging to this favored race. Japan is first, always first, and the individual of no consequence. By this I mean that, so far as the foreigner is concerned, the man from outside, nothing is left undone, even in the case of the most humble traveler, to foster the good impression of Japan, and to conceal whatever there may be to be concealed. That is the first end and aim of Japanese patriotism, and it reaches out and envelops the entire people. It extends also to the greater affairs of the nation. There isn't a man in the country who would not lay down his life for that country—not a man. All other peoples seem unpatriotic beside the Japanese.

Within themselves they have as many national differences as any people. They are keen contenders for trade and sharp competitors. They are ruthless with one another. Their political fights are intense and heated. Their political differences are marked and bitter. They assail one

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Baron Kato, Minister of Foreign Affairs

S. Asano, Influential Japanese Business Man

Prince Tokugawa, President of the House of Peers

THE PHŒNIX

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

ONE FEELS IT

"Don't! I've Just Spent Two Months Making Up My Mind That There Wasn't Any Happier Fate in the World Than to be an Old Maid and Always Live in Bodbank"

THE city of Bodbank, Illinois, overlooks the Mississippi.

On a fall day, before the green has gone out of the wheat stubble in the great surrounding agricultural district, one can smell winter. As early as March, when a thaw has come, when floating ice covers the river with white splotches like torn paper on the brown waters, and when the dripping of the melting snow and the planting of a foot in the black mud take on new and different sounds, one can smell spring.

In the back room of the Phœnix Hotel the old-time best Bodbankers, philosophers and philosophizers, who can remember the city before a shop on Main Street employed a window dresser, listened to the dripping of the thaw and fancied that, even in the tobacco-thickened air, they sniffed the coming of the tender season. Rufe P. Holland, the rotund proprietor of the ancient hostelry, with his foot on the neck of his old fool yellow dog, remarked at last upon the lack of conversation in the Back Room Club. In spite of which no one of the five members present attempted to explain.

Before Judge Antrim went out to go to his son's house on Gray Street for Saturday night supper, he did not explain. And Doctor Reeve left to make a call without accounting for the pall of taciturnity. Dame, the Apple King, rolled his cigar from side to side with pleasing skill, while Malachi Sturges, the Stove King—the only man in Bodbank who had been honored by suit under the anti-trust law—stared up at the ceiling.

One by one, the four departed, leaving behind only a laconic remark. The last one to go was Malachi Sturges who, according to his custom, went out onto the sidewalk on Main Street and honked the horn on his big car to notify Jim Toomey, the chauffeur, that it was time to say good-by to Gracie McCune in Leonard's Bakery.

Only one Bodbanker was left—old Bosville—the same old Bosville who has worn peculiar ear muffs and wristers made by his wife, for how many years man knows not. He is the same old Bosville who votes "No" when there is an attempt to make anything unanimous. He is the man who is for what the rest of Bodbank is against, against what the rest of Bodbank is for.

Bosville collects postage stamps, opposes all new city bond issues, has paid for the education of seven needy ambitious boys and girls, supports two widows not his own, scrapes along without the services of the Bodbank Gas Company or the Indigo Valley Electric Light Company, has a stereoscope and stereoscopic photographs of Niagara Falls and Mammoth Cave on his marble-top parlor table, and calls his roly-poly white-haired wife "Ma," in memory of the children they have never had.

He is an anti. Bodbank must look sharp, for Bosville, who appears a little like a lean bird, has an eye like unto the hawk's for discerning human weaknesses. When everyone wants to let them pass unseen, he points them out, spearing them with his short sentences and holding them aloft on the prongs of his discourses.

With Bosville in the back room this evening a stranger remained, wanting conversation. He had looked over the old Bodbanker, when the others had gone, to find some sign of his being a member in some kind of order, but Bosville never in his life joined anything—not even an issue. At last the stranger upspoke.

"I'd always heard the Middle West was democratic," said he, trusting that old Bosville would understand that he was remarking upon the ungenial silence which had gone, which continued, and which was promised.

Bosville gazed at the bay-windowed traveler, using one eye as if he could not spare two for a casual acquaintance.

"'Tis—on theory," snapped he, lifting his head out of his oversized collar, as would a turtle. "But you're speaking of the men who went out —— Silent, weren't they? Just spring—that's all—just spring. All the old hankerings and memories! Seemed more important than you."

The stranger was a tame stranger and he was subdued.

"What do you know about democracy?" asked Bosville, opening both his eyes. "Never mind. Don't answer. You've made me think."

He looked round the room cautiously, as if he expected to find eavesdroppers; then he rubbed his knees with pleasure.

"I'll tell you what happened right here in Bodbank," he said.

I will tell you what happened right here in Bodbank. When you've heard it, you'll feel as if you'd lived in Bodbank. It will put you in touch with Bodbank Society with a big S.

A good many years ago there wasn't any Bodbank society. That was in the days before there were high-storied office buildings on Main Street, and before they taught children to pronounce Cicero with a hard K, and before the best people gave up having hash for dinner. But, with increase in population and the passing of the cream-o'-tartar-biscuit era, society came into Bodbank.

I'm going to tell you about a beautiful young woman—Miriam Roebling—too.

But you'd never understand her unless you understood Bodbank society.

Now, far be it from me to speak ill of Bodbank, but out here society begins with architecture. The family that lives in the house which has the most rooms that are never used is society. It works like this: A man comes to Bodbank, makes money in the clothing business and then puts up a bright yellow château next to the humble home of the undertaker whose wife led the game until the place she lived was made to look like a game-keeper's lodge. But a good pneumonia winter is at hand. The undertaker's business is brisk. He and the doctors deplore with pleasure their incomes. In the spring the undertaker makes a contract for a brick castle, with a porte-cochère and plate-glass exhibition windows large enough to show to the passers-by the whole family sitting round in the evening on the massive mahogany furniture. This excites the envy of the real-estate dealer and owner of the glucose factory, and he builds a house for himself and wife with twenty-eight bedrooms and a burglar-alarm system. To-day those who are well off live in houses where a man can't find his slippers when he comes home, and children can't find their rooms except by reference to the architect's plans.

After society has once started there is nothing to stop it. Bodbank was invaded by the macaroon, the caviar sandwich, the dancing pump, embossed stationery, the low-necked dress, the white lie, and the discussion of unread books and unseen plays.

Miriam Roebling, on the other hand, went away to college. Old man Roebling had been a farmer and a widower, and when he died he left his sister and his daughter about enough to scrape along on; so during vacations Miriam had been a governess in some family of the New York four hundred, and gossip had it that seven young millionaires had proposed to her and been refused.

"Goodness knows I was brought up to abhor looking on the wine when it is red," said Mrs. Bucknam, the wife of the glucose manufacturer, to Miriam. "But I must say a million dollars makes a little indulgence in champagne and other liquors seem almost forgivable."

"It isn't the champagne; it's what goes round it," said Miriam, gazing dreamily down Gray Street.

I haven't a word to say against Bodbank, but Miriam had a good deal of beauty and a heap of sense, and Bodbank got on her nerves sometimes, the way it gets on mine. After she was through with college she was too good to leave her little old wizened aunt, Sarah Roebling, alone here, with indigestion and a hare-lipped hired girl as the only amusements during the long winter evenings, and she was too poor to take her aunt away. So Miriam stayed here and read the society column in The Daily Pilot, and smiled and sighed, and opened a tea room on Main Street, and shocked the respectable old families of Bodbank by earning her own living and rejecting the scions of Bodbank wealth and aristocracy, and by knowing so much about correct social usage, as they call it, that nobody could get along without her.

The old men said she was a fine young woman; the young women said her nose was shiny, not because it was shiny but because she did not use powder; the young men said she had about as much warmth of personality as a Labrador night; and the married women said she was terribly stuck up. But, though I never like to speak anything against my home town, I must say there has been a terrific desire here to learn how "to be correct." And almost everybody who was not sure of being correct had to go to Miriam.

Ma said to me—I call Mrs. Bosville "Ma"—she said to me: "I guess it's the same in all towns just as it was in the New England town where I came from. There's always one girl that has outgrown the town—usually just one that's held right there by her parents or some other obligation and load and burden like most parents make of themselves, and that one girl is the kind who don't lose her head to a man before he's driven her to the city limits in a buggy, and she won't get married just to be married, and she reads books that are kept in your library instead of books you buy on the train, and by and by she's got to wearing square-toed shoes and wrinkles. Girlhood is gone and because of that the town forgives her for everything. And so youth slips away for the one girl in the town, and when she dies nobody would suspect she had ever wanted to get married, if it weren't for the fact that they find a package of love letters to an imaginary mate."

It was hard for me to feel that such a fate could be possible for this girl. She was lean and tall and free-gaited like an Indian walking over moss. Her hair was black and soft round her ears, and her forehead was like a piece of satin spar. She took life peacefully; you could see the peace in her brown eyes, just as you can look down and see a bit of something gleaming up from the bottom of a deep, cool well. And she was only twenty-two.

She ran one social center of Bodbank—the tea room on Main Street. The other social center was the Home Club.

"The Home Club," old Rufe Holland says, "was started in 1910 when Bodbank got large enough for society to make the terms fellow citizen and neighbor apply to the folks who weren't in the right set."

Maybe if it hadn't been for the Home Club, Miriam would still be keeping the tea room. And out at the old Roebling place, toward which the city is now growing, she might be under the evening lamp this minute, reading Browning while her aunt pored over the last mail-order-house catalogue. But she ain't there.

The Home Club altered the old Second Church building for its purpose of establishing a place to act in a frivolous way without endangering the common people by the example. The ladies and gentlemen of Bodbank could meet at the Home Club to trip with their toes across the floor upon which they once had had their knees, and there, at the shrine of Correctness, learn not to wear a four-in-hand tie with a dress suit, and at little dinners be shown that it was proper to serve salted almonds at a function, but to forget the pickles. I don't want to reflect upon Bodbank society, but the Home Club was made up of aristocrats. At the Home Club they kept up the broad "a," the narrow waist, the high brow, and the low temperature, and other things an old fluff like me, still tending my own furnace, isn't supposed to know anything about.

So the Home Club had red burlap on the walls and deers' heads and English sporting prints, and a ladies' card room where the old-fashioned thoughts of bringing up children were painlessly extracted by the fascination of bridge. It was there that our young married people tried hard to make themselves think that in their husbands and wives they had drawn second prizes only. And their attempts to reach to the dignity of scandal, if I may say so without reflecting upon this town, have been a long line of dismal failures, attended by the ridiculous contortions of those who are naturally good trying to behave as if they were bad. How common this is outside Bodbank and in other growing metropolises, I can't say.

Then the tango struck Bodbank.

We were expecting arrests every day without result, and then bank presidents began to come down very lame to the office Monday morning, and with my own eyes I've seen Judge Antrim and Malachi Sturges, right here in the Phœnix, locked in each other's arms like superannuated wrestlers, profaning this linoleum with cavortings that would shame a Sioux Indian and humming to themselves a melody the like of which can't be heard this side of a Bomba-Bomba party of equatorial black men.

"Nothing like these modern dances for the digestion," the Judge would say, mopping his forehead.

"My daughter says I do it fine," replied Sturges, out of breath. "Practice makes perfect. I didn't approve of these dances at first; I must have been growing old-fashioned. Now, here's the second step. One, two, three, four —— Whee!"

And on they'd go, trying the Hibernating Cuddle, or the Surreptitious Eight Step, or the Vacillating Decision, or the Split Infinitive. For the dance had seized the town, and that is just what I should have expected of this town.

Indeed, sir, these tiddle-de-umpty-umpty-boom gyrations nearly closed the moving-picture shows, ruined the business of the livery stables in letting runabouts and single-seated sleighs, made a fortune for Matthew Renaissance Fales, who owns the music shop, put the melodeon on the scrap heap, and introduced the disk-record machine, changed the name of nightmares to fox-trots, and doubled the sales of the shoe stores.

Two halls were opened where the poor could maxixe themselves at a nickel, while the rich and aristocratic performed almost every night at the Home Club, with Bodbank's eight chauffeurs twirling on the sidewalks in the light of the touring-car lamps till long after midnight.

"I Got You. When Does He Arrive?"

There were a few old people and a few girls awkward enough to be above dancing the new dances. And there was Miriam Roebling, who went to the Home Club when the others danced there but who did not dance herself. Mrs. Bucknam, who threw her two hundred pounds of oleomargarine into rhythm, said that Miriam was too snobbish to dance.

Daisy Firkin, who rattled when she devoted herself to Terpsichore and whose elbows were a menace to innocent bystanders, said that Miriam was too fat to risk herself in the merry whirl.

Janice Coggeswell, who had just married Freddy Mardon, the county prosecutor, said that Miriam was too tall to appear with grace.

The lonely girl merely laughed about her own reluctance to dance and said that she didn't intend to work that hard while others would do it for her amusement. She said she owed a grudge to the new dances, that the business of her tea room in candies was being ruined because the doctors said that sweets meant fat, and fat meant short breath, and short breath meant that the tango could not be done as in Plate I, or in Diagram 6, or Lesson 32 of the manual published in the plate matter of The Saturday Pilot.

But it was the new dances that brought democracy to Bodbank!

Far be it from me to say aught against Bodbank, and yet there are times when I think that of all the fool cities in the world Bodbank is in a class by itself.

So it was when Bodbank society set about promoting democracy.

The trouble all began when the Home Club set began to notice that the new dances were not confined to the sacred precincts of the Second Church, which had been altered to accommodate cotillions, bridge parties, and California sparkling beverages, served so that the napkin would cover the labels.

Holy horror arose in the respectable pleural cavities of Bodbank's best people when they found that our police were allowing the poor and ignorant to dance in the hall above MacMulkin's pool room until two o'clock A. M.—the very hour at which those at the dances at the Home Club were telling each other that it was only the shank of the evening. An investigation made by the Social Service League of the Gray Street Church uncovered the fact that the factory girls who worked at Bucknam & Mortimer's glucose plant were to be found laughing noisily at the door of Johnson's roller-skating rink, where a banjo and a piano furnished the music, at the same moment that our best young ladies and even staid matrons were screaming good-nights to parties in departing touring cars. Word went round that from these "low dance halls" young men and young women would go out to find dark benches in Pioneer Park, just as our best young Bodbank blood, exposing bare heads and bare shoulders to the night air, strolled out from the back door of the Home Club into Judge Antrim's lower garden, where among the apple trees one could scarcely see one's hand before one's face.

All this, and the general evil effect of the new dances on the lowly and the humble, shocked Bodbank society. Society, sir, will always be found to take a firm stand for a monopoly of naughtiness. The aristocracy of Bodbank had preempted the cream of respectability of Bodbank over a course of half a dozen years, and now the time had come when it desired to snatch away from the poor and the undistinguished the right of not being respectable.

Something had to be done to put society back on its feet, and the best thing to be done was to bring in democracy.

Miriam saw the significance of bringing in democracy as an aid and ally of aristocracy.

"Who ever heard of anybody's being democratic upward?" said she. "Democracy is something that is lowered from above to a place below. It is a hand-down. The wash woman never thinks about being democratic to the family who send her the shirts and pillowcases. Who ever heard of the employee's being democratic with his or her employer? But that is something about democracy which always escapes notice."

Mrs. Firkin and Mrs. Bucknam and Miss Arthur and the Reverend Mr. George K. Stafford stared at Miriam with astonished eyes. They with several others were a quorum of the Home Club committee appointed to see if something could not be done to bring Bodbank to better social days—a broader, more irreproachable social life.

With My Own Eyes I've Seen Judge Antrim and Malachi Sturges Profaning This Linoleum With Cavortings That Would Shame a Sioux Indian

"Well," said Mrs. Bucknam, drawing off the white gloves and turning the rings upward on her oleomargarine fingers, "I cannot quite follow the thought. Our idea is to do something to bring about a nearer acquaintance and fellowship with that part of our fast growing population which needs our assistance if the town is to remain a fit place for young men and young women to grow up in."

Miss Roebling, so I understand, smiled and said she had not meant to make any objections. "Only the idea came to me that if we were wanting to show how select we are there could be no better way than by starting a campaign to be democratic."

"Ah, that, indeed, is not the problem," said the Reverend Mr. Stafford, champion golfer of the Bodbank Country Club. "No; we are here to undertake our duty toward the youth of our fair city. I may claim the credit, if credit there be, for this movement toward a better understanding of our social problems. It is a serious matter when the police inform me that, under the insidious device of a club license, liquor is being sold to the patrons of Johnson's rink."

"The same device by which this Home Club serves its members," said Miriam.

Mrs. Firkin said the two cases were entirely different, and blinked.

The Reverend Mr. Stafford blinked too.

"The idea we want to follow is to keep the young people off the streets," said Miss Arthur, whose sister had been an intimate friend of a settlement worker in New York.

"Which leads me to my suggestion," said George Stafford, slowly and impressively touching the finger tips of one hand with the finger tips of the other. "I think my idea came from the fact that the building in which we now are sitting was once devoted to worship. And as I stood downstairs in our ballroom meditating one day, I thought how fine a thing it would be if we were to open up our club house to all the young people who have no respectable place to meet—to dance if you like—and if we were to furnish music and inexpensive refreshment, and if we were all to come here ourselves, to show that no false pride or distinctions were in our hearts."

I can see him as I think he must have looked when he paused after a rising inflection of voice with raised eyebrows, inviting approval.

"Wonderful!" said Mrs. Bucknam. "Simply a wonderful idea!"

"Such fun!" said Miss Arthur. "I've always wanted to dance with a certain soda-water clerk in this city. Isn't that awful?"

"It will mean a new movement all over the country!" Mrs. Firkin added. "We shall be known as the initiators of it. The Chicago papers will print the whole story. An old church converted into an exclusive club, and then opened to everyone for one night a week in the name, so to speak, of equality."

"Only one evening should be planned for at first," said Miriam. "Let us not commit ourselves to a habit before we've had even a taste."

At last she had said something which gave Stafford a chance to yield diplomatically.

"Ah, that is true, that is discreet, that is wise and temperate," he said. "Let us arrange for one evening, an evening of democracy, equality and love."

"But we're going to dance, aren't we?" exclaimed Miss Arthur, rattling a vanity box. "Oh, of course. I misunderstood! I am so stupid. Then it is all arranged and the committee can report."

So the committee, without a thought of what was to come, and Miriam Roebling, without a thought of the great change the plan was to make in her young life, went ahead with the report and then with the arrangements.

The news traveled beyond the expectations of Mrs. Firkin. The story was sent out by the press associations; a Chicago Sunday edition had two columns about Bodbank, the élite of Bodbank, and even distorted the facts printed beneath Mrs. Bucknam's picture taken twenty-two years ago, and said a regular church was to be thrown open to the maxixe and More Mustard. It was a great day for Bodbank, and so much publicity was made out of it that not a soul in Bodbank could be found who did not know that the poor and humble, the vicious and the ignorant, the benighted and boorish, had been invited to come to dance close to Paris evening gowns, or press chastely to the white silk waistcoats of the flower of society.

"I wonder whether there isn't something the matter with a plan to make people accept an invitation sent out addressed to the scum of the earth," said Miriam to my wife. So Ma put on her spectacles and looked at the girl's graceful neck and high white forehead, and then out through the window of Miss Roebling's tea room at the passers-by in the bright, early spring sunlight, and she sighed.

"You certainly must be lonely in Bodbank!" said she.

"Don't!" said the girl as if Ma had stuck a hatpin into her. "Don't! I've just spent two months making up my mind that there wasn't any happier fate in the world than to be an old maid and always live in Bodbank, and keep a cat, and look in the mirror every day and say, 'Well, there is a pair of lips that nobody has kissed in twenty-four hours!' Don't tell me I must be lonely! Don't!"

"Well, I hope the dance will be a success," said Ma. "It certainly has attracted enough attention. I read about it in a Butte, Montana, newspaper. They said it marked a new era of democracy in America."

"I hope not," the girl said.

But perhaps it did. Who shall say?

The evening came—the great evening.

The Home Club had been decorated with evergreens sent down from Chicago; the ladle, so often used in punches, had now been dipped into a huge bowl of lemonade and grape juice, nonalcoholic and adapted for the parched throats of all but the idle rich, who for this one night foreswore, with self-sacrifice, the use of anything stronger. Every woman in the Home Club had agreed to wear just what she had on, and everyone of them was spending the last hours before her mirror in a special effort to outdo the modest circus horse, and secretly expecting to be the only one who would come to dazzle the masses. I understand that even Miriam put on something in green and gold which she had made herself and had never worn before.

At half past eight the event was ready. Mrs. Bucknam was standing at the door oleomargarineously to welcome the dandruff of Bodbank off the streets. The wit and beauty of Bodbank sat about in groups, waiting and listening to the appealing strains of the West Bodbank string quartet. Society was about to set itself over against the common people.

"I feel so thrilled!" said the round little Miss Firkin. "I half hope nobody will come. I knew a girl once who got the scarlet fever while she was improving the condition of the poor."

She need not have worried, my dear sir. The minutes passed and no genuine applicant for democracy appeared. Miss McCreery, who is the stenographer of Shook, the president of the trust company, came against her wishes because Shook had urged her and she took it that she'd lose her job if she did not appear. Three chauffeurs, looking as if they hoped they wouldn't be seen, sneaked in at quarter of nine and stuck together in a corner under the slogan, United We Stand, Divided We Fall. Four seamstresses, very much frightened, had been told to be there, and dared not stay away. The French maid at Miss Arthur's had come with some self-possession, because she had once been an actress and had appeared in other mob scenes. But not one real object upon whom democracy might be thrust put in an appearance. They say that the vicious places, like Johnson's rink and the hall over the pool room, never did a more thriving business than on that night!

I am not the kind of man who wants to say a word against my neighbors, but I could not help suspecting that many of our society set were satisfied with the absence of the unelected. Each could walk out, cast a glance toward the heavens and say: "We asked them in. If they did not come do not blame me."

But this was not to be.

At eight-thirty Windfall Page, the editor and proprietor of The Bodbank Pilot, was sitting at his desk, with one hand feeling of the shave he had just had in preparation for the Home Club dance, and holding, as usual, a half-eaten apple in the other, when the telephone called him, and Lucy, the operator, said Chicago was on the wire.

"Let Us Arrange for One Evening, an Evening of Democracy, Equality and Love"

"This is Coldberg, Mr. Page," said the voice. "You remember me when I was in college? I'm now Sunday editor on this paper. I called you to put you in touch with a little story I'm having done for Sunday. Do you hear me?"

"Go on, Coldberg," said Page.

"There's a crowd of English capitalists and bankers over here traveling in a private car on their way to Southern Colorado silver and galena properties. Among them is Winsted Coldstream Hilton of the King's Battersea Guards. Do you know who he is?"

"Tell it to me," says Page, taking another bite of the apple.

"Why, he's the second son of the Earl of Arrowick, a blasted cricketer, lieutenant in a crack regiment, a member of the Cromwell Inn, but most of all the author of Portraits and Purses. He has agreed to do seven articles on our national life for the U. S. L. Syndicate, and I've steered him onto your blow-out in Bodbank as an example of democracy in America. This is confidential. He's incognito. But we'd like a telegraphic story from you on his visit to Bodbank. Get me?"

"I get you," said young Page. "When does he arrive?"

"About now," came the voice. "I tried to get you on the phone earlier. Yes, he'll drop off the bankers' special car on the W. L. and Western Number Seven. Good-by."

Page put down the core of the apple and called up the Home Club. He was engaged, sir, to Doris Sturges and he had to tell her. Doris had to tell her best friend, Mary Reeve; and Mary told her mother, because she told her mother everything; her mother told Natalie Reeve, because if there were any sons of earls round Natalie deserved and needed a handicap start; and Natalie told Mr. Bucknam; and Mr. Bucknam told his wife, because husbands and wives should have no secrets.

Windfall, the editor of the Pilot, ran here to the Phœnix to see if near-royalty had registered here by mistake, and then to the Bodbank Hotel, where he found the signature of W. Coldstream Hilton, which looked like a signature one might expect to find on an ultimatum. Page half shut one eye and said to himself, "A big fine-looking guy and probably will come disguised in a loud stage set of homespun," and then he ran on to the Home Club.

The dance was going on, but above the merry strains of music and muscle one could hear the hush of expectancy. Word was being whispered about that a lord was on his way—a young, rich, unmarried English prize! Every girl who had not already drawn a short straw in marriage careened about in the one-step with her eyes fixed on the door like a cruiser searching for a vessel filled with contraband. Every mother sat planning for a new democracy which could be extended upward rather than downward.

At last it was Page who signaled from the door that Hilton of the King's Battersea Guards and author of Portraits and Purses had arrived. Mrs. Bucknam used her two-hundred weight to block the passage against the volunteer reception committee which numbered all those present, excepting the three chauffeurs, Shook's stenographer and the seamstresses. It was a great moment for Bodbank society!

"What is going on here?" came a voice. "A dance? The building looks like a church."

"No; it's a club," said Mrs. Bucknam. "But that is quite all right. You are welcome."

"I'm a stranger, ma'am," said the other. "I don't know anybody in Bodbank. I was blooming lonesome and the music sounded good to me."

"Come in, come in," said other voices. "There are plenty of young ladies to dance with. You are exactly the kind of person we want. Yes. Yes."

And the crowd parted to allow him to walk into the hall. If he was a bit too short for distinguished bearing, if his walk was not quite stately enough, if his clothes were a little too large and a little too bold in weave, if he looked a little more like a poet than a soldier, he was forgiven. He was the largest opportunity Bodbank society had ever had. He was given a dance card. Mrs. Bucknam silently praised the day on which the committee had decided to have dance cards. His card was filled up from bottom to top and all the extras, and ran over with engagements in a way to make one think of an attempt to print the list of telephone subscribers on the back of a postage stamp. He was surrounded by feminine groups who giggled when he said that the name he was using for the present was McCune. Whispered conversations were held here and there, explaining that if the earl's son wished to travel incognito he should not be embarrassed by questions.

Superior mothers raised their eyebrows over his silence and the stupidity of his remarks; fathers said these were signs of the solid character of his race. Hilton himself, though stiff and ill at ease, smiled as if he were enjoying the occasion. Well might he enjoy it, for he had engagements to dance with no less persons than Miss Arthur, Mary Reeve, the youngest Firkin child, Mrs. Shook, the Bucknam twins, and others of not one whit less distinction.

(Continued on Page 69)

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

No Man's Land—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

FROM MY JOURNAL:

I HAVE just had this conversation with the little French chambermaid at my hotel. "You have not gone to mass, Mademoiselle?"

"I? No"

"But here, so near the lines, I should think——"

"I do not go to church. There is no God." She looked up with red-rimmed, defiant eyes. "My husband has been killed," she said. "There is no God. If there was a God, why should my husband be killed? He had done nothing."

This afternoon at three-thirty I am to start for the front. I am to see everything. The machine leaves the *Mairie* at three-thirty.

3rd Lancers Belgian Parading Through Market Square at Furnes

Do you recall the school map on which the state of Texas was always pink and Rhode Island green? And Canada a region without color, and therefore without existence?

The map of Europe has become a battle line painted in three colors: yellow for the Belgian Army, blue for the British and red for the French. It is really a double line, for the confronting German Army is drawn in black. It is a narrow line to signify what it does—not only death and wanton destruction, but the end of the myth of civilization; a narrow line to prove that the brotherhood of man is a dream, that modern science is but an improvement on fifth-century barbarity; that right, after all, is only might.

It took exactly twenty-four hours to strip the shirt off the diplomacy of Europe and show the coat of mail underneath.

It will take a century to hide that coat of mail. It will take a thousand years to rebuild the historic towns of Belgium. But not years, nor a reclothed diplomacy, nor the punishment of whichever traitor to the world brought this thing to pass, nor anything but God's great eternity, will ever restore to one mother her uselessly sacrificed son; will quicken one of the figures that lie rotting along the battle line; will heal this scar that extends, yellow and blue and red and black, across the heart of Western Europe.

It is a long scar—long and irregular. It begins at Nieuport, on the North Sea, extends south to the region of Soissons, east to Verdun, and then irregularly southeast to the Swiss border.

General Foch's War Map

THE map from which I am working was colored and marked for me by General Foch, commander of the French Army of the North. It is a little map, and so this line, which crosses empires and cuts civilization in half, is only fourteen inches long, although it represents a battle line of over four hundred miles. Of this the Belgian front is one-half inch, or approximately one-twenty-eighth. The British front is a trifle more than twice as long. All the rest of that line is red—French.

That is the most impressive thing about the map, the length of the French line.

With the arrival of Kitchener's army this spring the blue portion will grow enormously. The yellow can extend but little, for the Belgian casualties have been two-thirds of her army. There have been many tragedies in Belgium. That is one of them.

In the very north then, yellow; then a bit of red; below that a bit of blue; then red again in that long sweeping curve that is the French front. Occasionally the line moves a trifle forward or back, like the shifting record of a fever chart; but in general it remains the same. It has remained the same since the first of November. A movement to thrust it forward in any one place is followed by a counter-attack in another place. The reserves must be drawn off and hurried to the threatened spot. Automatically the line straightens again.

The little map is dated the twenty-third of February. It is certain that the line will remain practically unchanged until the spring movements take place. After that it will be a matter of the irresistible force and the immovable body, a question not of maps but of empires.

Between the confronting lines lies that tragic strip of No Man's Land, which has been and is the scene of so much tragedy. No Man's Land is of fixed length but of varying width. There are places where it is very narrow, so narrow that it is possible to throw across a hand grenade or a box of cigarettes, depending on the nearness of an officer whose business is war. Again it is wide, so that friendly relations are impossible, and sniping becomes a pleasure as well as an art.

It was No Man's Land that I was to visit the night of the entry in my journal.

From the neighborhood of Ypres to the Swiss border No Man's Land varies. The swamps and flat ground give way to more rolling country, and this to hills. But in the north No Man's Land is a series of shallow lakes, lying in flat, unprotected country.

For Belgium, in desperation, last October opened the sluices and let in the sea. It crept in steadily, each high tide advancing the flood farther. It followed the lines of canal and irrigation ditches mile after mile till it had got as far south as Ypres, beyond Ypres indeed. Now, to the encroachment of the sea has been added the flooding resulting from an abnormally rainy winter. Ordinarily the ditches would carry off the rain; now even where the inundation does not reach it lies in great ponds. Belgium's fertile sugar-beet fields are under salt water.

The method was effectual, during the winter, at least, in retarding the German advance. Their artillery has destroyed the towns behind the opposing trenches of the Allies, but their attempts to advance through the flood have failed.

Even where the floods are shallow—only two feet or so—they serve their purpose in masking the character of the land. From a wading depth of two feet, charging soldiers step frequently into a deep ditch and drown ignominiously.

It is a noble thing, war! It is good for a country! It unites its people and develops national spirit!

Great poems have been written about charges. Will there ever be any great poems about these men who have been drowned in ditches? Or about the soldiers who have been caught in the barbed wire with which these inland lakes are filled? Or about the wounded who fall helpless into the flood?

The inland lakes that ripple under the wind from the sea, or gleam silver in the light of the moon, are beautiful, hideous, filled with bodies that rise and float, face down. And yet here and there the situation is not without a sort of grim humor. Brilliant engineers on one side or the other are experimenting with the flood. Occasionally trenches hitherto dry and fairly comfortable find themselves unexpectedly filling with water, as the other side devises some clever scheme for turning the flood from a menace into a military asset.

In No Man's Land are the outposts.

The fighting of the winter has mystified many noncombatants, with its advances and retreats, which have yet resulted in no definite change of the line. In many instances this sharp fighting has been a matter of outposts, generally farms, churches or other isolated buildings, sometimes even tiny villages. In the inundated portion these outposts are buildings which, situated on rather higher land, a foot or two above the flood, have become islands. Much of the fighting in the north has been about these island outposts. Under the conditions, charges must be made by relatively small bodies of men. The outposts can similarly house but few troops.

They are generally defended by barbed wire and a few quick-firing guns. Their purpose is strategical; they are vantage points from which the enemy may be closely watched. They change sides frequently; are won and lost, and won again.

Here and there the side at the time in command of the outpost builds out from its trenches through the flood a pathway of bags of earth, topped by fascines or bundles of fagots tied together. Such a path pays a tribute of many lives for every yard of advance. It is built under fire; it remains under fire. It is destroyed and reconstructed.

Headquarters in a Dismantled Brewery

FOR four months the British, Belgian and French troops in the north have been fighting under these conditions.

My first visit to the trenches was made under the auspices of the Belgian Ministry of War. The start was made from the *Mairie* in Dunkirk, accompanied by the necessary passes and escorted by an attaché of the Military Cabinet.

I was taken in an automobile from Dunkirk to the Belgian Army Headquarters, where an officer of the headquarters staff, Captain Fastrez, took charge. The headquarters had been a brewery.

Stripped of the impedimenta of its previous occupation it now housed the officers of the staff.

Since that time I have frequently visited the headquarters staffs of various armies or their divisions. I became familiar with the long, bare tables stacked with papers, the lamps, the maps on the walls, the telephones, the coming and going of dispatch riders in black leather. I came to know something of the chafing restlessness of these men who must sit, far behind the firing line, and play paper battles on which lives and empires hang.

But one thing has never ceased to puzzle me.

That night, in a small kitchen behind the Belgian headquarters rooms, a French peasant woman was cooking the evening meal. Always, at all the headquarters that are near the front, somewhere in a back room is a resigned-looking peasant woman cooking a meal. Children hang about the stove or stand in corners looking out at the strange new life that surrounds them. Peasants too old for war, their occupations gone, sit listlessly with hanging hands, their faces the faces of bewildered children; their clean floors are tracked by the muddy boots of soldiers; their orderly lives disturbed, uprooted; their once tidy farmyards are filled with transports; their barns with army horses; their windmills, instead of housing sacks of grain, are occupied by *mitrailleuses*.

What are the thoughts of these people? What does it all mean to them? Do they ever glance at the moving cord of

the war map on the wall? Is this war to them a matter of a courtyard or a windmill? Of mud and the upheaval of quiet lives? They appear to be waiting—for spring, probably, and the end of hostilities; for spring and the planting of crops, for quiet nights to sleep and days to labor.

The young men are always at the front. They who are left express confidence that these their sons and husbands will return. And yet in the spring many of them must plow shallow over battlefields.

It had been planned to show me first a detail map of the places I was to visit, and with this map before me to explain the present position of the Belgian line along the embankment of the railroad from Nieuport to Dixmude. The map was ready on a table in the officers' mess, a bare room with three long tables of planks, to which a flight of half a dozen steps led from the headquarters room below.

Twilight had fallen by that time. It had commenced to rain. I could see through the window heavy drops that stirred the green surface of the moat at one side of the old building. On the wall hung the advertisement of an American harvester, a reminder of more peaceful days. The beating of the rain kept time to the story Captain Fastrez told that night, bending over the map and tracing his country's ruin with his forefinger.

Much of it is already history. The surprise and fury of the Germans on discovering that what they had considered a contemptible military force was successfully holding them back until the English and French Armies could get into the field; the policy of systematic terrorism that followed this discovery; the unpreparedness of Belgium's allies, which left this heroic little army practically unsupported for so long against the German tidal wave.

Pages From the Diary of a German Officer

THE great battle of the Yser is also history. I shall not repeat his dramatic recital of the Belgian retreat to this point, fighting a rear-guard engagement as they fell back before three times their number; of the fury of the German onslaught, which engaged the entire Belgian front, so that there was no rest, not a moment's cessation. In one night at Dixmude the Germans made fifteen attacks. Is it any wonder that two-thirds of Belgium's Army is gone?

They had fought since the third of August. It was on the twenty-first of October that they at last retired across the Yser and two days later took up their present position at the railway embankment. On that day, the twenty-third of October, the first French troops arrived to assist them, some eighty-five hundred reaching Nieuport.

It was the hope of the Belgians that, the French taking their places on the line, they could retire for a time as reserves and get a little rest. But the German attack continuing fiercely against the combined armies of the Allies, the Belgians were forced to go into action again, weary as they were, at the historic curve of the Yser, where was fought the great battle of the war. At British Headquarters later on I was given the casualties of that battle, when the invading German Army flung itself again and again, for nineteen days, against the forces of the Allies: The English casualties for that period were forty-five thousand; the French, seventy thousand; the German, by figures given out at Berlin, two hundred and fifty thousand. The Belgian I do not know.

"It was after that battle," said Captain Fastrez, "that the German dead were taken back and burned, to avoid a pestilence."

The Belgians had by this time reached the limit of their resources. It was then that the sluices were opened and their fertile lowlands flooded.

On the thirty-first of October the water stopped the German advance along the Belgian lines. As soon as they discovered what had been done the Germans made terrific and furious efforts to get forward ahead of it. They got into the towns of Ramscappelle and Pervyse, where furious street fighting occurred.

Pervyse was taken five times and lost five times. But all their efforts failed. The remnant of the Belgian Army had retired to the railroad embankment. The English and French lines held firm.

For the time, at least, the German advance was checked.

That was Captain Fastrez' story of the battle of the Yser.

When he had finished he drew out of his pocket the diary of a German officer killed at the Yser during the first days of the fighting, and read it aloud. It is a great human document. I give here as nearly as possible a literal translation.

It was written during the first days of the great battle. For fifteen days after he was killed the German offensive kept up. General Foch, who commanded the French Army of the North during that time, described their method to me. "The Germans came," he said, "like the waves of the sea!"

An Outpost on the Belgian Sand Dunes

The diary of a German officer, killed at the Yser:—

Twenty-fourth of October, 1914:

"The battle goes on—we are trying to effect a crossing of the Yser. Beginning at 5:45 P. M. the engineers go on preparing their bridging materials. Marching quickly over the country, crossing fields and ditches, we are exposed to continuous heavy fire. A spent bullet struck me in the back, just below the coat collar, but I was not wounded.

"Taking up a position near Vandewonde farm we are able to obtain a little shelter from the devastating fire of the enemy's artillery. How terrible is our situation! By taking advantage of all available cover we arrived at the fifth trench, where the artillery is in action and rifle fire is incessant. We know nothing of the general situation. I do not know where the enemy is, or what numbers are opposed to us, and there seems no way of getting the desired information.

"Everywhere along the line we are suffering heavy losses, altogether out of proportion to the results obtained. The enemy's artillery is too well sheltered, too strong; and as our own guns, fewer in number, have not been able to silence those of the enemy, our infantry is unable to make any advance. We are suffering heavy and useless losses.

"The medical service on the field has been found very wanting. At Dixmude, in one place, no less than forty frightfully wounded men were left lying uncared for. The medical corps is kept back on the other side of the Yser without necessity. It is equally impossible to receive water and rations in any regular way.

"For several days now we have not tasted a warm meal; bread and other things are lacking; our reserve rations are exhausted. The water is bad, quite green, indeed; but all the same we drink it—we can get nothing else. Man is brought down to the level of the brute beast. Myself, I have nothing left to eat; I left what I had with me in the saddlebags on my horse. In fact, we were not told what we should have to do on this side of the Yser, and we did not know that our horses would have to be left on the other side. That is why we could not arrange things.

"I am living on what other people, like true comrades, are willing to give me, but even then my share is only very small. There is no thought of changing our linen or our clothes in any way. It is an incredible situation! On every hand farms and villages are burning. How sad a spectacle, indeed, to see this magnificent region all in ruins, wounded and dead lying everywhere all round."

Twenty-fifth of October, 1914:

"A relatively undisturbed night. The safety of the bridge over the Yser has been assured for a time. The battle has gone on the whole day long. We have not been given any definite orders. One would not think this is Sunday. The infantry and artillery combat is incessant, but no definite result is achieved. Nothing but losses in wounded and killed. We shall try to get into touch with the sixth division of the Third Reserve Army Corps on our right."

Heavy Losses and Great Hardships

Twenty-sixth of October, 1914:

"WHAT a frightful night has gone by! There was a terrible rainstorm. I felt frozen. I remained standing knee-deep in water. To-day an uninterrupted fusillade meets us in front. We shall throw a bridge across the Yser, for the enemy's artillery has again destroyed one we had previously constructed.

"The situation is practically unchanged. No progress has been made in spite of incessant fighting, in spite of the barking of the guns and the cries of alarm of those human beings so uselessly killed. The infantry is worthless until our artillery has silenced the enemy's guns. Everywhere we must be losing heavily; our own company has suffered greatly so far. The colonel, the major, and, indeed, many other officers are already wounded; several are dead.

"There has not yet been any chance of taking off our boots and washing ourselves. The Sixth Division is ready, but its help is insufficient. The situation is no clearer than before; we can learn nothing of what is going on. Again we are setting off for wet trenches. Our regiment is mixed up with other regiments in an inextricable fashion. No battalion, no company, knows anything about where the other units of the regiment are to be found. Everything is jumbled under this terrible fire which enfilades from all sides.

"There are numbers of *franc-tireurs*. Our second battalion is going to be placed under the order of the Cyckortz Regiment, made up of quite diverse units. Our old regiment is totally broken up. The situation is terrible. To be under a hail of shot and shell, without any respite, and know nothing whatever of one's own troops!

"It is to be hoped that soon the situation will be improved. These conditions cannot be borne very much longer. I am hopeless. The battalion is under the command of Captain May, and I am reduced to acting as *Fourier*. It is not at all an easy thing to do in our present frightful situation. In the black night soldiers must be sent some distance in order to get and bring back the food so much needed by their comrades. They have brought back, too, cards and letters from those we love. What a consolation in our cheerless situation! We cannot have a light, however, so we are forced

British Coming Out of the Trenches "Somewhere" in France

to put into our pockets, unread, the words of comfort sent by our dear ones—we have to wait till the following morning.

"So we spend the night again on straw, huddled up close one to another in order to keep warm. It is horribly cold and damp. All at once a violent rattle of rifle fire raised us for the combat; hastily we got ready, shivering, almost frozen."

Twenty-seventh of October, 1914:

"At dawn I took advantage of a few moments' respite to read over the kind wishes which had come from home. What happiness! Soon, however, the illusion left me. The situation here is still all confusion; we cannot think of advancing ——"

The last sentence is a broken one. For he died.

Morning came and he read his letters from home. They cheered him a little; we can be glad of that, at least. And then he died.

That record is a great human document. It is absolutely genuine. He was starving and cold. As fast as they built a bridge to get back it was destroyed. From three sides he and the others with him were being shelled. He must have known what the inevitable end would be. But he said very little. And then he died.

There were other journals taken from the bodies of other German officers at that terrible battle of the Yser. They speak of it as a "hell"—a place of torment and agony impossible to describe. Some of them I have seen. There is nowhere in the world a more pitiful or tragic or thought-compelling literature than these diaries of German officers thrust forward without hope and waiting for the end.

At six o'clock it was already entirely dark and raining hard. Even in the little town the machine was deep in mud. I got in and we started off again, moving steadily toward the front. Captain Fastrez had brought with him a box of biscuits, large, square, flaky crackers, which were to be my dinner until some time in the night. He had an electric flash and a map. The roads were horrible; it was impossible to move rapidly. Here and there a sentry's lantern would show him standing on the edge of a flooded field. The car careened, righted itself and kept on. As the roads became narrower it was impossible to pass another vehicle. The car drew out at crossroads here and there to allow transports to get by.

At the Iron Division's Headquarters

IT WAS bitterly cold, and the dead officer's diary weighed on my spirit. The two officers in the machine pored over the map; I sat huddled in my corner. I had come a long distance to do the thing I was doing. But my enthusiasm for it had died. I wished I had not heard the diary. I wished that it were not raining and that there were less mud.

"At dawn I took advantage of a few moments' respite to read over the kind wishes which had come from home. What happiness!" And then he died.

The car jolted on.

The soldier and the military chauffeur out in front were drenched. The wind hurled the rain at them like bullets. We were getting close to the front. There were shellholes now, great ruts into which the car dropped and pulled out again with a jerk.

Then at last a huddle of dark houses and a sentry's challenge. The car stopped and we got out. Again there were seas of mud, deeper even than before. I had reached the headquarters of the Third Division of the Belgian Army, commonly known as the Iron Division, so nicknamed for its heroic work in this war.

The headquarters building was ironically called the "château." It had been built by officers and men of fresh boards and lined neatly inside with newspapers. Some of them were illustrated French papers. It had much the appearance of a Western shack during the early days of the gold fever. On one of the walls was a war map of the Eastern front, the line a cord fastened into place with flag pins. The last time I had seen such a map of the Eastern front was in the Cabinet Room at Washington.

A large stove in the center of the room heated the building, which was both light and warm. Some fifteen officers received us. I was the only woman who had been so near the front, for out here there are no nurses. One by one they were introduced and bowed. There were fifteen hosts and extremely few guests!

Having had telephone notice of our arrival they showed me how carefully they had prepared for it. The long desk was in beautiful order; floors gleamed snow white; the lamp chimneys were polished. There were sandwiches and tea ready to be served.

In one room was the telephone exchange, which connected the headquarters with every part of the line. In another, a long line of American typewriters and mimeographing machines wrote out and copied the orders which were regularly distributed to the front.

"Will you see our museum?" said a tall officer, who spoke beautiful English. His mother was an Englishwoman. So I was taken into another room and shown various relics of the battlefield—pieces of shells, rifles and bullets.

"Early German shells," said the officer who spoke English, "were like this. You see how finely they splintered; what tremendous damage they did. The later ones are not so good; the material is inferior, and here is an aluminum nose which shows how scarce copper is becoming in Germany to-day."

I have often thought of that visit to the "château," of the beautiful courtesy of those Belgian officers, their hospitality, their eagerness to make an American woman comfortable and at home. And I was to have still further proof of their kindly feeling, for when toward daylight I came back from the trenches they were still up, the lamps were still burning brightly, the stove was red hot and cheerful, and they had provided food for us against the chill of the winter dawn.

Into the machine again. And now we were very near the trenches. The car went without lights and slowly. A foot off the center of the road would have made an end to the excursion.

We began to pass men, long lines of them standing in the drenching rain to let us by. They crowded close against the car to avoid the seas of mud. Sometimes they grumbled a little, but mostly they were entirely silent. That is the thing that impressed me always about the lines of soldiers I saw going to and from the trenches—their silence. Even their feet made no noise. They loomed up like black shadows which the night swallowed immediately.

The car stopped again. We had made another leg of the journey. And this time our destination was a church. We were close behind the trenches now and our movements were made with extreme caution. Captain Fastrez piloted me through the mud.

"We will go quietly," he said. "Many of them are doubtless sleeping; they are but just out of the trenches and very tired."

Now and then one encounters in this war a picture that cannot be painted. Such a picture is that little church just behind the Belgian lines at Lampernisse. There are no pews, of course, in Continental churches. The chairs had been piled up in a corner near the altar, and on the stone floor thus left vacant had been spread quantities of straw. Lying on the straw and covered by their overcoats were perhaps two hundred Belgian soldiers. They lay huddled close together for warmth; the mud of the trenches still clung to them. The air was heavy with the odor of damp straw.

The high vaulted room was a cave of darkness. The only lights were small flat candles here and there, stuck in saucers or on haversacks just above the straw. These low lights, so close to the floor, fell on the weary faces of sleeping men, accentuating the shadows, bringing pinched nostrils into relief, showing lines of utter fatigue and exhaustion.

But the picture was not all somber. Here were four men playing cards under an image of the Virgin, which was just overhead. They were muffled against the cold and speaking in whispers. In a far corner a soldier sat alone, cross-legged, writing by the light of a candle. His letter rested on a flat loaf of bread, which was his writing table. Another soldier had taken a loaf of bread for his pillow and was comfortably asleep on it.

Captain Fastrez led the way through the church. He stepped over the men carefully. When they roused and looked up they would have risen to salute, but he told them to lie still.

It was clear that the relationship between the Belgian officers and their troops was most friendly. Not only in that little church at midnight, but again and again I have seen the same thing. The officers call their men their "little soldiers," and eye them with affection.

One boy insisted on rising and saluting. He was very young, and on his chin was the straggly beard of his years. The Captain stooped, and lifting a candle held it to his face.

"The handsomest beard in the Belgian Army!" he said, and the men round chuckled.

And so it went, a word here, a nod there, an apology when we disturbed one of the sleepers.

"They are but boys," said the Captain, and sighed. For each day there were fewer of them who return to the little church to sleep.

On the way back to the car, making our way by means of the Captain's electric flash through the crowded graveyard, he turned to me.

Where the Missing Dogs Went

"WHEN you write of this, madame," he said, "you will please not mention the location of this church. So far it has escaped—perhaps because it is small. But the churches always suffer."

I regretted this. So many of the churches are old and have the interest of extreme age, even when they are architecturally insignificant. But I found these officers very fair, just as I had found the King of the Belgians disinclined to condemn the entire German Army for the brutalities of a part of it.

"There is no reason why churches should not be destroyed if they are serving military purposes," one of them said. "When a church tower shelters a gun, or is used for observations, it is quite legitimate that it be subject to artillery fire. That is a necessity of war."

We moved cautiously. Behind the church was a tiny cluster of small houses. The rain had ceased, but the electric flashlight showed great pools of water, through which we were obliged to walk. The hamlet was very silent—not a dog barked. There were no dogs.

I do not recall seeing any dogs at any time along the front, except at La Panne. What has become of them? There are cats in the destroyed towns, cats even in the trenches. But there are no dogs. It is not because the people are not fond of dogs. Dunkirk is full of them. The public square resounds with their quarrels and noisy playing. They lie there in the sun and sleep, and ambulances turn aside in their headlong career to avoid running them down. But the villages along the front are silent.

I once asked an officer what had become of the dogs.

"The soldiers eat them!" he said soberly.

I heard the real explanation later. The strongest dogs have been commandeered for the army, and these brave dogs of Flanders, who have always labored, are now drawing *mitrailleuses*, as I saw them at L——. The little dogs must be fed, and there is no food to spare. And so the children, over whose heads passes unheeded the real significance of this drama that is playing about them, have their own small tragedies these days.

We got into the car again and it moved off. With every revolution of the engine we were advancing toward that sinister line that borders No Man's Land. We were very close. The road paralleled the trenches, and shelling had begun again.

It was not close, and no shells dropped in our vicinity. But the low, horizontal red streaks of the German guns were plainly visible.

With the cessation of the rain had begun again the throwing over the Belgian trenches of the German magnesium flares, which the British call starlights. The French call them *fusées*. Under any name I do not like them. One moment one is advancing in a comfortable obscurity. The next instant it is the Fourth of July, with a

(Continued on Page 29)

Interior of a Church in Calais, Used as a Military Hospital

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XXVI

MRS. BENEDEK was the first to notice the transformation that had taken place in Norgate's appearance.

"What a metamorphosis!" she exclaimed. "Why, you look as though providence had been showering countless benefits upon you."

There were several people lounging round, and Mrs. Benedek's remark certainly had point.

"You look like Monty when he's had a winning week," one of them observed.

"It is something more than gross lucre," declared a young man who had just strolled up. "I believe that it is a good fat appointment. Rome, perhaps, where every one of you fellows wants to get to nowadays."

"Or perhaps," the Prince interposed with a little bow, "Mrs. Benedek has promised to dine with you? She is generally responsible for the gloom or happiness of us poor males in this room."

Norgate smiled.

"None of these wonderful things has happened—and yet something perhaps more wonderful," he announced. "I am engaged to be married."

There was a chorus of mingled exclamations and congratulations. Selingman, who had been standing on the outskirts of the group, drew a little nearer. His face wore a somewhat puzzled expression.

"And the lady?" he inquired. "May we not know the lady's name? That is surely important."

"It is the Baroness von Haase," Norgate replied. "You probably know her by name and reputation at least, Mr. Selingman. She is an Austrian, but she is often at Berlin."

Selingman stretched out his great hand. For some reason or other the announcement seemed to have given him real pleasure.

"Know her? My dear young friend, while I may not claim the privilege of intimate friendship with her, the Baroness is a young lady of the greatest distinction and repute in Berlin. I congratulate you. I congratulate you most heartily. The anger of our young princeling is no longer to be wondered at. I cannot tell you how thoroughly interesting this news is to me."

"You are very good indeed, I am sure, all of you," Norgate declared, answering the general murmur of kindly words. "The Baroness doesn't play bridge, but I'd like to bring her in one afternoon if I may."

"I have had the honor of meeting the Baroness von Haase several times," Prince Lenemaur said; "and it will give me the utmost pleasure to renew my acquaintance with her. These alliances are most pleasing. Since I have taken up my residence in this country I regard them with the utmost favor. They do much to cement the good feeling between Germany, Austria and England which is so desirable."

"English people," Mrs. Benedek remarked, "will at least have the opportunity of judging Austrian women from the proper standpoint. Anna is one of the most accomplished and beautiful women in either Vienna or Berlin. I hope so much that she will not have forgotten me altogether."

They all drifted back to the bridge tables presently. Norgate, however, excused himself. He had some letters to write, he declared, and shortly he withdrew to the little drawing-room. In about a quarter of an hour, as he had expected, the door opened and Selingman entered. He crossed the room at once to where Norgate was writing and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Young man," he said, "I wish to talk with you. Bring your chair round, and sit there so that the light falls upon your face. So! Where does that door lead to?"

"Into the secretary's room, but it is locked," Norgate told him.

"So! And the outer one I myself have carefully closed. We talk here then in private. This is great news which you have brought this afternoon."

"It is naturally of some interest to me," Norgate assented, "but I scarcely see ——"

"It is of immense interest also to me," Selingman interrupted. "It may be that you do not know this at present. It may be that I anticipate; but if so, no matter. Between you and your fiancée there will naturally be no secrets. You are perhaps already aware that she holds a high position among those who are working for the power and development and expansion of our great empire."

"You Will Not Move From Early Morning Until You Go to Bed at Night Without Being Watched. Don't Let There be a Single Thing That We Can Lay Hold Of"

"I have gathered something of the sort," Norgate admitted. "I know of course that she is a personal favorite of the Emperor's and *persona grata* at the Court of Berlin."

"You have no scruple, then, about marrying a woman who belongs to a certain clique, a certain school of diplomacy that you might, from a superficial point of view, consider inimical to your country's interests?"

"I have no scruple at all in marrying the Baroness von Haase," Norgate replied firmly. "As for the rest, you and I have discussed fully the matter of the political relations between our countries. I have shown you practically, have I not, what my own views are?"

"That is true, my young friend," Selingman confessed. "We have spoken together, man to man, heart to heart. I have tried to show you that even though we should stand with sword outstretched across the seas, yet in the hearts of our people there dwells a real affection, real good will toward your country. I think that I have convinced you. I have come, indeed, to have a certain amount of confidence in you. That I have already proved. But your news to-day alters much. There are grades of that society which you have joined, rings within rings, as you may well imagine. I see the prospect before me now of making much greater and more valuable use of you. It was your brain, and a certain impatience with the political conduct of your country, that brought you over to our side. Why should not that become an alliance, an absolute alliance? Your interests are drawn into ours, you have now a real and great reason for throwing in your lot with us. Let me think whether I may not venture upon a great gamble."

Norgate did not flinch. He appeared simply a little puzzled. Selingman's blue, steel-like eyes seemed striving to reach the back of Norgate's brain.

"All the things that we accomplish in my country," Selingman continued, "we do by method and order. We do them scientifically. We reach out into the future. So far as we can we foresee everything. We leave little to chance. Yet there are times when one cannot deal in certainties. Young man, the news that you have told us this afternoon has brought us to this pitch. I am inclined to gamble—to gamble upon you."

"Is there any question of consulting me in this?" Norgate asked coolly.

Selingman brushed the interruption aside.

"I now make clear to you what I mean," he continued: "You have joined my little army of helpers—those whom I have been able to convince of the justice and reasonableness of Germany's ultimate aim. Now I want more from you. I want to make of you something different. More than anything in the world, for the furtherance of my schemes here, I need a young Englishman of your position and with your connections to whom I can give my whole confidence, who will act for me with implicit obedience, without hesitation. Will you accept that post, Francis Norgate?"

"If you think I am capable of it," Norgate replied promptly.

"You are capable of it," Selingman asserted. "There is only one grim possibility to be risked—are you entirely trustworthy? Would you flinch at the danger moment? Before this afternoon I hesitated. It is your alliance with the Baroness that gives me that last drop of confidence that was necessary."

"I am ready to do your work," Norgate said. "I can say no more. My own country has no use for me. My own country seems to have no use for anyone at all just now who thinks a little beyond the day's eating and drinking and growing fat."

Selingman nodded his head. The note of bitterness in the other's tone was to his liking.

"Of rewards, of benefits, I shall not now speak," he proceeded. "You have something in you of the spirit of men who aim at the greater things. There is indeed in your attitude toward life something of the idealism, the ever-stretching-heavenward culture of my own people. I recognize that spirit in you and I will not give a lower tone to our talk this afternoon by speaking of money. Yet what you wish for you may have. When the time comes, what further reward you may desire, whether it be rank or high position, you may have; but for the present let it be sufficient that you are my man."

He held out his hand and all the time his eyes never left Norgate's. Gone was the florid and beaming geniality of the man, his easy good humor, his air of good living and rollicking gayety. There were lines in his forehead. The firm contraction of his lips brought lines even across his plump cheeks. It was the face, this, of a man and a thinker. He held Norgate's fingers and Norgate never flinched.

"So!" he said at last as he turned away. "Now you are indeed in the inner circle, Mr. Francis Norgate. Good! Listen to me then: We will speak of war, the war that is to come, the war that is closer to hand than you imagine."

"War with England?" Norgate exclaimed.

Selingman struck his hands together.

"No!" he declared. "You may take it as a compliment if you like—a national compliment. We do not at the present moment desire war with England. Our plan of campaign, for its speedy and successful accomplishment, demands your neutrality. The North Sea must be free to us. Our fleet must be in a position to meet and destroy, as

it is well able to do, the Russian and the French fleets. Now you know what has kept Germany from war for so long."

"You are ready for it then?" Norgate remarked.

"We are overready for it," Selingman continued. "We are spoiling for it. We have piled up enormous stores of ordnance, ammunition, and all the appurtenances of warfare. Our schemes have been cut and dried to the last detail. Yet time after time we have been forced to stay our hand. Need I tell you why? It is because in all the small diplomatic complications that have arisen, and from which war might have followed, England has been involved. We want to choose a time and a cause that will give England every opportunity of standing peacefully on one side. That time is close at hand. From all that I can hear, your country is at the present moment in danger of civil war. Your ministers who are most in favor are Radical pacificists. Your army has never been so small—nor your shipbuilding program more curtailed. Besides, there is no warlike spirit in your nation. You sleep peacefully. I think that our time has come. You will not need to strain your ears, my friend; before many weeks have passed the tocsin will be sounding. Does that move you? Let me look at you."

Norgate's face showed little emotion. Selingman nodded ponderously.

"Surely," Norgate asked, "Germany will wait for some reasonable pretext?"

"She will find one through Austria," Selingman replied. "That is simple. Mind, though this may seem to you a war wholly of aggression, and though I do not hesitate to say that we have been preparing for years for a war of aggression, there are other factors that will come to light. Only a few months ago a Russian scheme for the invasion of Germany next spring was discovered by one of our Secret-Service agents."

Norgate nodded.

"One question more," he said: "Supposing Germany takes the plunge, and then England, contrary to anticipation, decides to support France?"

Selingman's face darkened. A sudden purposeless anger shook his voice.

"We choose a time," he declared, "when England's hands are tied. She is in no position to go to war with anyone. I have many reports reaching me every day. I have come to the firm conclusion that we have reached the hour. England will not fight."

"And what will happen to her eventually?" Norgate asked.

Selingman smiled slowly.

"When France is crushed," he explained, "and her northern ports are garrisoned by us, England must be taught just a little lesson, the lesson of which you and I have spoken, the lesson that will be for her good. That is what we have planned. That is how things will happen. Hush, there is some one coming! It is finished, this. Come to me to-morrow morning. There is work for you."

Behind Him Came a Youth With the Grip of Poverty Upon Him

XXVII

LATER that evening Norgate walked up and down the platform of Charing Cross with Anna. Her arm rested upon his. Her expression was animated and she talked almost eagerly. Norgate carried himself like a man who has found a new thing in life. He was feeling none of the depression of the last few days.

"Dear," Anna begged, "you won't forget, will you, all the time that I am away, that you must never for a single moment relax your caution? Selingman speaks of trust. Well, he gambles, it is true, yet he protects himself whenever he can. You will not move from early morning until you go to bed at night without being watched. To prove what I say—do you see the man who is reading an evening paper under the gas lamp there? He is one of Selingman's men. He is watching us now. More than once he has been at our side. Scraps of conversation or anything he can gather will go back to Selingman, and Selingman day by day pieces everything together. Don't let there be a single thing that he can lay hold of."

Norgate nodded a little grimly.

"I'll lead him a dance," he promised. "As for that, Anna dear, you needn't be afraid. If ever I had any wits they'll be awake during the next few weeks."

"When I come back from Rome," Anna went on, "I shall have more to tell you. I believe that I shall be able to tell you even the date of the great happening. I wonder what other commissions he will give you. The one to-night is simple. Be careful, dear; think, think hard before you make up your mind. Remember that there is some duplicity that might become suddenly obvious. An official statement might upset everything. These English papers are so garrulous. You might find yourself hard pressed for an explanation."

"I'll be careful, dear," Norgate assured her as they stood at last before the door of her compartment. "And of ourselves?"

"We have so little time," she murmured.

"But have you thought over what I suggested?" he begged.

She laughed at him softly.

"It sounds quite attractive," she whispered. "Shall we talk of it when I come back from Italy? Good-by, dear! Of course I do not really want to kiss you, but our friend under the gas lamp is looking, and we must remember our engagement! It is so satisfactory to dear Mr. Selingman! It is the one genuine thing about us, isn't it? So good-by!"

The long train drew out of the station a few minutes later. Norgate lingered until it was out of sight; then he took a taxi and drove to the House of Commons. He sent in a card addressed to David Bullen, Esquire, and waited for some time. At last a young man came down the corridor toward him.

"I am Mr. Bullen's private secretary," he announced. "Mr. Bullen cannot leave the House for some time. Would you care to go into the Strangers' Gallery or will you wait in his room?"

"I should like to listen to the debate if it is possible," Norgate decided.

A place was found for him with some difficulty. The House was crowded. The debate concerned one of the proposed amendments to the Home Rule Bill, not in itself important, yet interesting to Norgate on account of the bitter feeling that seemed to underlie the speeches of the extreme partisans on either side. The debate led nowhere. There was no division, no master mind interposing, yet it left a certain impression on Norgate's mind. At a little before ten the young man who had found him his place touched his shoulder.

"Mr. Bullen will see you now, sir," he said.

Norgate followed his conductor through a maze of passages into a barely furnished but lofty apartment. The person whom he had come to see was standing at the farther end, talking somewhat heatedly to one or two of his supporters. At Norgate's entrance, however, he dismissed them and motioned his visitor to a chair. He was a tall, powerful-looking man with the eyes and forehead of a thinker. There was a certain laconic quality in his speech that belied his nationality.

"You come to me, I understand, Mr. Norgate," he began, "on behalf of some friends in America, not directly, but representing a gentleman who in his letter did not disclose himself. It sounds rather complicated, but please tell me your errand. I am at your service."

"I am sorry for the apparent mystery," Norgate said as he took the seat to which he was invited. "I will make up for it by being very brief. I have come on behalf of a certain individual—whom we will call, if you please, Mr. X. Mr. X has powerful connections in America associated chiefly with German-Americans. As you know from your own correspondence with an organization over there, the situation in Ireland is intensely interesting to them at the present moment."

"I have gathered that, sir," Mr. Bullen confessed. "The help which the Irish in America have sent to Dublin has scarcely been of the magnitude that one might have expected, but one is at least assured of their sympathy."

"It is partly my mission to assure you of something else," Norgate declared. "A secret meeting has been held in New York and a sum of money has been promised, the amount of which would, I think, surprise you. The conditions attached to this gift, however, are peculiar. They are inspired by a profound disbelief in the sincerity of England and the honorableness of her intentions so far as regards the administration of the bill when passed."

Mr. Bullen, who at first had seemed a little puzzled, was now deeply interested. He drew his chair nearer to his visitor's.

"What grounds have you or those whom you represent for saying that?" he demanded of Norgate.

"None that I can divulge," Norgate replied; "yet they form the motive of the offer which I am about to make to you. I am instructed to say that the sum of a million pounds will be paid into your funds on certain guaranties to be given by you. It is my business here to place these guaranties before you and to report as to your attitude concerning them."

"One million pounds?" Mr. Bullen murmured breathlessly.

"There are the conditions," Norgate reminded him.

"Please name them."

"In the first place," Norgate continued, "the subscribers to this fund, which is by no means exhausted by the sum I mention, demand that you accept no compromise; that at all costs you insist upon the whole bill; and that if it is attempted at the last moment to deprive the Irish people by trickery of the full extent of their liberty, you do not hesitate to encourage your Nationalist Party to fight for freedom."

Mr. Bullen's lips were a little parted, but his face was immovable.

"Go on."

"In the event of your doing so," Norgate continued, "more money, and arms themselves, if you require them, will be available; but the motto of those who have the cause of Ireland entirely at heart is: 'No compromise!' They recognize the fact that you are in a difficult position. They fear that you have allowed yourself to be influenced, to be weakened by pressure so easily brought upon you from high quarters."

"I understand," Mr. Bullen remarked. "Go on."

"There is a further condition," Norgate proceeded, "though that is less important. The conditions in Europe at the present moment seem to indicate a lasting peace. Yet if by any chance that peace should be broken, you are asked to pledge your word that none of your Nationalist Volunteers will take up arms on behalf of England until that bill has become law and is in operation.

"Further," continued Norgate, "if that unlikely event, a war, should take place, that you have the courage to keep your men solid and armed; and that if the Ulster Volunteers, unlike your men, decide to fight for England, as they very well might do, that you then proceed to take by force what it is not the intention of England to grant you by any other means."

Mr. Bullen leaned back in his chair. He picked up a penholder and played with it for several moments.

"Young man," he asked at last, "who is Mr. X?"

"That, in the present stage of our negotiations," Norgate answered coolly, "I am not permitted to tell you."

"May I guess as to his nationality?" Mr. Bullen inquired.

"I cannot prevent your doing that."

"The speculation is an interesting one," Mr. Bullen went on, still fingering the penholder. "Is Mr. X a German?"

Norgate was silent.

"I cannot answer questions," he said, "until you have expressed your views."

"You can have them then," Mr. Bullen declared. "You can go back to Mr. X and tell him this: Ireland needs help sorely to-day from all her sons, whether at home or in foreign countries. More than anything else she needs money. The million pounds of which you speak would be a splendid contribution to what I may term our war chest. But as to my views, here they are: It is my intention, and the intention of my party, to fight to the last gasp for the literal carrying out of the bill that is to grant us our liberty. We will not have it whittled away or weakened one iota. Our lives and the lives of greater men have been spent to win this measure, and now we stand at the gates of success. We should be traitors if we consented to part with a single one of the benefits it brings us. Therefore, you can tell Mr. X that should this government attempt any such trickery as he not unreasonably suspects, then his conditions will be met. My men shall fight and their cause will be just."

"So far," Norgate admitted, "your answer is very satisfactory."

"To continue," Mr. Bullen went on, "let me at once confess that I find something sinister, Mr. Norgate, in this mysterious visit of yours, in the hidden identity of Mr. X. I suspect some underlying motive that prompts the offering of this million pounds. It seems to me that I can see beneath it all the hand of a foreign enemy of England."

"Supposing you were right, Mr. Bullen," Norgate said, "what is England but a foreign enemy of Ireland?"

A light flashed for a moment in Mr. Bullen's eyes. His lip curled inward.

"Young man," he demanded, "are you an Englishman?"

"I am," Norgate admitted.

"You speak poorly then. To proceed to the matter in point, my word is pledged to fight. I will plunge the country I love into civil war to gain her rights, as greater patriots than I have done before. But what I will not do is to be made a cat's-paw, or to suffer Ireland to be made a cat's-paw, of Germany. If war should come before the settlement of my business, this is the position I should take: I would cross to Dublin and I would tell every Nationalist Volunteer to shoulder his rifle and to fight for the British Empire, and I would go on to Belfast—I, David Bullen—to Belfast, where I think that I am the most hated man alive, and I would stand side by side with the leader of those men of Ulster, and I would beg them to fight side by side with my Nationalists. And when the war was over, if my rights were not granted, if Ireland were not set free, then I would bid my men use all their skill, all the experience they had gained, and turn and fight for their own freedom against the men with whom they had struggled in the same ranks. Is that million pounds to be mine, Mr. Norgate?"

Norgate shook his head.

"Nor any part of it, sir," he answered.

"I presume," Mr. Bullen remarked as he rose, "that I shall never have the pleasure of meeting Mr. X?"

"I most sincerely hope," Norgate declared fervently, "that you never will. Good day, Mr. Bullen!"

He held out his hand. Mr. Bullen hesitated.

"Sir," he said, "I am glad to shake hands with an Irishman. I am willing to shake hands with an honest Englishman. Just where you come in I don't know, so good evening. My secretary will show you how to get away."

For a moment Norgate faltered. A hot rejoinder trembled upon his lips. Then he remembered himself and turned on his heel. It was his first lesson in discipline. He left the room without protest.

XXVIII

MR. HEBBLETHWAITE turned into Pall Mall, his hands behind his back, his expression a little less indicative of bland good humor than usual. He had forgotten to light his customary cigarette after the exigencies of a cabinet council. He had even forgotten to linger for a few minutes upon the doorstep in case any photographer should be hanging round to take a snapshot of a famous visitor leaving a historic scene, and quite unconsciously he ignored the salutations of several friends. It was only by the merest chance that he happened to glance up at the corner of the street and recognize Norgate across the way. He paused at once and beckoned to him.

"Well, young fellow," he exclaimed as they shook hands, "how's the German-spy business going?"

"Pretty well, thanks," Norgate answered coolly. "I am in it twice over now. I'm marrying an Austrian lady shortly, who is very high up indeed in the Diplomatic Secret Service of her country. Between us you may take it that we could read, if we chose, the secrets of the cabinet council from which you have just come."

"Any fresh warnings, eh?"

Norgate turned and walked by his friend's side.

"It is no use warning you," he declared. "You've a hide as thick as a rhinoceros. Your complacency is bomb-proof. You won't believe anything until it's too late."

"Confoundedly disagreeable companion you make, Norgate," the cabinet minister remarked irritably. "You know quite as well as I do that the German scare is all bunko, and you only hammer it in to amuse yourself or because you are of a sensational turn of mind. All the same ——"

"All the same what?" Norgate interrupted.

Hebblethwaite took his young friend's arm and led him into his club. "It is perhaps not the wisest thing for a cabinet minister to talk in the street," he said. "Since the suffragette scares I have quite an eye for a detective, and there has been a fellow within a few yards of your elbow ever since you spoke to me."

"That's all right," Norgate reassured him. "Let's see, it's Tuesday, isn't it? I call him Boko. He never leaves me. My week-end shadowers are a trifle less assiduous, but Boko is suspicious. He has deucedly long ears too."

"What the devil are you talking about?" Hebblethwaite demanded as they sat down.

"The fact of it is," Norgate explained, "they don't altogether trust me in my new profession. They give me some important jobs to look after, but they watch me night and day. What they'd do if I turned 'em up I can't imagine. By the by, if you do hear of my being found mysteriously shot, or poisoned, or something of that sort, don't you take on any theory as to suicide. It will be murder right enough."

"I hear," Hebblethwaite muttered, "that the bookstalls are loaded with this sort of rubbish. You do it very well though."

"Oh, I am the real thing all right," Norgate declared. "By the by, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing now," Hebblethwaite replied. "Yet a few minutes ago, I must admit, I was conscious of a sensation of gloom. You know, Norgate, you're not the only idiot in the world who goes about seeing shadows. For the first time in my life I begin to wonder whether we haven't got a couple of them among us. Of course I don't take any notice of Spencer Wyatt—it's his job. He plays the part of popular hero—National Anthem, God Save the Empire, and all that sort of thing. He must keep in with his admirals and the people, so of course he's always barking for ships. But White now—I have always looked upon White as being absolutely the most level headed sensible and peace-loving minister this country ever had."

"What's wrong with him?" Norgate asked.

"I cannot," Hebblethwaite regretted, "talk confidentially to a German spy."

"Getting cautious as the years roll on, aren't you?" Norgate sighed. "I hoped I was going to get something interesting out of you to cable to Berlin."

"You try cabling to Berlin, young fellow," Hebblethwaite replied grimly, "and I'll have you up at Bow Street pretty soon! There's no doubt about it, though, old White has got the shivers for some reason or other. To any sane person things were never calmer and more peaceful than at the present moment, and White isn't a believer in the German peril either. He is half inclined to agree with old Busby. He got us out of that Balkan trouble in great style, and all I can say is, that if any nation in Europe had wanted war then she could have had it for the asking."

"Well, exactly what is the matter with White at the present moment?" Norgate demanded.

"Got the shakes," Hebblethwaite confided. "Of course we don't employ well-born young Germans, who are undergoing periods of rustication, as English spies, but we do get to know a bit what goes on there, and the reports that are coming in are just a little curious. Rolling stock is being called into the terminals of all the railways. Staff officers in mufti have been round all the frontiers. There's an enormous amount of drilling going on, and the ordnance factories are working at full pressure day and night."

"The maneuvers are due very soon," Norgate reminded his friend.

"So I told White," Hebblethwaite continued; "but maneuvers, as he remarked, don't lead to quite so much feverish activity as there is about Germany just now. Personally I haven't a single second's anxiety. I only regret the effect that this sort of feeling has upon the others. Thank heaven we are a government of sane, peace-believing people!"

"A government of fat-headed asses who go about with your ears stuffed full of wool," Norgate declared with a sudden bitterness. "What you've been telling me is the truth. Germany's getting ready for war, and you'll have it in the neck pretty soon."

Hebblethwaite rose from his chair. He had recovered his composure.

"Well, I am glad I met you anyway, young fellow," he remarked. "You're always such an optimist, you cheer one up. Sorry I can't ask you to lunch," he went on, consulting his book, "but I find I am motoring down for a round of golf this afternoon."

"Yes, you would play golf!" Norgate grunted, as they strolled toward the door. "You're the modern Nero, playing golf while the earthquake yawns under London." (Continued on Page 34)

"I Congratulate You Most Heartily. The Anger of Our Young Princeling is No Longer to be Wondered At"

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Boxing the Compass

SOME twenty years or so ago social thinking in this country was mainly directed to the faults of politics. That was the heyday of the franchise thieves, when comparatively few big city governments could be trusted not to steal a red-hot stove. In many municipalities one graft measure after another was put through, with that cheerful brazenness for which Boss Tweed set the pattern. Nearly every railroad was decidedly in politics then, and many state legislatures were openly manipulated from a hotel suite occupied by the general counsel of a railroad and his oily staff.

The lobby at Washington was an active and recognized institution. Memory of the Crédit Mobilier and Whisky Ring scandals was still green. Almost all public work was done badly and wastefully. Politics seemed incurably corrupt. Many good citizens sighed for able business men to take charge of public affairs and run them as capably as big private enterprises were run.

Then the country woke up to the painful fact that business was the beneficiary of much of the corruption of politics. It was precisely the big business men who profited by a great deal of the graft in city and state government. That Big Business was greedy, ruthless and conscienceless was impressed on people's minds.

The time came when business fell to about as low an estate in public opinion as politics had formerly occupied. Whereas at one time the word of almost any big business man weighed heavier with the public than the word of almost any politician, at another time almost any politician overtopped almost any leading business man.

The scales are turning now to a truer balance. Politics, on the whole, is much better than it used to be. A thieving city government is certainly the exception now rather than the rule. Since the little revolution in California, we know of no state government that is run by railroads. Open argument has largely supplanted secret lobbying at Washington.

Big Business is better too. Railroad rebates have practically disappeared. The present type of trust is not trying to overcome competition by fraud and bludgeon. There is at least as much conscience in business as in politics. There are few live big businesses in the country that are not studiously endeavoring to create genuine good will toward themselves. We have boxed the compass, but are by no means where we started from.

Insurance for Everybody

WITHIN three or four years group insurance of lives has become an important factor in the business of life insurance, many companies now engaging in it. Say a plant employs a thousand men. The company will insure all of them under one blanket policy, without any individual application or medical examination. Generally the amount payable at death is one year's wage or salary, whatever that may have been; and the premium paid by the employer runs from one to one and a half per cent.

No physical examinations are necessary, because the mere fact that the men are at work is sufficient proof that, as a rule, they are in good bodily condition; and by insuring a thousand employed men in a lump the company gets the average risk, which is all it needs. It could afford to insure the whole adult population of a city en bloc, because then, also, it would get the average risk, on which its premium charges are based; in fact, experience indicates that group-insurance risks run above the average. The insurance applies, of course, only to men on the payroll. If a man's employment ceases his insurance automatically ceases with it. Presumably if he becomes decrepit his employment will cease or his wages will decline; so the company at his death will be required to pay less than if he had been vigorous.

The striking thing is the demonstrated practicability of insuring every employed man. It would be entirely feasible, that is, for a city, a state or a nation to insure every employed man within its borders in an amount equal to his yearly earnings, and at a premium of about one per cent of the total yearly payroll.

An objection raised to group insurance is that it causes men to rely on that expedient instead of taking out individual insurance, and if they are thrown out of work their insurance ceases. But it is answered that the group scheme, by demonstrating the advantages of insurance to many men who might otherwise ignore it, has just the opposite effect.

We hope the latter argument is true, for every man with dependents and without a fortune ought to insure his life.

Building for a Day

PROBABLY the most hopeful thing architecturally about American cities is that nobody expects them to last long. We read without surprise, for example, that a Chicago structure is so antiquated it no longer pays expenses and interest. It was erected nearly twenty-five years ago and naturally is out of date. It is considerably higher than any business structure we recall in London or Paris or Berlin. Probably an American builder would consider its modern improvements in advance of anything to be found in those cities; but to pay in an American city it should be twice as high.

All our skyscrapers are monuments to the landlord, piling ever higher and higher rental values on a given plot of ground. Their natural concomitants are vast and serried flat buildings, packed subways, and straphangers in the surface and elevated cars. A powerful tendency to pile up in one spot is visible in most American towns. The idea is to get all the business, if possible, on a given forty acres. Hiving business naturally means hiving people and tremendous demands for transportation in the hours when they shuttle between business hive and dwelling hive.

Perhaps this is more economical than the slow old European style of sprawling at large and mixing business and residence all up together; but its effects are less agreeable to the eye. That we have not, on the whole, made up our minds as to how a city should be built is indicated by the facility with which we tear down and build over. If we should presently decide to build New York, say, horizontally instead of perpendicularly, there is nothing in our architectural habits to prevent us from pulling the thing down in a few weeks and doing it over again.

Farm Wealth

THE statement that farms in the United States produced nearly ten billion dollars in 1914 has no positive meaning as applied to farm income. It does not even mean gross income. The figure is obtained by adding together the estimated commercial value of everything produced on farms during the year; but much of this product is consumed on the farm in order to make other products, which also go into the total. The corn is fed to hogs and cattle, and the values of the corn and of the hogs and cattle are included.

Gross income comprises, of course, only what was sold off the farm during the year. Sales of crops and livestock are estimated by the Department at a little under six billion dollars—roughly comprising gross income. As to net income, after deducting taxes, labor, and so on, nobody really knows; but sales of crops and livestock averaged eight hundred and ninety-two dollars a farm, or a hundred and thirty-nine dollars a head of the rural population. That is a better figure for computing farm wealth than the gorgeous total of ten billion dollars. The latter is really useful only as an indication of the relative productivity of the farms year by year. It may be noted also that, in spite of the large total, the considerable section of agriculture devoted to cotton is not prosperous this year.

Investment of Labor

TURN back to the quotations of express-company stocks four or five years ago and you will see that a large amount of capital invested in that business has suffered considerable depreciation; but there has been a more important depreciation of labor, which passes unnoticed. A good many men who invested the most elastic, formative periods of their lives in learning that business now find the investment is below par.

Ever since the passage of the Parcel-Post Act the express business has been on the declining hand, which means that chances of promotion have decreased. Sometimes, in the shifting of forces, salaries have been reduced. Hardly any man's investment of labor in the express business is worth what it was five years ago.

Every declining or failing business brings a like depreciation or loss of labor investment. Years of competent experience in a growing business constitute an asset of very tangible value. If the business fails, the employee loses his stake; but comment on the disaster usually concerns itself only with the capital loss.

Open to Criticism

THERE is much bungling in organization and management. Europe now shows the dire effects of one colossal managerial blunder. Few will dispute the German Crown Prince's judgment that this is the most useless and senseless war of history. Consider ten million nominally civilized Christian men—whose real interests in life are identical—devoting themselves unremittingly to an attempt to destroy one another, and say whether any possible scheme of government or social organization could have brought a worse result.

Aside from that vast error, however, many things are badly managed. For example, we are always somehow mismanaging credits, so that every now and then we run into periods of depression which beggar hundreds of thousands of men who are willing and able to work—and which we accept as though they were unavoidable visitations of an inscrutable Providence, though society's ability to produce and consume is patently as great in the lowest depression as at the highest boom.

Other examples of bad management will occur in plenty to any reader. In view of them we might at least learn modesty. We might at least admit that it does not lie in our mouths to forbid any sort of criticism. There are enough patent social blunders to warrant anybody in trotting out any kind of alleged remedy he pleases.

Certainly we do not have to take it; but the degree to which social criticism is suppressed is always a sure sign of the degree to which it is needed. That applies to the United States as much as to Russia.

An Index of Indexes

THE most voracious appetite for information of a sociological nature we ever encounter is found in high-school and college debating societies. We never open one of those bulky envelopes, superscribed in a youthful hand, without qualms. Often the sincerity and earnestness of the appeal cause regret that a sordid necessity for looking after our own business prevents us from taking a week off in order to answer all the questions with the copiousness and exactitude the writers expect.

These young debaters want all that is to be known on the subject in hand. When the result of their labors is reduced to print it almost always shows that they can master and marshal the facts very effectively.

Usually the information they want is in print somewhere—but where, in the illimitable ocean of print? That is a question which the best libraries, in given cases, find it difficult to answer. The modern big library catalogue is itself a library; and, in spite of the cunningest system of index and cross index, it does not give an easy and exhaustive view of the library's contents. Probably somebody will invent an index of indexes by which the printed matter on any given subject or any given phase of a big subject may be located at a glance.

Then answering the debating societies will be very simple. Meantime we are right glad to get their letters and to make the best stagger at an answer that the exigencies of the office permit.

War and Democracy

DEMOCRACY is no sure defense against war. Accounts agree that a great part of the people of Germany, on the one hand, and of Russia, on the other, were as ready to fight as their rulers. The most violent glorifications of the war have proceeded from unofficial persons, who must be presumed to voice the opinion of many others.

If the diplomatic correspondence that preceded the war—with all its disclosures of fatuous statecraft riding for a fall—had been published when written, no inconsiderable part of the public in each country would have urged the government to fight rather than yield an inch. We need look back only a few years in the United States to find an extensive and clamorous demand for war with Spain.

Men are naturally pugnacious enough. Let their national education foster pugnacity, teach that their nation is inherently superior to every other, preach suspicion, jealousy and hate of other nations, insist that war is a necessary incident of human society—and they will fight readily enough, whatever their form of government.

THE BIG THINKER

By Edward Mott Woolley

ONE day the chief owner of a small manufacturing plant called in his technical adviser and said to him: "We are wasting our energies and money in the improvements we are putting into our product. I've been thinking about it and I believe our fundamental principles are wrong."

The technical man protested and said he was following out the accepted principles of mechanics.

"Then," returned the owner, "we shall have to abandon accepted principles and make our own."

The business at that time was just beginning to turn out a variety of mechanical contrivances, one of which overshadowed all the others in importance. Assume, for illustration, that this product was a typewriter, which it was not. And assume that in its original form the keys moved over a stationary sheet of paper like the fingers of a human hand in writing.

"The striking point for the keys must remain stationary and the paper must move," continued the owner. "We shall have to turn round and reverse our principles."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the expert. "That would violate not only our whole mechanical conception but would also be contrary to the analogies of Nature."

"All right," said the chief; "we'll go contrary."

Experiments were begun, but after several months they looked as hopeless as they had at the beginning. Then, to the amazement and distress of his associates, the owner simply shut down the major part of the plant and withdrew its main product from the market.

"There is no use going ahead," he said, "when we are on the wrong track. We'll back out onto the switch and stay there until the main track is open."

Three Years on the Switch

THEY stayed on the switch three years, during which time not a single machine was sold of the type on which they were experimenting. The greater part of the factory was deserted, but the experimental department ran seven days a week and often at night. Then they hit it.

Meantime the capital had been exhausted and the enterprise faced the problem of financing itself all over again. Now, there are various ways of financing a business; but the head of this establishment is a man of resource. "We'll have to capitalize some of the by-products of our experiments," he said. During the three years of experimenting, you see, he had discovered some things that did not really pertain to his own product. He proceeded to get some patents, which he sold to another industry for several thousand dollars.

Out of these patents there grew ultimately a very large industry by itself; but the little factory was thus enabled to start again, and the increased utility of its product quickly demonstrated the value of a systematic imagination—for that is really the secret of this manufacturer's overwhelming domination of his business to-day. The business, in fact, has grown into one of those huge enterprises developed and swayed by a great personality.

This man is a big question mark; but he has another trait that is scarcely second to the first. His questions must be answered. No matter how many experiments may be required to get the information he wants, they must be made. His interrogations are just as likely to concern the sales department as the shop, and things happen when his imagination breaks loose on either. His imagination works overtime and at night. It is always roaming about looking for something to seize on. Sometimes it works on little things for a while; but at intervals it swoops down on something so tremendously big that it upsets all conventions.

Thus, he does the bulk of the big thinking in his plant, leaving the little thinking mainly to others. Big thinking, he says, is a habit rather than genius. He asserts that imagination may be cultivated so that it can jump the hurdles of ordinary mental processes. At any rate, he himself is everlastingly jumping hurdles. The average man sits down at his desk with his brain full of routine. The chief of this business sits down with his thoughts jumping about in the unknown.

"Go find Mr. White," he said one day to his office boy. White was a high executive, and when he came the chief spoke briefly. Just for illustration, go back to that typewriter analogy. "Jim, I've been thinking about our Model XX machine. At present it can merely write. I am sure I can make it add and subtract."

"You are jesting!" said White. He was a fair-sized thinker but this leap of the imagination was too much for him.

"Well," insisted the chief, "it is merely a matter of degree. If a machine can write, why can't it add? And if it can add, why in thunder can't it subtract?"

"And get up and walk round, and eat dinner!" suggested Jim White with an unbelieving smile.

"No," returned the chief seriously; "you go beyond the possible. Your imagination must learn to adjust its focus and not waste its energy foolishly. But I want experiments begun along lines I am now going to indicate." Rapidly he laid out a whole series of experiments, each a procedure by itself and each a product of the imagination. "Give this to old Bill Baldhead," he said, indicating one of the experiments; "and this to little Fred Bowlegs; and this to tall Bob Skinny." Thus, he picked the men best adapted to make the different investigations.

They went to work. As fast as each experiment was completed the result was reported to the chief, who came back with another. He was always in the lead—sometimes just a little, but often so far ahead of his workers that his ideas seemed ridiculous. In the end they made the machine do just what he said it would.

One day, while walking through the plant, he stopped to contemplate a certain automatic machine that, day in and day out, turned out its own particular product with undeviating accuracy and volume. This product was merely a bit of twisted metal.

"A fine machine," he said; "but it might just as well be doing something more important." Then, calling Pat Toole, a foreman, he asked: "Pat, do you think we could develop anything really worth while out of this machine?"

This was an enigma to honest Pat. To him, the machine was doing just what it had been made to do. What more could one expect of it?

"Sure, sir," said he, "I be findin' no fault with it!"

That was as far as Pat's imagination went; but the chief put one of the twisted metal parts into his pocket and took it home. In a few hours he invented improvements in the machine whereby it performed several additional operations and became a marvelous contrivance.

Imagination In Business

ON ANOTHER occasion they had a machine tool in the plant that was not being used, as the product it had turned out was no longer needed. Walking past it one day the chief paused and gazed at it in apparent abstraction.

"It ain't no good to us no more," ventured a foreman. "We might as well get rid of it."

"We're not very busy in the factory just now," said the chief. "Suppose we find something for that machine to do."

"But they ain't nothin' for it, sir!" insisted the foreman.

The other said nothing but turned away. Next morning, when he came down to his office, he had a lot of pencil sketches of a weighing device he had invented overnight. Some of the parts were adapted to the idle machine and it was started running on them. The outcome was a new scale contrivance, built for a time in this plant and then farmed out to another concern, and ultimately sold, patents and all, for a handsome sum.

Probably very few of the men in that plant knew or understood how an idle machine could set a man's imagination working on the problem of turning out a product to fit it; but that is just the difference between the personality of this big thinker and the small personalities who make up the bulk of the men surrounding him to-day. Their imaginations are undeveloped; his is abnormal.

Of course, among the higher executives this habit of imagination is continually getting an impulse, so that a group of men surround him who are extraordinarily keen in this respect. One of the keenest of them tells this about his superior:

"We had grown pretty fast and needed a new plant; so we went to work to get up the most complete factory building we could devise. After we had provided for everything anybody could think of, the plans were turned over to the big fellow for his final approval. They came back to me with his general O. K.; but at various places he had indicated changes so as to provide—as he put it—'for the realization of dreams now existent in the minds of men at present unknown.'

"For instance, he wanted space in which might be installed testing apparatus that he felt sure would be forthcoming in the next decade. He wanted provision made for changes in some of our processes and he had a shrewd idea as to the form those changes should take. In certain other directions he said we had more room than we needed, because our methods were cumbersome and would be simplified.

"That was twenty years ago and the correctness of his imagination was demonstrated long ago. The space he designated for given purposes is so utilized to-day, because the inventions he prophesied have

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been made. To-day he is planning things that will develop in the next quarter century. His imagination is prescience; and yet, when you analyze it, you find it is based on a supersensitive observation. In my own case I have found this fact highly important, because it has shown me how to keep pace, after a fashion, with that wonderfully inquiring mind of his. The closer I observe the relations between things, the more inspiration do I get to set up new goals."

In that plant they have periodic meetings of the executives to discuss their plans and difficulties. At one of these gatherings a sales executive was telling his troubles when the chief came in. The latter sat listening for a time, and then he began to ask the sales executive questions—not questions about his own troubles especially but about the troubles of the dealers to whom he was selling goods.

At first the executive answered glibly; but presently, as the avalanche of questions grew in volume, he became confused. Finally he admitted, as question followed question, that he did not know.

"Boys," said the chief, "the trouble is that you are mere dabblers in salesmanship. Now I am not a salesman myself but I can see readily enough what a salesman ought to know. He ought at least to know as much about his customers and the conditions that govern them as we men here in the factory know about materials and processes. We spend our lives here experimenting and studying minutely while you boys out on the road go it blindly.

"Now I'm going to find out what there is to this dealer business. It's high time we did a little experimenting along that line as well as here in the factory. I'm going to take two of you and set you up as dealers for a year or two. At the end of that time you can come back here to us and tell us what you've learned. I imagine that you'll be able then to answer the questions I've asked here to-day about the troubles of the dealers."

Thereupon he picked two young men, without consulting their inclinations, and sent them out on a meager capital to learn the dealer game at first hand.

When the time was up they did come back; and they had such a lot of information and such a different viewpoint that they not only recommended specific changes in the company's selling policies but put an idea into the chief's head for an improvement in the product which quickly gave it an advantage over competing articles.

One day, at another period, the sales manager stepped into the office of the president and voiced his sorrow thus:

"We are going to fall much short of our estimated sales this year. We have done everything that possibly can be done to sell our goods, but there is a limit to what men can accomplish."

"Exhausted every resource of the territory too?"

"Milked her dry, sir, so far as we've gone."

For a minute the president pondered and rubbed his chin.

"Suppose we make an experiment," he said. "Have you any clever young chap on your waiting list who wants a job?"

"A dozen!"

"Then pick the one who seems the best and send him out as a trailer. Let him follow up one of our salesmen—say, a couple of weeks behind—and see whether he can develop any leftover business. We'll find out just how dry we've milked the territory."

The Boss' Research Sprees

They did this and during the succeeding month the trailer turned in a quarter as much business as the original salesman had secured. The result was a radical shortening of routes and a more careful canvassing of the territory.

No matter what occasion arises the chief has plenty of hypothetical questions ready to spring. Once he did not like the ink he found in his inkwell. He called in his chief chemist.

"What kind of stuff is this?" he demanded. He has a way of getting directly to the heart of a thing.

"I don't know, sir."

"Find out!"

The chemist understood that this meant no perfunctory inquiry of the purchasing agent. When the chief really wants to know a thing he wants to know all about it. No ordinary little thinking will answer his questions; so the chemist proceeded to analyze that ink and make quite a learned report on it. It is said that when the ink company got the report, along with the accompanying comments as to the possibility of improvement, the executives there got pretty busy themselves. They had learned some things.

The chief's purchasing agent has lively times continually. Several purchasing agents who could not answer the questions sprung on them had to depart. From the blotters used in the office to the metals in the shop, the incoming materials have to stand up to specifications of the minutest kind. If a blotter blurs, instead of absorbing ink, the chief demands to know why. He is not satisfied merely to have it displaced with some other make of blotter; he wants to know what is the matter with those particular blotters.

This peculiar sort of thinking has frequently led to discoveries of value to the business. For instance, some experiments in electrolysis grew out of the chief's curiosity to find out what ailed some tarnished plated articles of desk service. To the average mind, those blackened pieces of office equipment would have meant only a slight jar to the æsthetic susceptibilities; but to his imagination they suggested something done wrong that needed to be corrected. In finding out what was wrong he and his assistants unearthed an improved method of electroplating; and this was used in the plant.

Things at the factory went seriously wrong at one time because of imperfections in raw material. It was then that the head of the business went on one of his research sprees, as his associates termed it. It was a sort of debauch in big thinking. When such an impulse moves him he seems to have little regard for money or time. On this occasion people said he would ruin himself with his rash investigations. He sent men to foreign countries and established a special corps of technical investigators at home. Finally, not getting results by these means, he built a raw-material plant of his own.

When Curiosity Makes a Killing

All this cost him a hundred thousand dollars or more and took two years' time; but he learned how to grade, treat and mix his materials so as to get the best results.

"Those were no ordinary chemical questions he propounded," says his chief chemist to-day. "Why, he stumped the chemists right away; and we had to write a whole new chapter in chemistry before we could satisfy him."

He always says to those who supply his raw products:

"Give me this material in such and such quality and condition or I'll build a plant and make it myself. If I can't do that I'll send to Africa for it if necessary."

This atmosphere of the chief's office has come to characterize the whole establishment, so that there is a shrewdness all through that is understood by the concerns which sell to it. It is not often that they try to put anything over. They hold their inferior stuff for the manufacturers who do not have quite so much imagination.

Once it occurred to him to ask a lot of questions about the products of his chief competitors. Then he went on another investigating spree that lasted for a year or two.

"Go out and get everything connected with the goods those fellows manufacture," he said, "and get their finished products too. Bring all the stuff in here and let's have a good look at it."

His men went out and scurried about until they collated every item that made up the manufacturers' stock in trade. Then the chief proceeded to lay out research plans.

"What is this made of? Where did the original material come from? How was it processed? What are its qualities and faults? How does it compare with our own?"

Questions like these were sprung on the research assistants—but I make no attempt here to give them technical form. In reality they were nothing if not technical. For every question asked in the foregoing list there were probably a thousand questions asked in reality; and each one of the thousands required a report—and meant perhaps another whole long series of questions to be answered.

"Anyone unfamiliar with this plant," said one of the head research men, "can have little conception of the laborious and persistent inquiries that come heaping in on us all the time from the big fellow. He can think of more things to be investigated

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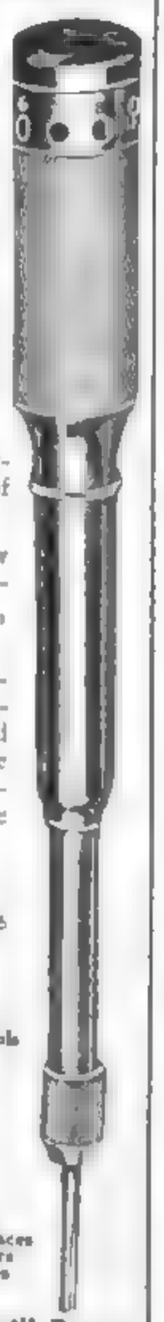

Mr. Punch is known to mechanics the world over as Goodell-Pratt Automatic Drill No. 185. It works by a spiral twist and the handle automatically rebounds after each stroke. You just place the drill point and push.

There are eight tool-steel drill points of different sizes in the handle, seen through numbered holes. Drills are released through hole in revolving cap.

Mr. Punch is as handy and necessary about a house as a pair of scissors.

Mechanics the world over know the Goodell-Pratt 1500 tools—know them for their temper, strength, accuracy and finish.

All Goodell-Pratt tools are guaranteed. Send for a book on household tools that any man would like to own—it's free. Hardware stores sell Mr. Punch for $1.50—or we will ship direct if you have trouble finding it.

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than any ten other men I know of. And then, if he isn't satisfied with what we discover for him, he has no compunction about making us do it all over again."

This particular series of research investigations revealed some decided weaknesses on the part of competing manufacturers as well as some superiorities. Some peculiar qualities were discovered in a particular metal part and for a time the cause was baffling. Finally the scientific workers traced the reason to peculiarly skillful heat treatment in the competing plant.

"Aha!" said the chief. "I think I can beat them at their own game."

He set to work experimenting with the accurate measurement of high temperatures in their relation to metals. This led into ramifications of a very elaborate nature extending over a long period. Countless experiments were made, resulting in the invention of pyrometric instruments and methods that put this factory several laps ahead in the competitive race.

Meantime this investigation roused in his brain a corresponding curiosity concerning the office methods and general business policies of his competitors, and these were analyzed in about the same way. Out of this research he got a lot of fun, as he expressed it.

"He is an iconoclast in these matters," said a man close to him. "When we got to sizing up the various men in our competitors' establishments he proceeded to judge them in a sort of chemical way; and by the time he had dissolved out the main characteristics of some of them with his solvents there wasn't much left except little bunches of hide, egotism and a few indissoluble warts, as he put it.

"But, on the other hand, we got track of a few men who were like some substances difficult to dissolve. You've seen that kind; and that was the kind he wanted over here in the plant with us. One day he said to me:

"'Go over to So-and-So's house to-night and tell him there's a good job waiting for him as soon as he is ready to come over.'

"I went, but I found So-and-So scantily enthusiastic.

"'Of course I'd like the extra money,' he said, 'but I understand your boss has such an imagination that he's likely to imagine at any minute I'm a spider and step on me.'

Imagination That is Contagious

"'Well,' said I, 'you're right in one respect—he has an imagination that is sometimes just what you say it is; but in another respect you are wrong, Mr. So-and-So. A man with a good imagination never would imagine you to be a spider. I've known him to step on fellows, but only when they were sort of human spiders, you know. You've got a wrong idea as to what a good imagination is. It's the ability to see things right—not to see them wrong. It's the ability to climb out of the daily grind and think straight about the bigger things.'

"'If that's the case,' said he, 'I think I'll take the job. I guess maybe one trouble with me is that I haven't much of an imagination myself. Maybe I'll get some of it hammered into me.'

"He came over and to-day he's about as long on imagination as any man we've got. He's a high executive in the company. The ability was in him, but his contact with our big boss made him what he is. That's the way it is with most of us over here in the executive organization and among the fellows who have to think. We have learned to think in very much bigger terms because we run up continually against that big imagination."

Another important executive gives similar testimony as to the influence on him of the larger scope of thinking as expressed in the domineering and dominating chief.

"I went to work in the original plant when I was a boy," he says. "I suppose I was about an average boy and did the things I was told to do without giving much thought to the possibilities that lay beyond. One day I was ordered to convey some cylindrical metal parts across the machine shop; and, as there wasn't any truck available that had a rack, I piled them on an ordinary flat-top truck as best I could and started off with them. Every few feet some of them would roll off and I would stop and put them on again. During this procedure along came the boss himself.

"'What are you doing, buh?' said he.

"'Carting these pieces, sir,' said I.

"'Why don't you get a rack.'

"'They are all in use, sir.'

"He simply looked round a second or two, and then he went over to an old pine table that had a lot of junk on it. This he dumped on the floor. Then he took the table, turned it upside down, and told me to put it on the truck for a rack.

"That was quite a jolt to my inactive imagination and it had a lasting effect on me. Of course, for the boss, it was just a trifling play of fancy; but, no matter whether he tackles a big proposition or a little one, his brain works in broader fields than most people know anything about. You've got to have the right sort of intelligence to get inspiration from him, however. There are men in this plant—plenty of them—who have been here year after year and aren't any bigger now than they were when they came. Neither is their income."

Though the larger thinking in little things may be quite as typical of this manufacturer as the tremendously big thinking, it is the latter that makes him more or less spectacular and has established his business on a pinnacle. Yet he has still another quality, akin to imagination, without which he might not be far above the average man.

When Partners Disagree

Once he took in a partner, to whom he had been attracted by the mutual quality of imagination. These two men foresaw, twenty or thirty years ago, many of the wonders of science that are realities to-day. It is said this partner once took his pencil and sketched a remarkably complete working plan for the modern submarine, including many of the mechanical contrivances which are now in use, but which at that time had not been invented.

He had the vision to conceive the idea in much detail, though he did not pretend to know the actual means to the achievement of the idea; but when it came to nerve he fell down. So the two fell out.

The original partner and chief owner had dreamed, with that imagination of his, of jumping into an industry quite foreign to his own. The partner had joined him in this conception and together they saw the possibilities in it. Their plans included revolutionary methods, new adaptations of chemistry, and the artificial realization of a product that had been secured only from Nature. Everything went all right with the partner during the mere imaginative period. He was in his element—planning to overcome the impossible; but when the project reached the point where action was necessary his courage, if he ever had any, suffered a mysterious disappearance.

"You couldn't have found it with a searchlight," said one of his associates of that period.

The two partners talked it over.

"We're doing mighty well in our own field," said the second partner. "I think we'd better let the unknown alone. It is all right to amuse ourselves with dreaming about conquering Nature, but when it comes to giving up a possible fortune it's another sort of horse."

"It's the sort of horse I want to ride," said the first partner.

"I prefer a tamer steed," said the other—or something to that effect.

"Then we part!" announced the first.

They did part, the second partner passing out and down into public forgetfulness. The other took the whole burden on himself and, without any apparent hesitation, put through plan after plan for the accomplishment of his synthetic production.

The ordeal through which his imagination led him was a terrific one, involving years of financial troubles and personal strain. Time and again the enterprise seemed on the point of collapse, but his courage took him through until his purpose was achieved, as his other purposes had been.

So it seems to be the peculiar combination of daring and big thinking that makes this man's business to-day practically a one-man concern, though it has an organization built up to perpetuate it when its mighty commander is gone.

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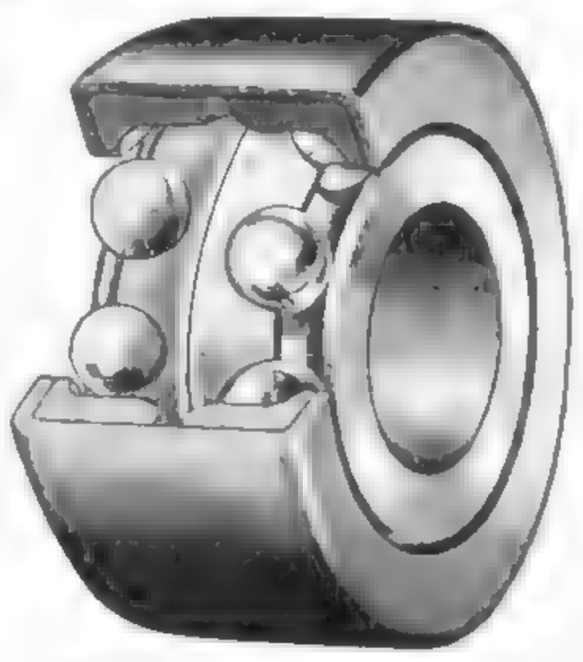

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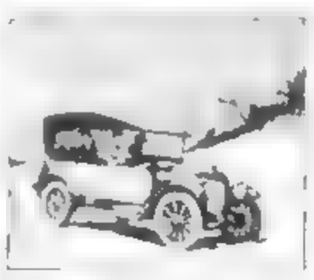

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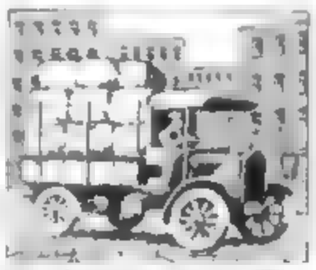

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Here are tires with five exclusive features, all of which every man wants.

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Because of those features—found in Goodyears alone—these tires have won top place. They have held it for years. They have gained in prestige, until last year men bought about one Goodyear for every car in use.

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We promise you always in Goodyear Fortified Tires the best that we know about tire making. These tires are never skimped.

We could save $450,000 yearly by omitting our "On-Air" cure. But it saves users countless blowouts.

We could save by omitting our No-Rim-Cut feature—our rubber rivets to combat loose treads—our braided piano-wire base. But they save millions of dollars to tire users.

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Give these great tires, which have won so many, a fair chance to win you. We can never serve you better than in making this request. Any dealer will supply you.

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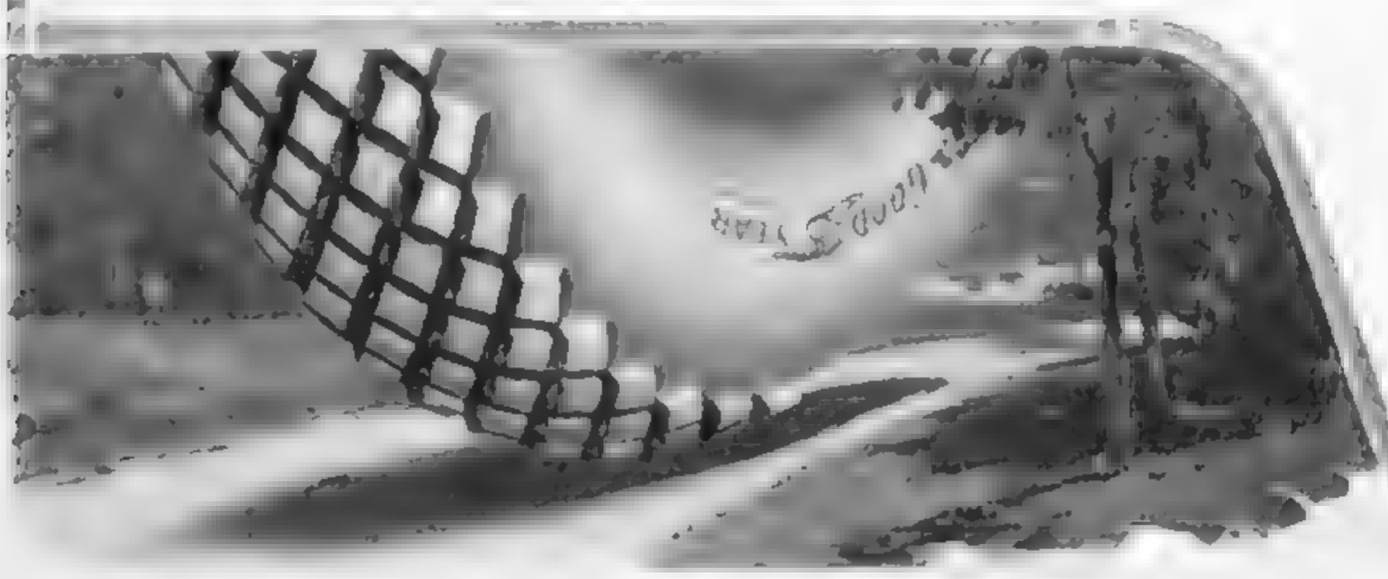

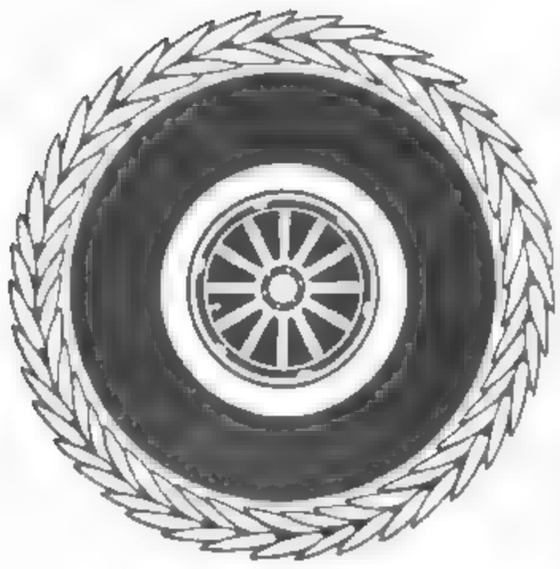

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FOR KING AND COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 20

white rocket bursting overhead. There is no noise, however. The thing is miraculously beautiful, silent and horrible. I believe the light floats on a sort of tiny parachute. For perhaps sixty seconds it hangs low in the air, throwing all the flat landscape into clear relief.

I do not know if one may read print under these *fusées.* I never had either the courage or the print for the experiment. But these eyes of the night open and close silently all through the hours of darkness. They hang over the trenches, reveal the movements of troops on the roads behind, shine on ammunition trains and ambulances, on the righteous and the unrighteous. All along the German lines these *fusées* go up steadily. I have seen a dozen in the air at once. Their silence and the eternal vigilance which they reveal are most impressive. On the quietest night, with only an occasional shot being fired, the horizon is ringed with them.

And on the horizon they are beautiful. Overhead they are distinctly unpleasant.

"They are very uncomfortable," I said to Captain Fastrez. "The Germans can see us plainly, can't they?"

"But that is what they are for," he explained. "All movements of troops and ammunition trains to and from the trenches are made during the night, so they watch us very carefully."

"How near are we to the trenches?" I asked.

"Very near indeed."

"To the first line?"

For I had heard that there were other lines behind, and with the cessation of the rain my courage was rising. Nothing less than the first line was to satisfy me.

"To the first line," he said, and smiled.

The wind which had driven the rain in sheets against the car had blown the storm away. The moon came out, a full moon. From the car I could see here and there the gleam of the inundation. The road was increasingly bad, with shell holes everywhere. Buildings loomed out of the night, roofless and destroyed. The *fusées* rose and burst silently overhead; the entire horizon seemed encircled with them. We were so close to the German lines that we could see an electric signal sending its message of long and short flashes, could even see the reply. It seemed to me most unmilitary.

"Anyone who knew telegraphy and German could read that message," I protested.

"It is not so simple as that. It is a cipher code, and is probably changed daily."

Eyes That See at Night

Nevertheless, the officers in the car watched the signaling closely, and turning, surveyed the country behind us. In so flat a region, with trees and shrubbery cut down and houses razed, even a pocket flash can send a signal to the lines of the enemy. And such signals are sent. The German spy system is thorough and far-reaching.

I have gone through Flanders near the lines at various times at night. It is a dead country apparently. There are destroyed houses, sodden fields, ditches lipful of water. But in the most amazing fashion lights spring up and disappear. Follow one of these lights and you find nothing but a deserted farm, or a ruined barn, or perhaps nothing but a field of sugar beets dying in the ground.

Who are these spies? Are they Belgians and French, driven by the ruin of everything they possess to selling out to the enemy? I think not. It is much more probable that they are Germans who slip through the lines in some uncanny fashion, wading and swimming across the inundation, crawling flat where necessary, and working, an inch at a time, toward the openings between the trenches. Frightful work, of course. Impossible work, too, if the popular idea of the trenches were correct—that is, that they form one long, communicating ditch from the North Sea to Switzerland! They do not, of course. There are blank spaces here and there, fully controlled by the trenches on either side, and reënforced by further trenches behind. But with a knowledge of where these openings lie it is possible to work through.

Possible, not easy. And there is no mercy for a captured spy.

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The troops who had been relieved were moving out of the trenches. Our progress became extremely slow. The road was lined with men. They pressed their faces close to the glass of the car and laughed and talked a little among themselves. Some of them were bandaged. Their white bandages gleamed in the moonlight. Here and there, as they passed, one blew on his fingers, for the wind was bitterly cold.

"In a few moments we must get out and walk," I was told. "Is madame a good walker?"

I said I was a good walker. I had a strong feeling that two or three people might walk along that road under those starlights much more safely and inconspicuously than an automobile could move. For automobiles at the front mean generals as a rule, and are always subject to attack.

Suddenly the car stopped and a voice called to us sharply. There were soldiers coming up a side road. I was convinced that we had surprised an attack, and were in the midst of the German advance. One of the officers flung the door open and looked out.

But we were only on the wrong road, and must get into reverse and turn the machine even closer to the front. I know now that there was no chance of a German attack at that point, that my fears were absurd. Nevertheless, so keen was the tension that for quite ten minutes my heart raced madly.

On again. The officers in the car consulted the map and, having decided on the route, fell into conversation. The officer of the Third Division, whose mother had been English, had joined the party. He had been on the staff of General Leman at the time of the capture of Liège, and he told me of the sensational attempt made by the Germans to capture the General.

Foiling the General's Kidnappers

"I was upstairs with him at headquarters," he said, "when word came up that eight Englishmen had just entered the building with a request to see him. I was suspicious and we started down the staircase together. The "Englishmen" were in the hallway below. As we appeared on the stairs the man in advance put his hand in his pocket and drew a revolver. They were dressed in civilians' clothes, but I saw at once that they were German.

"I was fortunate in getting my revolver out first, and shot down the man in advance. There was a struggle, in which the General made his escape and all of the eight were either killed or taken prisoners. They were uhlans, two officers and six privates."

"It was very brave," I said. "A remarkable exploit."

"Very brave indeed," he agreed with me. "They are all very brave, the Germans."

Captain Fastrez had been again consulting his map. Now he put it away.

"Brave but brutal," he said briefly. "I am of the Third Division. I have watched the German advance protected by women and children. In the fighting the civilians fell first. They had no weapons. It was terrible. It is the German system," he went on, "which makes everything of advance, of success, and nothing at all of human life. It is seen in the way they have sacrificed their own troops."

"They think you are equally brutal," I said. "The German soldiers believe that they will have their eyes torn out if they are captured."

I cited a case I knew of, where a wounded German had hidden in the inundation for five days rather than surrender to the horrors he thought were waiting for him. When he was found and taken to a hospital his long days in the water had brought on gangrene and he could not be saved.

"They have been told that to make them fight more savagely," was the comment. "What about the official German order for a campaign of 'frightfulness' in Belgium?"

And here, even while the car is crawling along toward the trenches, perhaps it is allowable to explain the word "frightfulness," which now so permeates the literature of the war. Following the scenes of the German invasion into Belgium, where here and there some maddened civilian fired on the German troops and precipitated the deaths of his townsmen, Berlin issued, on August twenty-seventh, a declaration, of which this paragraph is a part:

"The only means of preventing surprise attacks from the civil population has been to interfere with unrelenting severity and

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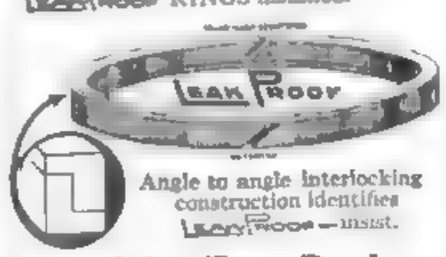

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to create examples which, by their frightfulness, would be a warning to the whole country."

A Belgian officer once quoted it to me, with a comment.

"This is not an order to the army. It is an attempt at justification for the very acts which Berlin is now attempting to deny'"

That is how "frightfulness" came into the literature of the war.

Captain Fastrez stopped the car. Near the road was a ruin of an old church.

"In that church," he said, "our soldiers were sleeping when the Germans, evidently informed by a spy, began to shell it. The first shot smashed that house there, twenty-five yards away; the second shot came through the roof and struck one of the supporting pillars, bringing the roof down. Forty-six men were killed and one hundred and nine wounded."

He showed me the grave from a window of the car, a great grave in front of the church, with a wooden cross on it. It was too dark to read the inscription, but he told me what it said:

"Here lie forty-six *chasseurs*." Beneath are the names, one below the other in two columns, and underneath all: "*Morts pour la Patrie.*"

We continued to advance. Our lamps were out, but the *fusées* made progress easy. And there was the moon. We had left behind us the lines of the silent men. The scene was empty, desolate. Suddenly we stopped by a low brick house, a one-story building with overhanging eaves. Sentries with carbines stood under the eaves, flattened against the wall for shelter from the biting wind.

A Guest of Colonel Jacques

A narrow path led up to the house. It was flanked on both sides by barbed wire, and progress through it was slow. The wind caught my rain cape and tore it against the barbs. I had to be disentangled. The sentries saluted, and the low door, through which the officers were obliged to stoop to enter, was opened by an orderly from within.

We entered The House of the Mill of Saint ——.

The House of the Mill of Saint —— was less pretentious than its name. Even at its best it could not have been imposing. Now, partially destroyed and with its windows carefully screened inside by grain sacks nailed to the frames for fear of a betraying ray of light, it was not beautiful. But it was hospitable. A hanging lamp in its one livable room, a great iron stove, red and comforting, and a large round table under the lamp made it habitable and inviting. It was Belgian artillery headquarters, and I was to meet here Colonel Jacques, one of the military idols of Belgium, the hero of the Congo, and now in charge of Belgian batteries. In addition, since it was midnight, we were to sup here.

We were expected, and Colonel Jacques himself waited inside the living-room door. A tall man, as are almost all the Belgian officers—which is curious, considering that the troops seem to be rather under average size—he greeted us cordially. I fancied that behind his urbanity there was the glimmer of an amused smile. But his courtesy was beautiful. He put me near the fire and took the next chair himself.

I had a good chance to observe him. He is no longer a young man, and beyond a certain military erectness and precision in his movements there is nothing to mark him the great soldier he has shown himself to be.

"We are to have supper," he said smilingly in French. "Provided you have brought something to eat with you!"

"We have brought it," said Captain Fastrez.

The officers of the staff came in and were formally presented. There was much clicking of heels, much deep and courteous bowing. Then Captain Fastrez produced his box of biscuits, and from a capacious pocket of his army overcoat a tin of bully beef. The House of the Mill of Saint —— contributed a bottle of thin white native wine and, triumphantly, a glass. There are not many glasses along the front.

There was cheese too. And at the end of the meal Colonel Jacques, with great *empressement*, laid before me a cake of sweet chocolate.

I had to be shown the way to use the bully beef. One of the hard flat biscuits was split open, spread with butter and then with the beef in a deep layer. It was quite

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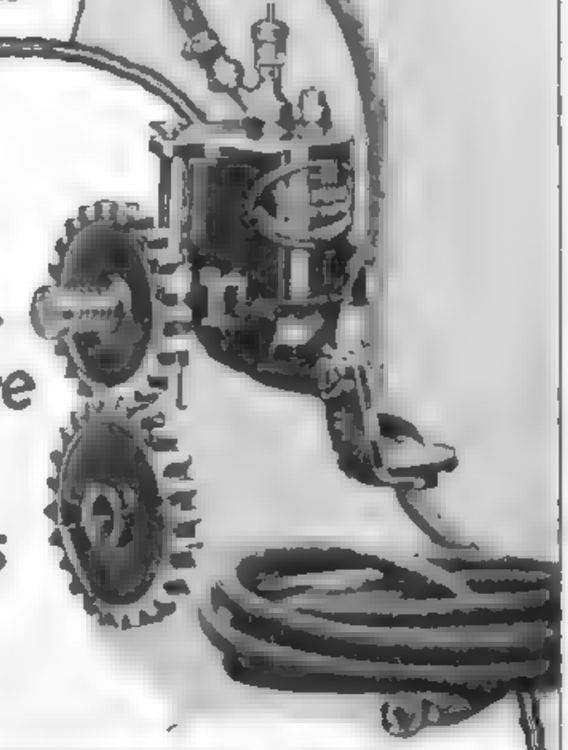

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good, but what with excitement and fatigue I was not hungry. Everybody ate; everybody talked; and, after asking my permission, everybody smoked. I sat near the stove and dried my steaming boots.

Afterward I remembered that with all the conversation there was very little noise. Our voices were subdued. Probably we might have cheered in that closed and barricaded house without danger. But the sense of the nearness of the enemy was over us all, and the business of war was not forgotten. There were men who came, took orders and went away. There were maps on the walls and weapons in every corner. Even the sacking that covered the windows bespoke caution and danger.

Here it was too near the front for the usual peasant family huddled round its stove in the kitchen, and looking with resignation on these strange occupants of their house. The humble farm buildings outside were destroyed.

I looked round the room; a picture or two still hung on the walls, and a crucifix. There is always a crucifix in these houses. There was a carbine just beneath this one.

Inside of one of the picture frames one of the Colonel's medals had been carelessly stuck, as if for safety.

On Foot to the Trenches

Colonel Jacques sat at the head of the table and beamed at us all. He has behind him many years of military service. He has been decorated again and again for bravery. But, perhaps, when this war is over and he has time to look back he will smile over that night supper with the first woman he had seen for months, under the rumble of his own and the German batteries.

It was time to go to the trenches. But before we left one of the officers who had accompanied me rose and took a folded paper from a pocket of his tunic. He was smiling.

"I shall read," he said, "a little tribute from one of Colonel Jacques' soldiers to him."

So we listened. Colonel Jacques sat and smiled; but he is a modest man, and his fingers were beating a nervous tattoo on the table. The young officer stood and read, glancing up now and then to smile at his chief's embarrassment. The wind howled outside, setting the sacks at the windows to vibrating.

This is a part of the poem:

III

"*Comme chef nous avons l'homme à la hauteur*
Un homme aimé et adoré de tous
L'Colonel Jacques; de lui les hommes sont fous
En lui nous voyons l'emblème de l'honneur.
Des campagnes il en a des tas: En Afrique
Haecht et Dixmude, Ramsdonck et Sart-Tilman
Et toujours premier et toujours en avant
Toujours en tête de son beau régiment,
Toujours railleur
Chef au grand cœur.

REFRAIN

"*L'Colo du 12me passe*
Regardez ce vaillant
Quand il crie dans l'espace
Joyeus'ment 'En avant!'
Ses hommes, la mine heureuse
Gaiment suivent sa trace
Sur la route glorieuse
Saluez-le, l'Colo du 12me passe.

"*AD. DAUVISTER,*
"SOUS-LIEUTENANT 4 1/'12."

We applauded. It is curious to remember how cheerful we were, how warm and comfortable, there at the House of the Mill of Saint ——, with war only a step away now. Curious, until we think that, of all the created world, man is the most adaptable. Men and horses! Which is as it should be now, with both men and horses finding themselves in strange places, indeed, and somehow making the best of it.

The copy of the poem, which was probably printed on an American hand press, was given to me with Colonel Jacques' signature on the back, and we prepared to go. There was much donning of heavy wraps, much bowing and handshaking. Colonel Jacques saw us out into the windswept night. Then the door of the little house closed again, and we were on our way through the barricade.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

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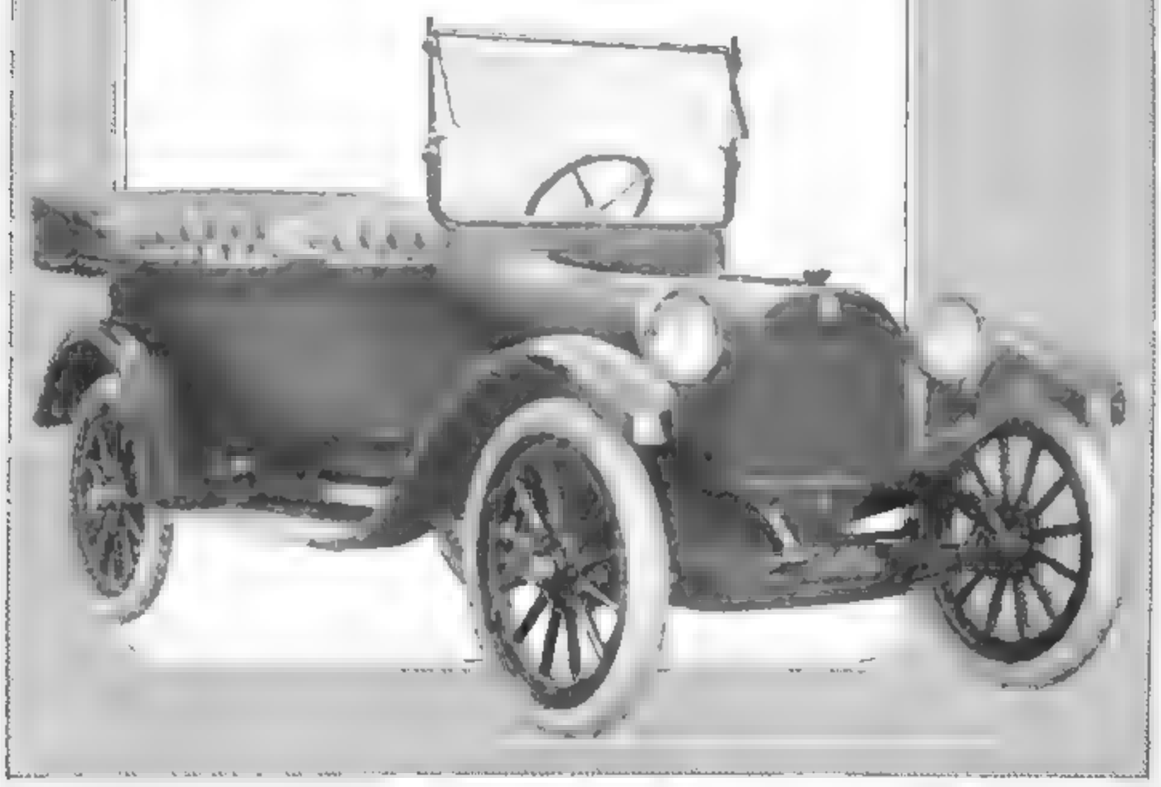

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THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

Continued from Page 23

"I'll play you some day if you like," Hebblethwaite suggested as he called for a taxi. "They took my handicap down two last week at Walton Heath—not before it was time either. By the by, when can I meet the young lady? My people may be out of town next week, but I'll give you and your fiancée a lunch or a dinner, if you'll say the word. Thursday night, eh?"

"At present," Norgate replied, "the Baroness is in Italy, arranging for the mobilization of the Italian armies, but if she's back for Thursday we shall be delighted. She'll be quite interested to meet you. A keen, bright, alert politician of your type will simply fascinate her."

"We'll make it Thursday night then, at the Carlton," Hebblethwaite called out from his taxi. "Take care of Boko. So long!"

At the top of St. James' Street Norgate received the bow of a very elegantly dressed young woman who was accompanied by a well-known soldier. A few steps farther on he came face to face with Selingman.

"A small city, London," the latter declared. "I am on my way to the Berkeley to lunch. Will you come with me? I am alone to-day and I hate to eat alone. Miss Morgen has deserted me shamefully."

"I met her a moment or two ago," Norgate remarked. "She was with Colonel Bowden."

Selingman nodded.

"Rosa has been taking a great interest in flying lately. Colonel Bowden is head of the Flying Section. Well, well, we must expect to be deserted sometimes, we older men!"

"Especially in so great a cause," Norgate observed dryly.

Selingman smiled enigmatically.

"And you, my young friend," he inquired, "what have you been doing this morning?"

"I have just left Hebblethwaite," Norgate answered.

"There was a cabinet council this morning, wasn't there?"

Norgate nodded.

"An unimportant one, I should imagine. Hebblethwaite seemed thoroughly satisfied with himself and with life generally. He has gone down to Walton Heath to play golf."

Selingman led the way into the restaurant.

"Very good exercise for an English cabinet minister," he remarked. "Capital for the muscles!"

XXIX

"I HAD no objection," Norgate remarked a few hours later, "to lunching with you at the Berkeley, and very good lunch it was, too; but to dine with you in Soho certainly seems to require some explanation. Why do we do it? Is it my punishment for a day's inactivity? Because if so, I beg to protest. I did my best with Hebblethwaite this morning, and it was only because there was nothing for him to tell me that I heard nothing."

Selingman spread himself out at the little table and talked in voluble German to the portly head waiter in greasy clothes. Then he turned to his guest.

"My young friend," he enjoined, "you should cultivate a spirit of optimism. I grant you that the place is small and close; that the odor of other people's dinners is repellent; that this cloth, perhaps, is not so clean as it once was, nor the linen so fine as we are accustomed to. But what would you have? All sides of life come into the great scheme."

"I should say we were safe here from knocking against any of our friends!" Norgate observed. "Anyhow, the beer's all right."

They were served with light-colored beer in tall, chased tumblers. Selingman eyed his with approval.

"A nation," he declared, "that brews beer like this deserves well of the world. You did wisely, Norgate, to become even so slightly associated with us. Now examine carefully these *hors d'œuvres*. I have talked with Karl, the head waiter. Instead of eighteen pence we shall pay three shillings each for our dinner. The whole resources of the establishment are at our disposal. Fresh tins of *delicatessen*, you perceive. Do not be afraid that you will go away hungry."

"I am more afraid," Norgate grumbled, "that I shall go away sick. However!"

"You may be interested to hear," Selingman announced, glancing up, "that our visit is not in vain. You perceive the two men entering? The nearest one is a Bulgarian. The other is brought here by him to meet us. It is good."

The newcomers made their way along the room. One, the Bulgarian, was short and dark. He wore a well-brushed blue-serge suit, with a red tie and a small bowler hat. He was smoking a long brown cigarette and he carried a bundle of newspapers. Behind him came a youth with a pale, sensitive face and dark eyes, ill-dressed, with the grip of poverty upon him, from his patched shoes to his frayed collar and well-worn cap. Nevertheless, he carried himself as though indifferent to these things. His companion stopped short as he neared the table at which the two men were sitting. He took off his hat and greeted Selingman with respect.

"My friend Stralhaus!" Selingman exclaimed. "It goes well, I trust? You are a stranger! Let me introduce to you my secretary, Mr. Francis Norgate."

Stralhaus bowed and turned to his young companion.

"This," he said, "is the young man with whom you desired to speak. We will sit down. Sigismund, this is the great Herr Selingman, philanthropist and millionaire, with his secretary, Mr. Norgate. We take dinner with him to-night."

The youth shook hands without enthusiasm. His manner toward Selingman was cold. At Norgate he glanced once or twice with something approaching curiosity. Stralhaus proceeded to make conversation.

"Our young friend," he explained, addressing Norgate, "is an exile in London. He belongs to an unfortunate country. He is a native of Bosnia."

The boy's lip curled.

"It is possible," he remarked, "that Mr. Norgate has never even heard of my country. He is very little likely to know its history."

"On the contrary," Norgate replied, "I know it very well. You have had the misfortune, during the last few years, to come under Austrian rule."

"Since you put it like that," the boy declared, "we are friends. I am one of those who cry out to heaven in horror at the injustice that has been done. We love liberty, we Bosnians; we love our own people and our own institutions and we hate Austria. May you never know, sir, what it is to be ruled by an alien race!"

"You have at least the sympathy of many nations that are powerless to interfere," Selingman said quietly. "I read your pamphlet, Mr. Henriote, with very great interest."

During the progress of the meal Henriote said little. He ate, although obviously half famished, with restraint; but although Norgate did his best to engage him in conversation, he seemed taciturn, almost sullen. Toward the end of dinner, when everyone was smoking and coffee had been served, Selingman glanced at his watch.

"Now," he said, "my young Bosnian patriot, would you like to go back to your country?"

"It is impossible!" Henriote declared bitterly. "I am an exile, forbidden to return under pain of death."

Selingman opened his pocketbook, and searching among his papers produced a thin blue one which he opened and passed across the table.

"Read that," he ordered shortly.

The young man obeyed. A sudden exclamation broke from his lips. A pink flush that neither the wine nor the food had produced burned in his cheeks. He sat hunched up, leaning forward, his eyes devouring the paper. When he had finished he still gripped it.

"I may go back home—back to Bosnia!" he cried.

"You may," Selingman replied. "And it is I alone who dictate terms to you. Your country's position, her wrongs, and the abuses of the present form of government must be brought before the notice of Europe. You are pledged to do that. All that I require of you is that you keep your pledge."

The young man half rose to his feet with excitement.

"If Europe wants to know how we feel, she shall know! We will proclaim the wrongs of our country so that England and Russia, France and Italy, shall hear and judge for themselves."

· Wear · · · · · ·

Michaels-Stern

CLOTHES

For their STYLE-CORRECTNESS

Every man wants *Style* in his clothes—the sort of Style dictated by good taste and backed up by common sense.

And in addition he wants those things that make Style efficient—the right Fabrics, the right Tailoring,—all those factors that make clothes good to wear and good to look at. And then there's the question of paying not too much for the good things a man wants.

If clothes with the right Style—made efficient and permanent by means of the right Fabrics and the right Tailoring—costing from $15.00 to $30.00—are the sort of clothes you want, ask to see Michaels-Stern Clothes *at our dealer's in your town.*

Write for the Michaels-Stern Calendar in full color

Michaels, Stern & Co.

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Ideal Power Lawn Mower

It's All in the Care

Proper and constant care must supplement the initial effort of the [illegible] in the maintenance of a perfect lawn. Such lawn care can be efficiently, quickly and economically bestowed by use of the Ideal Power Lawn Mower, which in its [illegible] cuts a acres a day at a cost of 10 cents, climbs 35 per cent grades.

The Ideal Junior, a smaller power mower for smaller [illegible] at $250. Write for catalog.

IDEAL POWER LAWN MOWER CO
R. E. Olds, Chairman
4211 Kalamazoo St. Lansing, Mich.

The boy's face was transfigured. His great eyes were alight with a wonderful fire. His frame seemed to have filled out. Norgate looked at him in wonderment. He was like a prophet. Then suddenly he grew calm. He rose to his feet and took the cap from the floor by his side.

"There is a train to-night," he announced. "I wish you farewell, gentlemen. I know nothing of you, sir," he added, turning to Selingman, "and I ask no questions. I only know that you have pointed toward the light, and for that I thank you. Good night, gentlemen!"

He left them and walked out of the restaurant. Selingman turned to his companions.

"It is in strange places that one may start sometimes the driving wheels of Fate," he remarked.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Artificial Skies

SKY and air are the hardest things to imitate on the stage, but this old problem has been solved at last. Clear sky, cloudy sky and distance effects are obtained by shooting light on a very carefully built concrete dome. The smooth white surface of the concrete reflects the light rays in so many directions that they all blend. At the same time the light thrown on the dome is carefully filtered to obtain just the right color.

The combined result can be made to give the impression that the roof over the stage has been taken off to let the sky in. Then, with a moving-picture machine in the wings, cloud effects may be added without difficulty.

Safety First

COLONEL E. POLK JOHNSON, of Louisville, who fought for the Confederacy, read something in the dispatches from the front the other day that reminded him very much of what happened when he was serving in the Western Army in our own Civil War.

"I remember it was a wet, cold, rainy night in the middle of winter," said the veteran, "when a long, lean chap in my regiment was ordered to go on picket duty. He thought the situation over for a minute and then he turned to the sergeant who had brought the message.

"'You go right straight back whar you come from,' he drawled, 'and tell the Cap'n I jest natchelly can't do it. I got a letter from Gin'ral Bragg this mawnin', and he said good men was gittin' almighty skeerce in this here army, and for me to take good care of myse'f.'"

Magnetic Signs

MAGNET signs are the latest kind of window signs.

They have movable letters, designed to enable the storekeeper to change the wording of a sign frequently. To the back of each letter is attached a small permanent magnet, so that the letter will stick on any piece of iron or steel.

The background of the sign is a plain plate of sheet iron, black or white, in contrast with the letters themselves. Writing the sign consists simply of putting the letters in the right place on the background; and there they will stay, held by magnetism.

In the same way any iron fixture in the store can be made to carry its sign in magnet letters.

A Minority Report

A SMALL, meek country negro, who had always lived on one place near Frankfort, Kentucky, married a big domineering woman, and very soon afterward moved into town, where the keeper of the local bar met him on the street.

"Hello, Gabe," he said, "what made you move to town? I thought you liked country life."

"Well, Mistah Franklin," explained Gabe, "I uster lak de country. But mah wife she didn't lak it—and I've done got so now dat when she don't lak a thing I jest natchelly hates it."

Why Don't Underwear Clerks Show You What You Ask For? Why?

Oh, yes, many underwear clerks *do* show you what you ask for. Notice that the stores where they work always have an unquestioned reputation for sincerity.

There are four promptings (not illegal) which lead an underwear clerk to show you "something else."

1st. When he is instructed to do so.

2nd. When he thinks he can better *tell you* what you want or—as he says it—"give you a better bargain."

3rd. When the store makes a greater profit on the "just as good."

4th. When the policy of the store is against selling underwear of well-known brands because with an unknown brand the customer isn't likely to detect slight changes in quality, and if he should, has no standard to fasten it to.

NOTE: If the store sells its own brand, and you like it, you don't know how to get it elsewhere. As the store has no knitting mill, one mill or another supplies it and simply puts the store's label on—without the real maker's name.

The point is this—when you ask for Chalmers "Porosknit" Underwear (which is recognized generally as having exceptional lightness, coolness and durability at a popular price) the genuine garment should be—and, by best-intentioned merchants, will be—placed before you.

No matter how much else a merchant or salesman shows, *you* should have a chance to buy what you want—the garment having this label.

CHALMERS "Porosknit" GUARANTEED

Fire ruins at Quincy, Illinois, viewed from Eagle Tobacco Co.'s building, roofed with RU-BER-OID, which remained uninjured although flames swept over it.

You Want a Roof That Defies Sparks

—a roof that will keep your buildings warm in winter and cool in summer, a roof that will not crack, rust, warp, or leak; that *looks* well and *wears* well —*a roof that ends repair bills.* Buy for permanence and buy wisely. Buy

Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY

RU-BER-OID ROOFING

COSTS MORE - WEARS LONGER

RU-BER-OID Roofing is waterproofed with a compound containing high-grade animal and vegetable substances. It contains no coal tar or asphaltum oils. It has been widely imitated in *name* and *appearance*, but not in *durability*. The U. S. Appellate Court enjoined imitators from using the word "Rubberoid or any similar name as a trade name or brand."

RU-BER-OID Roofing has given more than 20 years of perfect service in all parts of the world.

RU-BER-OID is *solid through and through.* The attractive colors are permanent—*built into* the roofing. Beautiful Colored **RU-BER-OID** (Ka-lor-oid) comes in never-fading Tile Red and Copper Green

Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man" (shown above) on the roll. If the Ru-ber-oid Man is not there, the roofing is *not* **RU-BER-OID**

Building Books Free

Illustrated books, valuable to every property-owner, will be sent on request. Several contain practical building plans. Mail the coupon.

The STANDARD PAINT CO.

NEW YORK and CHICAGO

Also makers of Ru-ber-oid Shingles, Amiwud Wall Board, and Impervite Waterproofing for Concrete

The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco (Under license)
The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

Building Book Coupon

The Standard Paint Co., 588 Woolworth Bldg., N. Y. City

Send me samples of Ru-ber-oid and the books opposite which I mark X. I intend to roof a

Roofing a Home	Building Your Own Garage
Building a Poultry House	Covering Your Factory
Building a Bungalow	Artistic Roofs
Building a Barn	If a dealer, check here

Name

Address

Hotpoint Week

Hotpoint
El Grilstovo
1/3 off for one week

Throughout the week of May 3rd (but not longer) El Grilstovo will be sold by 10,000 Hotpoint distributers at one-third less than regular price.

El Grilstovo has greater capacity than any other electric stove, because you can use your regular cooking utensils above the heating element and the special deep Underdish at the same time.

MAY 3-8 Only

El Grilstovo
Hotpoint

This is the fifth annual Internatio
that Lighting Companies, Dealers
show why you should use electric

Two stoves and two operations at the cost of one

Imagine a bed of glowing charcoal so arranged that you can cook above the charcoal and below it at the same time. Well, that is the result secured with El Grilstovo's glowing coils.

On top you use your regular kitchen utensils. At the same time you cook something else in the special Underdish.

Two operations at once with the same current, and if only one operation is performed the reflector is used on the opposite side to intensify the heat.

El Grilstovo is an every-day stove for regular cooking. Built throughout of pressed steel, it is sturdy and strong.

Being nickel-plated and highly polished, it is suitable for use on dining table.

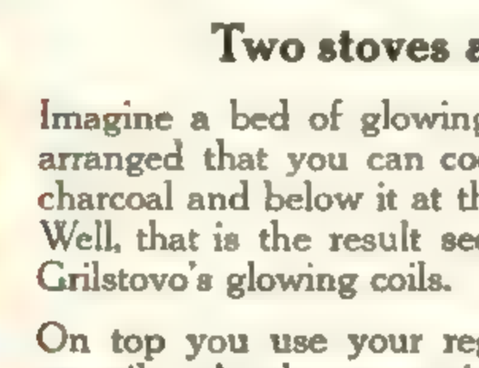
The deep Underdish accommodates thick steak or chops.

Equipped with interchangeable switch-plug that fits most Hotpoint appliances.

Attaches to any lamp-socket. Regular price $5.00. Canada $6.50. Special Hotpoint Week price, $3.35. Canada $4.35.

Small need to dwell on the ***pleasure*** of e
tages over "fire" cooking—you appreciate
as well as in the kitchen, and with far grea

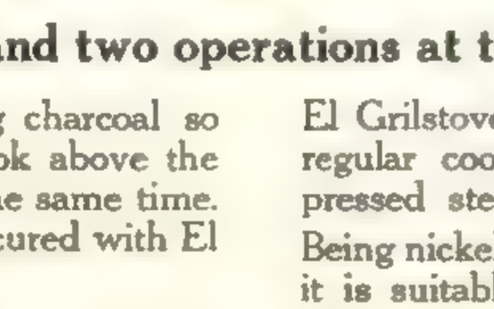
El Grilstovo is offered at a reduced pric
May 10, the regular price of $5.00 will b
you can visit a Hotpoint dealer and lea
electric cooking both practical and econ



Electrically Cooked Dinner

It is a simple matter to prepare a complete dinner on El Grilstovo. And a thoroughly practical thing to do.

For instance—you boil potatoes and broil a steak. Suppose it takes 40 minutes for the complete operation; the current cost at average rates is only 4c.

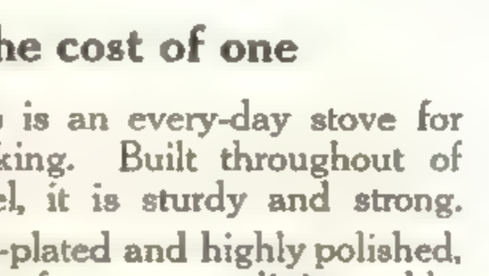


Toast, Bacon and Eggs

El Grilstovo is just as practical as that. Get your whole breakfast on it in, say, 15 minutes from the time the switch-plug is inserted.

Current to cook this breakfast costs, at average rates, less than two cents.

You see, you do two operations at once—the upper one in any kitchen dish; lower one in the special deep Underdish that is furnished.



Broiling Steak by Electricity

Use the deep Underdish for broiling. The heat, being above, retains all the juices in the meat.

Nothing to contaminate the food—just pure, clean heat from glowing coils.

And on top another operation at the same time—say, minced browned or creamed potatoes.

Time, 15 minutes; current cost less than two cents at average rates.

Electric cooking is quick and clean

With other methods of cooking you have many side expenses and annoyances. The mere cost of the fuel is only a part.

But with electricity, how different—
—the instant you need heat, you have it
—in any room, from any electric lamp-socket
—expense stops as soon as the operation is finished
—there is no soot or dirt, no fumes—just clean, sanitary heat applied exactly where it will be most effective.

Look for the Hotpoint Sign

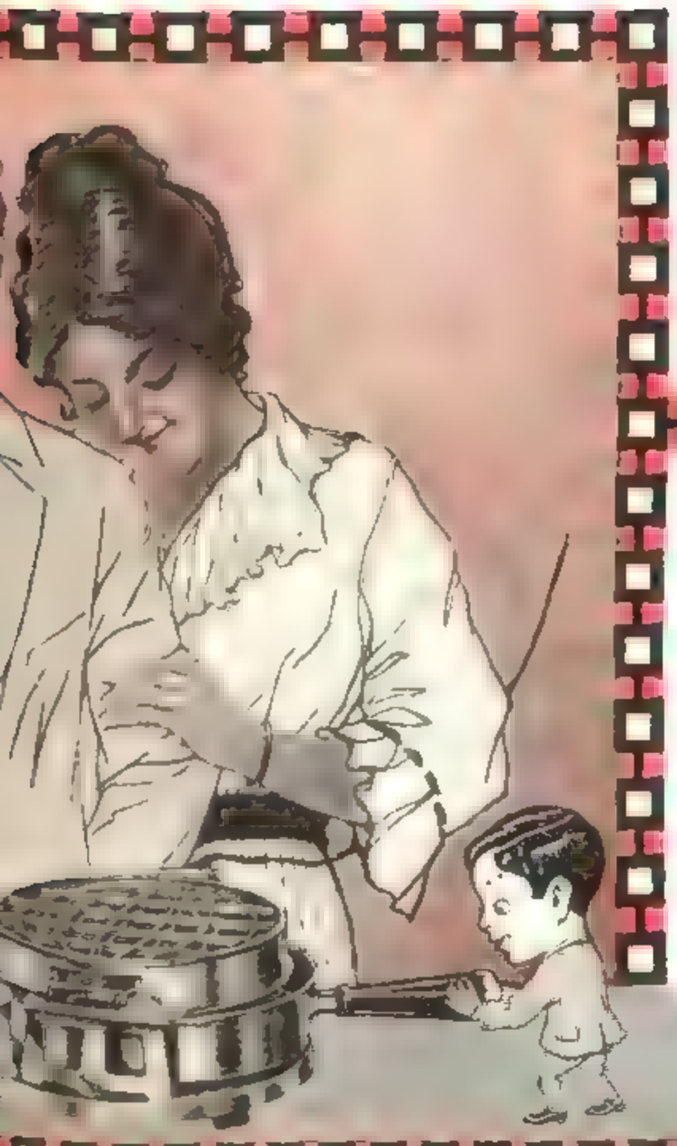
The thousands of Hotpoint distributers display the Hotpoint sign and show the window display pictured above. Look for the sign.

Hotpoint Elect
New York, 147 Waverly Plac
Ontario, Calif. Lond

Canadian Hotpoint
Toronto
25 Brant St. Lim

Do it the

May 3rd — 8th



Week Special 1/3 off

~~$5.00~~ Cut to $3.35

nal *Hotpoint* Sale—the fifth year and Factory have coöperated to al appliances in your home.

lectric cooking—you well know its advan- that you can cook electrically at the table ter comfort.

e, during Hotpoint Week only. Monday, e restored. We hope that during the week m how Hotpoint appliances have made omical.

Make your Electric Wiring 100% effective

Your expensive wiring system lies idle most of the time if you use it only for lighting.

But you can take electric *heat* from your wiring just as easily as you do light. Every lamp-socket in your house is ready to do double or treble service. No additional wiring—no trouble of any kind.

The purpose of Hotpoint Week will have been accomplished if you will let the dealer explain how economical the Hotpoint "El" appliances are.

ric Heating Co.

Chicago, 2240 Ogden Ave.
, Albion House, 59 Oxford St.

Electric Heating Co.
ited Vancouver
365 Cordova St.

Buy of the Dealer if possible

If you cannot locate the Hotpoint distributer, send your check to our nearest office and we will ship prepaid.
Be sure to give voltage

For ten years Quality has been the one word best describing the Hotpoint Iron. And because of this high quality, it has been chosen by more than 2,000,000 women.

This insistent and growing demand has enabled us, year by year, to reduce the price from the original $6.00 to the new price of $3.00.

The Hotpoint Iron has set the standard for over ten years

During this 10 years of development the Hotpoint Iron has always been the standard by which others were measured.

And it is still being bettered wherever our skilled specialists find it possible.

Nevertheless, because of constantly increasing output and consequent lower manufacturing cost, we are again able to reduce the price.

The Hotpoint Iron leads. It was the first
—with the detachable switch-plug, interchangeable on most Hotpoint appliances.
—first with hot point and cool handle
—first with attached stand
—first with nickel-plated face
—first with a guarantee.

Beginning May 3, the new price is $3.00. In Canada $3.50.

The valveless Aluminum percolator
Aluminum El Perco can not contaminate coffee. No floats or valves—nothing to clog up or get out of order.
Simply put coffee into basket, cold water into pot and insert switch-plug.
Percolation begins in half a minute.
Coffee is ready to pour in 8 to 10 min.
Cost for current less than one cent.
Element guaranteed 5 years.
Price $5.00. In Canada $6.50.

Make your toast as eaten
El Tosto toasts two slices at once, crispy and brown, right at the table, and you eat it piping hot.
Operated with one hand.
Top shelf keeps plates or food hot.
At average rates one cent's worth of current toasts 10 slices both sides.
Highly polished nickel. Element guaranteed 5 years.
Price $3.50. Canada $4.50.

Heat just where wanted, any time
Aluminum El Comfo is the modern way to apply heat to any part of body Instantly available, day or night. Heat can be regulated at will. Or to remain at one temperature as long as wanted.
Costs only two or three cents to operate it all night.
Removable cover of soft eiderdown.
Element guaranteed 5 years.
Price $4.50. In Canada $6.00.

Hotpoint way

Just to show how much better *our* best could be—we adopted 15½ oz. fabric for 1915

PENNSYLVANIA
Red Oilproof *Tread*
VACUUM CUP BICYCLE TIRES

This adds "*puncture-proof*" to the list of qualities that have given V. C.'s so commanding a place of popularity with cyclists.

Oilproof. Vacuum Cup Anti Skid. Guaranteed for one full season or replaced free.

Just what they look—the highest grade, classiest bicycle tires on earth.

Going Great Guns

PENNSYLVANIA
★THREE★STAR★
BICYCLE TIRES

A new line this year. Three models—"Tripletread"—"Sturdy Stud"—"Success." Three levels of popular prices. Three grades of quality, each representing a value truly amazing at the price.

Just get a look at this line at your dealers

Sturdy Stud Tripletread Success

A New Value Popular Priced—

STURDY STUD
Oilproof
MOTORCYCLE TIRES

Just another case of giving the consumer more than he ever expected to get for his money—a favorite practice of ours.

Guaranteed 4,000 Miles

PENNSYLVANIA
Oilproof
VACUUM CUP MOTORCYCLE TIRES

Regular V. C. Automobile tire construction in motorcycle sizes. That means a standard of service measuring up to the severest usage the motorcycle can inflict.

5,000 Miles Guaranteed

—and double this distance continually being recorded in average service.

Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Jeannette, Pa.

Atlanta	Cleveland	Kansas City, Mo.	Omaha	St. Paul
Boston	Dallas	Minneapolis	Philadelphia	San Francisco
Chicago	Detroit	New York	Pittsburgh	Seattle

An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
SHAVING BRUSHES

THERE'S NO ESCAPE for the bristles of a RUBBERSET Shaving Brush. They're locked in solidly vulcanized rubber and can't come out. Your RUBBERSET will last for years and prove the staunchest, most luxurious of lather brushes. RUBBERSET makes good this promise—or we will!

25c, up Everywhere.

RUBBERSET COMPANY
(R. & C. H. T. Co., Props.) Factories: Newark, N. J.

THE FOOL'S HEART

(Continued from Page 5)

his feet luxuriantly and blowing smoke rings while his host busied himself packing a lunch. "A job, horseshoe, socks, supper and breakfast—and no canned corn! I'll do somebody else a good turn sometime—see if I don't! I wasn't looking for much like this a spell back, either. About an hour by sun, I was countin' on maybe makin' supper on a cigarette and a few verses of The Boston Burglar—unless I could shoot me a cottontail at sundown—most always you can find a rabbit at sundown. Then I sighted this dizzy old ranch peekin' through the gap at me. Bing! Just look at me now! Nobody's got nothin' on me! Right quaint, ain't it? What a difference a few hours'll make—the things that's waiting for a fellow and him not knowin' about it!"

Moss laughed.

"Well, I got to besteppin'," said Charley.

"Hold on! I'm not done with you yet. That's a good pair of boots you've got there—but they'll be just hell on those blistered feet. How'd you like to swap for my old ones? Sevens, mine are."

"So's mine. Why, I'll swap with you. Yours'll be a sight easier on me. I'm no great shakes on walking, me."

"Why, man, did you think I meant to swap even? Your boots are worth ten dollars—almost new—and mine just hang together. I wouldn't take a mean advantage of you like that. Come! I'll make you an offer: Give me your boots and your forty-five, with the belt and scabbard, for my automatic, with its rigging and five dollars, and I'll throw in my boots."

"Shucks! You're cheating yourself! Trade boots and guns even—that'll be fair enough." Charley unbuckled his spurs.

"Don't be silly! Take the money. It's a long time till pay day. I've been all along that long road, my boy. If you're broke—I'm just guessing that, because I've been broke myself—why, you don't want to ask for an advance the first thing."

"I'll tell you what, then—swap spurs too. That'll make about an even break."

"Nonsense! Keep your spurs. You don't want these old petmakers of mine. They'd be a hoodoo to a cowboy. Take the money, son. I wish it was more. I've got plenty enough, but not here. If you feel that way about it, call it a loan and pay it back when you're flush. Better still, pass it on to somebody else that needs it."

Charley surrendered.

"I'll take it, then—that way. You're all right, Mr. Moss! Try on your new boots and see how they fit."

"Fine as silk! Couldn't be better if they was made to order," said Moss. "Good boots. That's always the way with you young fellows. Every cent goes for a fancy outfit. Bet you've got a fire-new saddle—and you without a copper cent in your pocket."

"Well, purty nigh it," admitted Charley, grinning. "Set me back fifty-four pesos less'n a year ago. But she's a daisy."

"Swell fork?"

Charley snorted.

"Swell fork nothin'! No, sir; I don't need no roll. I ride 'em slick—take off my spurs and grease my heels! I been throwed, of course—everybody has—but I never clawed leather yet and I don't need no swell fork!"

Moss smiled indulgently.

"Well, I must rig you out for horseshoein'. You stay here and rest up. Number one shoe, I think you said?"

He came back with the horseshoe and tools, bringing also the discarded ore sack, now bulging with a liberal feed of corn.

"For Vinegaroan, with my love!" he said, laughing, and clapping Ellis on the shoulder.

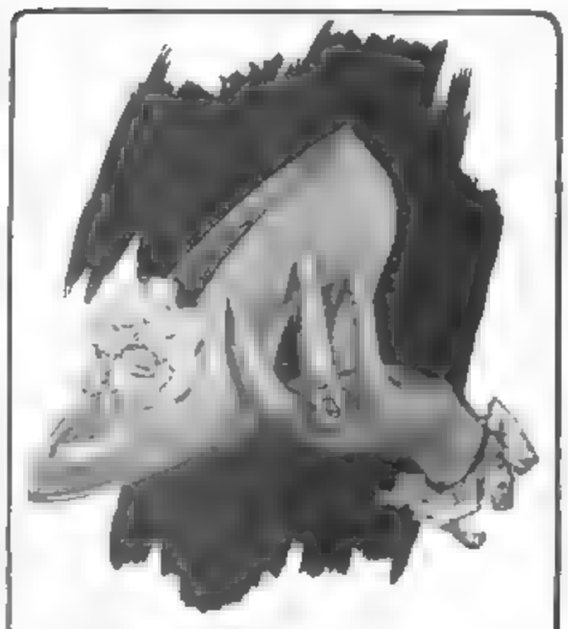
A lump came into Charley's throat.

"I reckon you're a real-for-certain white man, Mr. Moss. If old Vinegaroan could talk he'd sure thank you. I'm going now and let you go to bed. You don't look so clean beat out as you did, but you look right tired. *Adiós!* And I hope to meet up with you again."

"Oh, you'll see me again! Good-by!"

They shook hands. Charley shouldered his pack and limped sturdily along the starlit road, turning once for a shouted "Good-by!" Moss waved a hand from the lighted doorway; a gay song floated back to him:

"Ada! Ada! Open that do',
Ada!
Ada! Ada! Open that do'



First Remove The Corn

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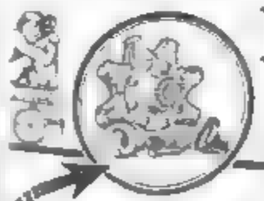

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This mawnin'.
Ada! Ada! Open that do'
Or I'll open it with a fohty-fo'
This mawnin'!"

"Oh, yes! you'll see me again!" said Moss, smiling evilly. Then he closed the door. "Tired?" he said. "Tired? I've got to sleep if I swing for it!"

v

BOX O RANCH, August fifth.

Statement of Elmer Moss

MY NAME is Elmer Moss. I left Florence, Arizona, three weeks ago, looking for work. I did not find a place and drifted on to this ranch. I stayed here a week or two, six years ago, when George Sligh worked here.

Last night my horse was pretty well give out and had lost a shoe; so I left him at the crossing of Nogales Creek, west of the pasture fence, and walked in.

I got in soon after dark and found a man who said his name was Charley Ellis, and that he was working here. He was a young fellow, with rather a pleasant face. He was about my size, with light hair and blue eyes and a pug nose. He made me welcome. Said he couldn't say about the work, but for me to stay here till the boss came back. We talked quite late.

I woke up early in the morning. Ellis was not in his bed. I supposed he had gone to wrangle horses out of the pasture and I went back to sleep, for I was very tired from riding a slow horse. I woke again after a while and got up. Ellis was not back yet. I went out into the corral. And there I found a dead man. He was shot all to pieces—I don't know how many times. There were two dead horses, both shot and both saddled.

I found the boot tracks where Ellis had gone back the way I came. He is trying to get away on my horse and leave me with a murdered man on my hands to explain.

I was so scared I didn't know what to do. I went out in the pasture to the rim, where I could see all over the cañon. If I could have got a horse I would have run away. There wasn't a horse in sight except one. That one was close up under the rim-rock. He had been ridden almost to death. He wouldn't have carried me five miles. After I came back I found another one, in worse shape than the first, outside the corral gates. I let him in and gave him water and hay. There were horsetracks of all sizes round the corral.

I don't know what to do. I don't know what has happened here. It may be a week before anybody comes. If anyone comes to-day, or while the tracks are fresh that I made coming and that Ellis made going away, I'm all right. The story is all there, plain as print. My boots are new and his was all worn out. There's no chance for mistake. And my horse has lost a shoe from his left forefoot; so he will be easy tracked. And he's badly jaded—he can't go fast. If anybody comes to-day they can trail him up and catch him easy. If no one comes to-day I'm a goner.

I just now went and spread a tarp over the dead man. He was laughing when he died. He's laughing yet—and his eyes are wide open. It's horrible! Left everything else just as it was. Am writing this now, and taking my time at it, to get everything straight while there's no one to get me rattled and all mixed up. And in case I go out of my head. Or get hold of a horse somehow and try to get away. No, I won't try to run away. If I did it would be just the same as confessing that I was the murderer. If they caught me I'd hang sure.

Nothing can save me except the straight truth. And that won't help me none unless somebody comes along to-day. This man Ellis was about my size—but I told you that before. He wore blue overalls, pretty badly faded, and a gray flannel shirt. I didn't notice his hat; he didn't have it on much. I saw a revolver belt under his pillow and it's gone now; but I didn't see the gun.

That made me think. I went back and looked round everywhere to see where Ellis had reloaded his gun. I found fresh shells nine of them, thirty-twos, automatic shells, smokeless, rimless—scattered over the floor of the saddle room just as an automatic would throw them. He killed his man from ambush. I went back and looked at the dead man. He was shot in the back—twice anyway. Hit six times in

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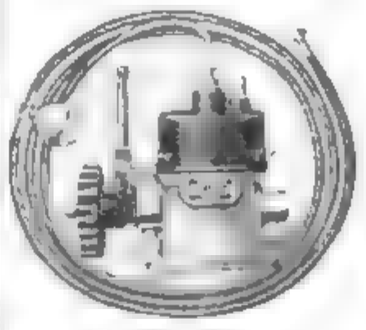

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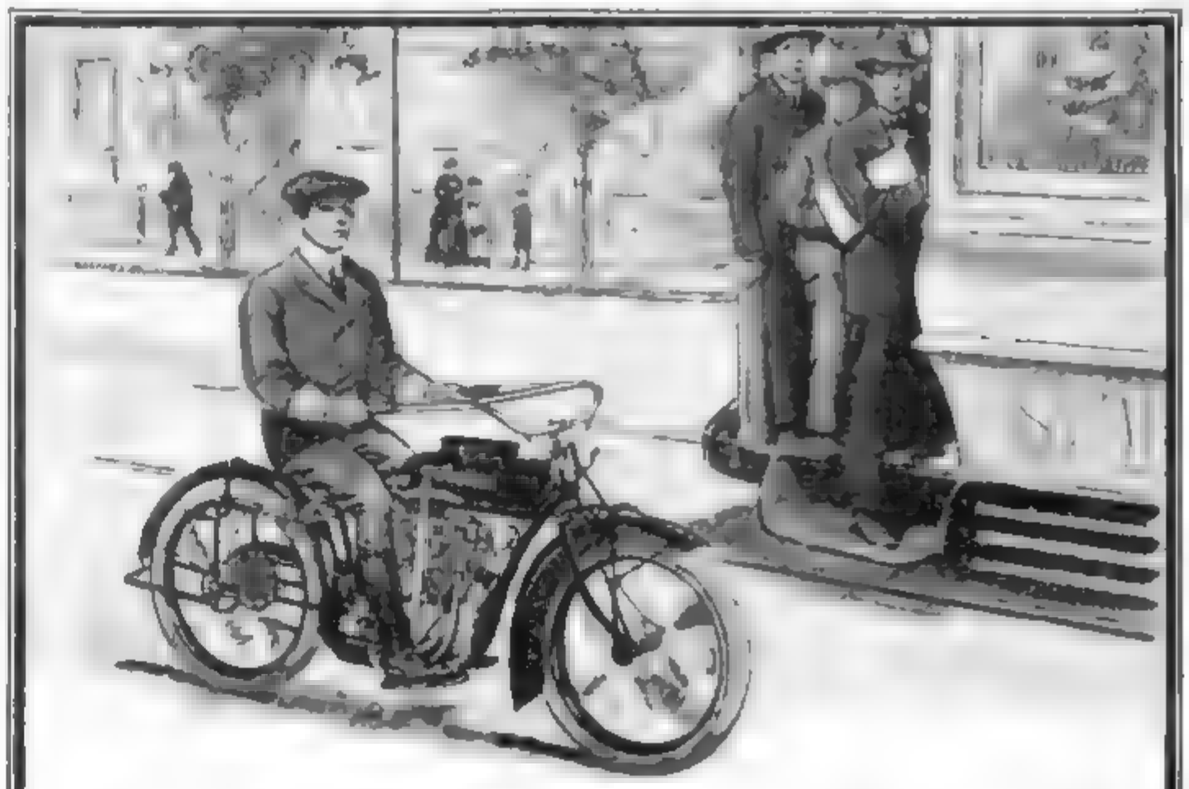

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all, as near as I could see. I couldn't bear to touch him. He looked too terrible, laughing that way—and I'm about to break down. There was a hole in his neck about the size a thirty-two would make.

There was a sixshooter in the sand near his hand with three empty shells in it. Them shells was what killed the horses after the dead man was first shot, I reckon. I covered him up again. I see now that I shouldn't have gone near him. I see now—too late—that I never should have made one single foot-track in that corral. If I had only known—if I had only thought in time—the tracks in there would have cleared me. All I had to do was to stay out. But how could I think of that?

Later: There is a tree in front of the house and I have started a grave there. If no one comes by sundown I'll bury the poor fellow. I will rig up some sort of a sled and put the body on it and make the give-out pony drag it out to the grave.

The work of digging has done me good and steadied my nerves. I am half done and now I am able to set a little. I will go back and finish it now.

Later—ten o'clock: Thank God! When the grave was done and I climbed out I saw a big dust off in the north coming this way. I am saved! They are closer now and coming very fast—ten or twelve men on horseback. I have looked over this statement carefully and don't think I have forgotten anything. This is the truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God.

I want to make one thing straight: Moss is not my right name. I have used that name for nine years. I was of good family and had my chance in life; but I was wild. Whatever happens I will bring no more disgrace to the name. I shall stick to Elmer Moss. If it had rained and washed the tracks out—if the wind had covered them with sand—what a shape I would be in now! They are quite close. I am leaving my gun on these sheets of paper. I am going out to meet them.

"That's all," said Tom Hall.

No one answered. Every man drew a long, deep breath—almost a sigh. There was a shuffling of feet.

The dark looks that had been bent on Moss, where he sat leaning heavily on the table, were turned long since to pity and rough friendliness. A dozen stern-faced men were crowded in the kitchen—a little white and sick, some of them, from what they had seen in the corral.

Each man looked at the others. Young Broyles let his hand rest lightly on Moss' shoulder. Then Old Man Teagardner frowned into his beard and spoke:

"Your story sounds like the truth, Mr. Moss," he said. "The boot-tracks going away from here are the same tracks we found in Bluewater Pens, and these two played-out horses came from Bluewater. If you're telling the truth you've been up against it hard. Still, you must be held as a prisoner—for the present, at least, till we find your man. And we'll want you to answer a few questions. What kind of a horse did you have?"

"A blue roan, V R brand, thin, fifteen hands high, no shoe on left forefoot, seven or eight years old. Saddle nearly new," answered Moss dully.

Then he raised his head and his voice swelled to sudden anger:

"You can ask me questions any time—you got me. Why don't you go after Ellis? That's your business! He's gettin' farther away every minute. Of course you'll keep me prisoner. What do you take me for—a fool? S'pose I'd think you'd find a man in the shape I'm in an' let him go foot-loose as soon as he said: 'Please, mister, I didn't do it'? Send some of your gang after Ellis and I'll answer all the fool questions you can think up."

"Son," said Teagardner evenly, "your party won't get away. We've sent men or messages all over the country and everybody's forwarded it on. Every man not accounted for will be held on suspicion. Some of the boys will go in a little while; but, ten to one, your man Ellis is caught now—or killed. Say, boys, let's get out where we can get a breath of air."

"He won't fight, I tell you!" urged Moss as he followed his questioner outdoors. "He'll be as innocent as a lamb. If he don't ooze away without bein' seen his play is to saw it off onto me."

"All the more reason, then, why you should answer our questions."

"Questions!" cried Moss bitterly. "I wish somebody'd answer me a few. Who was that dead man? What did Ellis kill him for? Who was your gang lookin' for?"

"We don't know the dead man's name. None of us ever seen him before," said Cook. "We've followed them for two days. Robbery and murder. Now one has killed the other for his share of the stolen money."

"Then you didn't know the man you was after? But," said Moss, "this man may have got killed himself for reasons of his own. He may have nothing to do with your bank robbers. There was all sorts of shod horse-tracks leading away from the gate—I saw 'em this morning. Maybe that was the outfit you're after."

Teagardner stroked his long white beard and motioned the others to silence. Said he:

"Some of us'll follow 'em up, to be sure—but them was only saddle horses that they turned out, I judge—so us fellows couldn't get 'em. As I figure it out, that's how come your Ellis man to be in the fix he was. He shot his pardner and his pardner set him afoot before he died. So, when you come, Ellis left you to hold the sack. . . . Well! Cal, you and Hall pick out two other men to suit yourselves, and follow Ellis up. Watch close for any sign of him hiding out the money. He dassent keep it with him. We'll look for it here. Made your choice?"

"These two sticks'll do us, Uncle Ben."

"All right, then; get a mouthful to eat first and take something with you. I'll see you before you start. Broyles, you and Dick take the trail of that bunch of saddle horses after dinner. Bring 'em back—or see where they went to. It's just barely possible that there's been two separate gangs on the warpath here; but I judge not. I judge them's just saddle horses. Sam, you and Spike cook dinner. You other chaps make some sort of a coffin. Keep Moss with you. After while we'll all turn to and see if Ellis hid the money here."

In the kitchen Teagardner spoke aside to the four who were to follow Ellis.

"Now, whatever happens, you fellows get that man alive—*sabe?* No shooting. I ain't quite satisfied. Moss, he tells a straight-enough story and everything seems to back him up so far; but this man Ellis—where does he get off? If he comes along peaceful and unsuspicious why, he's guilty and playin' foxy, layin' it all onto Moss. If he's scared it hangs him; if he keeps his upper lip right he's brazening it out, and we hang him for that. If he fights you he's guilty; if he hides out that proves he's guilty. If he gets clean away that's absolute proof. Any game where a man hasn't got one chance to win don't look just right."

Young Broyles burst into the room.

"See what I found! It was out in the corral, in the sand. I kicked at that ore sack layin' there by the dead horses and I kicked up this! Nineteen five-dollar bills, done up like a pack of envelopes."

"They're all torn—see? And they're usually put up in hundred-dollar bunches, aren't they?" said Hall. "There's one gone—maybe."

"Yes," said Cal eagerly; "and that ore sack—there was two of 'em likely, and after the murder Ellis put all the stuff into one and dropped this bundle doin' it! Say! We ought to call Moss."

"I'll tell him," said Teagardner.

"But how'd them bills get torn? And where's the other one?" demanded Cal.

Hall shrugged his shoulders. "How'd I know? Come on, fellows—let's hike!"

Dinner was eaten; Broyles and Dick departed on their search; the coffin was made; and the dead man was laid in it.

"Shall you bury him now?" asked Moss.

"I hope so!" said Spike with a shudder.

"Me, too," echoed Sam. "I can't stand that awful laugh on his face. Let's get him out of sight, Uncle Ben."

"No. We want Ellis to see him, for one thing. Then again the sheriff may come and he may want to take charge. Besides, I think maybe we'll bury the murderer here and take this one to San Marcial."

Moss licked his lips.

"Put them both in one grave—why not? It's deep enough," suggested Cook. "They killed old Mims—let them talk it over together."

"Only one man shot Mims," said Teagardner. "This poor fellow may not have been the one. The man that killed him—his own pardner—the man that shot him in the back from behind a 'dobe wall, and then left an innocent man to stand for it—that's the man killed Mims. I don't think we've

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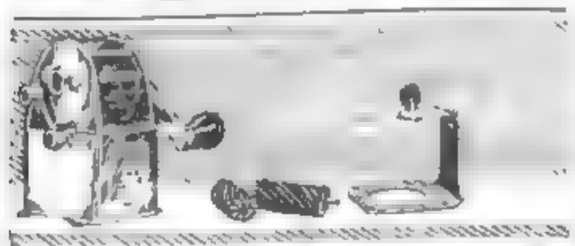

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any right to force such company on this dead man. Come on! Let's get to work."

They dragged the dead horses far out on the plain; they piled sand where the blood pools had been; roof and wall and floor, they ransacked the house, the outbuildings and the stables for the stolen money.

"You're forgetting one thing," said Moss. "As I am still your prisoner I am naturally still under some suspicion. I may be the murderer after all and Ellis may be the victim—as, of course, he'll claim to be. Somebody ought to follow my track where I walked out to the rim this morning."

Teagardner eyed him, with mild reproach. "Set your mind at rest, Mr. Moss. We're taking all bets. We did exactly that while you were resting just before dinner. You didn't take a step that isn't accounted for. You didn't ride one of the give-out horses down in the cañon and hide it there, either. And it will be the same with Ellis. That money will be found. We need it—as evidence."

"Well, if you've done looking I'd like to rest—go to sleep if I can. I'm done!"

"Yes—you look fagged out. No wonder—you've been under a strain. It's blistering hot—we'll all go out to the grave, under that tree. It's the only cool place round here. Bring some water, you boys."

"Nice pleasant place for a sleep," suggested Sam, with a nervous giggle, at the grave side. "What's the matter with the shady side of the house?"

"No air," said Moss. "This suits me."

Teagardner sat on a stone and gazed long into the grave, smoking placidly. He was a very old man—tough and sturdy and straight and tall for all that. Long and long ago, Teagardner had been an old-timer here. Half a lifetime since—at an age when most are content to become spectators—he had fared forth to new ventures; after a quarter century in Australia and the Far East—Hong-Kong last—he had come back to the land of his youth—to die.

If Napoleon, at eighty, had come back from St. Helena, some such position might have been his as was Uncle Ben's. Legend and myth had grown about his name, wild tales of the wild old days—the days when he had not been the Old Man, or everybody's Uncle Ben, but strong among the strongest. The chase had passed his way that morning and he had taken horse, despite his seven-and-seventy years, with none to say him nay.

"It is a deep grave—and the soil is tough," he said, raising his eyes at last. "You have been a miner, Mr. Moss?"

"After a fashion—yes."

"You must have worked hard digging this."

"I did. It seemed to do me good. I was nervous and excited. Shucks! I was scared—that's the kind of nervous I was."

"You say you rode across from Arizona. Where did you stay night before last?"

"In a two-room log house under San Mateo Peak, to the south; H. G. Ranch—or it has been once, for them letters are branded on the door. No one was there."

Spike nodded. "Charley Graham's. Charley, he's at the round-up."

"Well, I'm right sorry he wasn't there, as things turned out; but if you'll send a man over to-morrow he'll find the corn cans I opened—and some flour and coffee, and nothing else—only my horse's tracks and the shoe he lost somewhere on the road. That'll prove my alibi, all right—at least, as far as your bank robbery's concerned. The greenbacks you found seem to hook these two other gentlemen up with that."

"We'll send a man there, all right, if needed. And it wasn't a bank that was robbed—it was a mine—a paymaster," said Uncle Ben.

"Well, you didn't tell me."

"No; I didn't tell you. And the night before that?"

"I stayed at the Anchor X Ranch. No one there, either. If your man goes that far he'll get canned corn straight—not even coffee to go with it. And he'll find a note to the effect that the outfit has gone to ship a bunch of steers at Magdalena."

Again Teagardner's quiet eye went round the circle and again the prisoner's story was confirmed.

"That's right. They load up to-day. Aw, let the man sleep, Uncle Ben. He's giving it to you straight."

But Uncle Ben persisted.

"And before that? You must have seen some man, somewhere, sometime."

Moss shook his head impatiently.

"For nearly a week before that I camped with an old Mexican hunter, on the divide

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COLUMBIA BATTERIE
No. 6 COLUMBIA IGNITOR DRY CELL
FOR GENERAL IGNITION
Manufactured by NATIONAL CARBON CO. CLEVELAND OHIO

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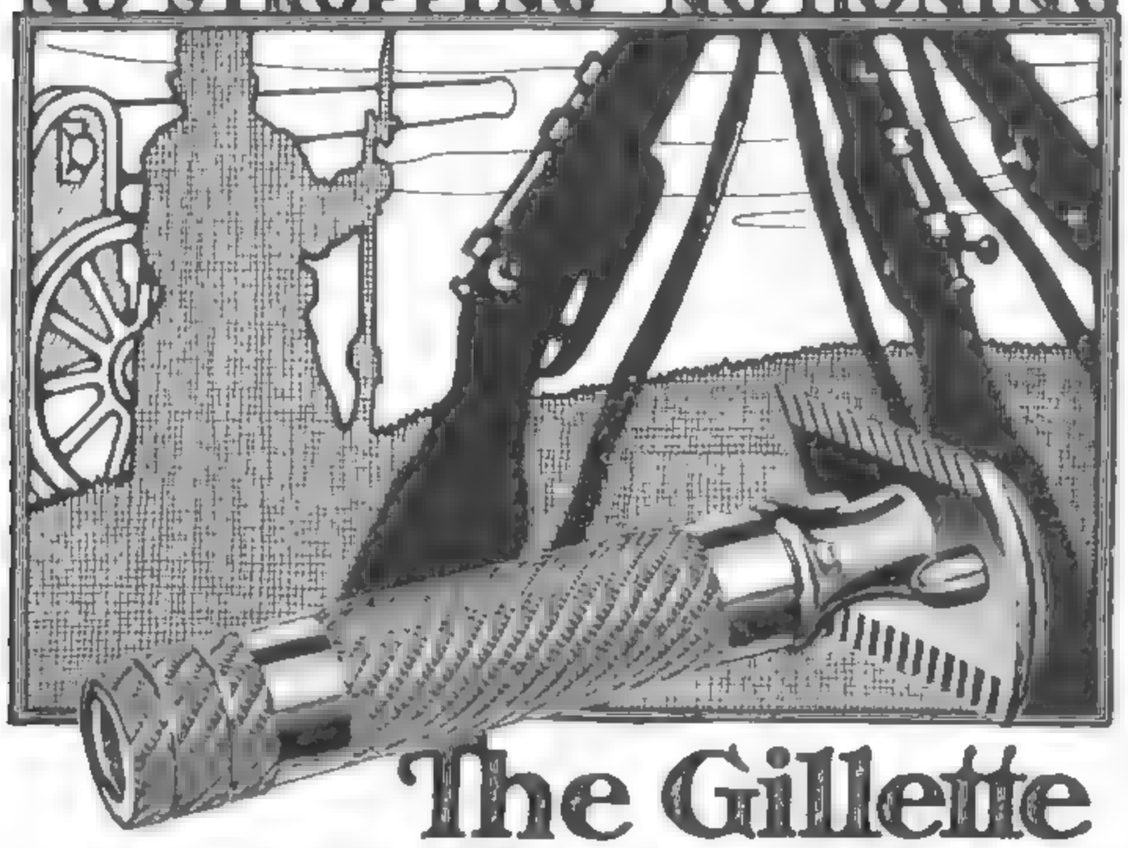
THE LANCASTER LENS COMPANY, LANCASTER, OHIO

NO STROPPING - NO HONING



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OUT of the war-torn trenches there comes a remarkable letter. Written by a young officer to his uncle here in America, who had sent him a Gillette Safety Razor.

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"Not only myself but nearly all of my men are using this razor. It is passed around among them, and one may see men using it at any time of the day or night.

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south of Chloride, letting my horse rest up and hunting deer. Leastwise he hunted and I went along for company. I didn't have any rifle and he wouldn't lend me his. His name was Delfin Something-or-Other, and he lived in Springerville, he said. Say, old man, you make me tired! Am I to blame because no one lives in this accursed country? By George! If I could have taken a long look ahead I'd have hired me a witness and carried him with me."

"If we could take a long look ahead—or a short one—we'd be greatly surprised, some of us," Teagardner answered, without heat. "There—go to sleep, all of you. I slept last night. I'll call you when it's time."

He changed his seat to a softer one on the fresh mound of earth; he twisted his long gray beard and looked down into the grave. Moss watched him through narrowed lids. Then fatigue claimed him, stronger than horror or hate or fear, and he fell asleep.

■

"YOU chuckle-headed idiots!" gasped Charley Ellis.

"Oh, that's all right too," said Tom Hall. "Some folks is too smart for their own good. You keep still."

Three men held Charley, one by each arm and one by the collar. His eyes were flashing; he was red with anger and considerably the worse for wear, having just made a sincere and conscientious attempt to break the neck of Mr. Moss—an almost successful attempt. It had taken more than three men to pull him off. Moss, white and smiling, mopped his bruised face beyond the coffin and the open grave; the sun setting between the clouds threw a red, angry light over all.

"Quiet having been resumed," observed Teagardner patiently, "let us pass on to unfinished business. Tom, we've been so all-fired busy explainin' the situation to Mr. Ellis that we haven't got your report yet. Spit it out!"

"Uncle Ben, this Ellis is the man we want," said Tom Hall. "We found where he'd tacked a shoe on the horse—of course Moss couldn't know that. We tracked him a ways toward Rosedale and then we met these three Rosedale men coming back with him. They told him they was holdin' everybody and gathered him in. He made no objection—handed over his gun without a word. It was an automatic thirty-two. Horse and saddle just as Moss described 'em, all right—and this ore sack tied on the saddle besides."

Uncle Ben shook his head.

"It won't do, Tom. Everything is as Moss told it—but everything is just as Ellis tells it, too. So far as I can see they've got only one horse, one saddle and one interestin' past between them."

"You blithering, blistering, gibbering, fat-headed fools!" said Charley pleasantly. "If you'd told me about what Moss said I would 'a' told you to leave my horse and let Moss try his hand at describin' him. He's got one white hoof; he's been cut with barbed wire; and my saddle's been sewed up with buckskin where the linin's ripped. Moss couldn't have told you that. Did you give me a fair chance for my life? No, sir; you come blunderin' in and let Moss look 'em all over—pertendin' to be petting old Vinegaroan. I wasn't mistrustin' anything like this. They said there'd been trouble and they was makin' all strangers account for themselves. That seemed reasonable enough and I wasn't worrying."

"We've got only your word for that," sneered Sam. "I reckon Moss could have told us all about it if we had asked him."

"And maybe again he couldn't—Ellis is right," said Hall soberly. "He didn't get an even break. I'm sorry."

"What about the ore sack?"

"Boys," said Uncle Ben, "you're going at this all wrong. Mr. Ellis says he took feed in that sack—that's reasonable. And that he kept the sack by him counts in his favor, I think."

"So do I," said Cal. "And I'll swear that if he had any money in it he must 'a' eat the bills and flung the coins away, one piece at a time. He never hid it after he left this house—that's sure. I know every inch of ground he's been over and my eyes is pretty near out from reading sign. I even went on, to make sure, after we met the Rosedale men, clear to where he met them and loped all the way back to catch up with 'em."

"How about this then?" cried Spike triumphantly. He was one of those who held Ellis. "I just took it out of his pocket."

It was a new five-dollar bill, and it was torn. Teagardner produced the package of bills. The tears matched exactly.

A horrible snarl burst from a dozen throats. They crowded and jostled, Moss with the rest; hands reached out to clutch at the prisoner.

"Hang him! Hang him!"

"Stand back! Stand back, you blind fools! I'll shoot the next man that touches him!" shouted Teagardner. "Stand back."

"You'll hang nobody, you howling dogs!" said Ellis coolly. "We stand just where we did before—my word against Moss'."

"Exactly!" said Uncle Ben. "Have a little sense, can't ye? Cook, if you was this man, and guilty, how would you say you got this bill?"

"I'd say Moss gave it to me, of course."

"And you, Spike, if you knew positively that Ellis was innocent—then how did he get this bill?"

"He must have got it from Moss," said Spike reluctantly.

Charley laughed. "Well, that's where I got it—when we traded boots and guns, like I was tellin' you."

"You're a damned liar!"

No one was holding Charley's foot. It now caught Moss squarely in the breast and hurled him over the mound of earth and almost into the grave.

"Old gentleman—Uncle Ben, as they call you"—said Charley then, "you seem to have charge here, and you're old enough to have a real idea once in a while. There's just as much against Moss as against me, and no more—isn't there?"

"Precisely—up to date."

"Well, then, why aren't we treated the same? Why am I held this way while he goes free?"

"That's right!" said Cal.

"Hold Moss, a couple of you," said Uncle Ben. "Now, Mr. Ellis, look here!" He pushed aside the unnailed coffin lid to show the dead man's face. "Do you know this man?"

"Hell, he's laughing! No; I never saw him before. What's he laughing at? What's the joke?"

"He is laughing at his murderer."

"Well, I know who that is," said Charley. "And that's more than the rest of you do."

Teagardner replaced the lid.

"All we know—yet—is that he is either laughing at you or laughing at Moss. Your stories exactly offset each other. What are we going to do next? Understand me—there'll be nobody hanged till he's proved guilty."

"Keep us!" said Charley. "Watch us night and day! Chain us together with every chain on the ranch. One of us is a liar. Send some of your men along the back track till you find where the liar's story don't fit with the certain truth. I can describe every little trifling thing at the ranches where I stayed; I can tell what my old Mexican hunter looks like, if you can find him. Can Moss?"

"Son," said Teagardner, "you've got the right idea, and your plan would work—if we had to do it; but we don't have to do it. You've overlooked one thing. There's two ends to every lie—and one end of this lie is on this side of the murder. If we find the money where you hid it after you left here—you swing, Ellis. If we find it here at the ranch—why, either of you may have hid it. Everything that's happened at the ranch may have been done by either of you two men—everything but one."

He turned a slow eye on Moss, who stood by the coffin, white and trembling, with a man at each arm. His voice rang—measured, stern and hard.

"Everything but one," he repeated. "Ellis had nothing to do with one thing. . . . Moss dug the grave. And the grave is too deep. I always thought the grave was too deep. Jump into the grave, Sam, and see why Moss made it so deep!"

Moss dropped to his knees; his guards held him up; they forced him forward to the edge of the grave. A shudder ran through the crowd; they swayed forward; the last ray of the sun fell on them in a golden shaft. Sam leaped into the grave.

"Moss dug his grave too deep—because he was afraid somebody might want to make it a little deeper," said Teagardner. "Ground solid there? Try the other end."

Sam found loose earth at the other end. He shoveled furiously; he came to a package wrapped in slickers. He threw it up. They slashed the cords; they unrolled the slickers; at the grave's edge they poured the blood-bought money at the murderer's feet.

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THIS is an advertisement to the engineer, the architect, the contractor, and the man-who-pays-the-bills. We will show these men that the millions of dollars wasted through rusting, rotting and crumbling are *needlessly* wasted. We will show them that the preservation of structural steel, wood and concrete is a simple matter of painting with the specific Toch R. I. W. Paint or Compound for the purpose.

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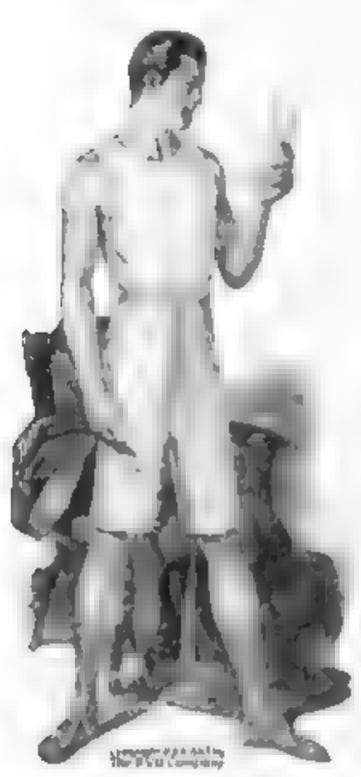

"You see, some folks imagine that B. V. D. is just the name of a *certain style* underwear, called 'Athletic Underwear.' They're 'way off. The only underwear that is B. V. D. has the *Red Woven Label* I'm pointing at sewed on it. That means true-value, well made, full-cut, comfort-giving underwear.

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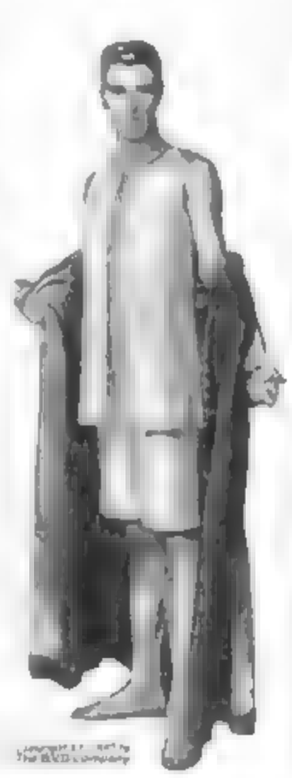

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THE DEVIL DRIVES

(Continued from Page 12)

for eight hours' sleep. Right after breakfast we'll get her riding to a sea anchor."

The Hoodlum formally took possession of the chief engineer's cabin and turned in, while Jud Bunker set Hall's alarm clock and surrendered his wracked body to the caressing touches of Hall's downy berth. They woke to a clear day, burglarized the cold-storage room, and had a steak each for breakfast, helped themselves to Hall's cigars, and immediately set about building a sea anchor.

This task presented no difficulties to the practical-minded Bunker. Fortunately for their purpose the Maid of Avon carried a couple of hundred thousand feet of lumber on deck. They undid the deck lashings, selected such material as they would require, and carried it up on the forecastle head. The mate's well-found storeroom furnished spikes and long bolts, and a chest of carpenter's tools; and they promptly fell to work on the construction of a large, heavy raft, which they had completed in about four hours.

Right up in the very bow they found a spare anchor weighing about seven thousand pounds.

This they unshackled from the deck; and, with the aid of a chain tackle suspended from the steel anchor crane, they hoisted this spare anchor and deposited it gently on their raft, to which they lashed it securely with ropes and chains.

From the huge reel on which was wound the Maid of Avon's steel towing hawser they now unwound several fathoms and bent the end of the hawser securely to the anchor-laden raft. This finished, they repaired to the engine room and got up steam in the two lower boilers—which gave them sufficient steam to operate the winch on the main deck forward. Returning to the deck, they swung one of the heavy cargo booms round, rigged their heavy hoisting tackle, and fastened the cargo hook at its end to the shaft of the anchor, near the flukes, while to the fluke of the cargo hook they fastened a light tripping line.

When all was in readiness The Hoodlum started the winch and raised the raft gently off the deck, Jud Bunker, with the tripping line, hauled the cargo boom outward and clear of the vessel, and The Hoodlum lowered the raft into the water. It sank at once, but floated about three feet below the surface; and, once the strain was off the hoisting tackle, a smart jerk on the tripping line released the cargo hook and the raft floated free, except for the steel towing cable.

Slowly the steamer drifted away from the raft, and as she drifted Jud Bunker and The Hoodlum paid out the towing cable over her bow. When they had out about sixty fathoms they made the bight of the cable fast on the bitts; and presently the Maid of Avon swung gently to the heavy submerged drag and rode easily, bow on to wind and wave.

"If she ships a sea now," Jud Bunker contended, "she'll ship it through the nose; and that's the way Nature intended. A vessel can stand a certain amount of wallowing in the trough; but a month of it, in the heavy weather we're liable to have in these latitudes at this time of the year, will weaken her—and maybe shift her cargo. And remember, Hoodlum, we don't know yet what she's loaded with."

"Well, since we've done our best by the old box, let's stow this cargo boom and tackle, and do a little detective work. There must be some sort of documents aboard to tell us who her owners are, what she's loaded with, and where bound."

Bunker grunted assent, and together they searched the locker in the pilot house for the rough log. It was missing, of course; so they searched the mate's room for the smooth log. That, too, was missing. The little oaken frame containing the licenses of master, mates and engineers had all been stripped from the dining-room walls, and there were no papers of any kind in the captain's cabin to give a clew such as they sought.

"If that lumber wasn't loaded on deck we could take off the hatch coverings and have a look at the cargo," The Hoodlum complained. "All I know about her is that she has plenty of coal and engine-room supplies."

They continued their search and presently were rewarded by the discovery in the forecastle of a San Francisco newspaper, in the shipping column of which they found this item:

"The British steamer Maid of Avon cleared yesterday with foodstuffs for Vladivostok. The vessel sailed in command of Captain Robert Hall, senior partner of the well-known firm of Hall & Calthorpe, the owners of the Maid and her cargo. A host of Captain Hall's friends were at the dock to congratulate him on his return to his original occupation as shipmaster, and to wish him luck in running the blockade of the Japanese squadron off Vladivostok."

"A cargo of foodstuffs, eh?" Jud Bunker murmured thoughtfully. "There's a cargo worth loading in Vladivostok, Hoodlum. It swells the salvage if we can ever take her in."

"According to the maker's name plate on the engines and boilers the vessel is practically new. She was built in 1900," The Hoodlum murmured dreamily.

"Hoodlum," said the captain, "a conservative estimate of the value of this ship and her cargo is half a million dollars."

They stared at each other thoughtfully, each active mind struggling with the problem of salving the Maid of Avon. Presently The Hoodlum said:

"What's the drift?"

"About two miles an hour and a little east of north. Generally speaking, we're about two hundred and fifty miles south of the Aleutian Archipelago. From the Alaska Peninsula a chain of hundreds of islands extends about eight hundred miles westward and right athwart the course we're drifting."

"We haven't got much of a chance, Jud. She's bound to bring up ashore and pound to pieces."

"She isn't bound to; but the chances are ninety-nine out of a hundred that she will. Even if she enters one of those passes between the islands, where the tide runs through like a millrace, and is lucky enough to pass out into Bering Sea, she still has the Pribilofs to dodge, provided she drifts that far north this winter. You know how the winds blow in Bering Sea, Hoodlum—all round the compass—and the currents change accordingly. She's liable to wallow round all winter; but in the spring, when the northerly drift sets in again, she'll go up with the ice floes into the Arctic. And from now on we're not liable to sight any vessels this far west and north. We've drifted out of the regular steamer lanes to Yokohama and Siberian ports."

"I don't want to drift up into the Arctic," The Hoodlum grumbled. "Of course we're comfortable right now——"

"Which is why I'm going to leave you," Jud Bunker answered quietly. "You're as safe as though I left you in church."

"Leave me?" The Hoodlum queried, amazed. "Why, what for?"

"For stokers, of course, and coal passers and water tenders, and three quartermasters——"

"Jud, you're crazy!"

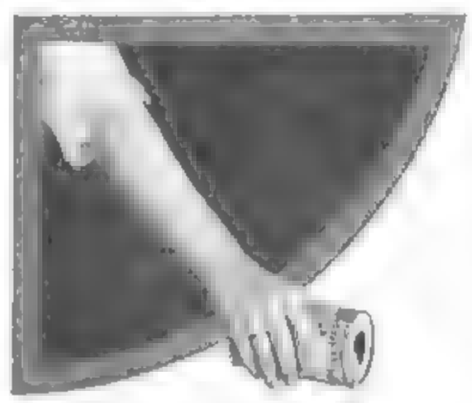
"I'm not. There's a big lifeboat aboard this steamer, and I'm going to take it and try to run up to the eastern coast of Umnak Island. Right inside Kettle Cape there's an Aleutian fishing village—a lot of poor, half-starved devils; and I'm going to try to bring back a dozen of 'em. I speak Aleut fairly well, you know. I can work out my course and teach a couple of them how to hold a certain compass point on the lubber's mark, can't I? That will leave me free to help you in the engine room, and between us we can make those Aleuts shovel in coal enough to keep up steam, can't we?"

"Jud, you're a marvel! Of course we can if they'll come aboard and go to work."

"They'll come—if I can make Kettle Cape and then find the steamer again. And if I can't find you I can beat up to Dutch Harbor and get one of the Northern Commercial steamers to go out looking for you. And, in case you bump ashore before you're found, you have the Athenia's dory to get away in."

"It'll be lonesome," The Hoodlum protested.

"It's better than doing nothing at all—and there's a chance for me to get over to Umnak and back before you drift ashore. We've been taking chances all our lives, Hoodlum. Why not take this one? I'm going to tackle it as soon as I can get an observation at noon," Bunker declared.



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Fortunately it was clear at noon and he was enabled to make his observation. Carefully he worked out the Maid of Avon's position and laid his course to Umnak Island. Then The Hoodlum helped him provision the lifeboat, step the mast and rig a lugsail, after which they constructed a sea anchor capable of holding up the lifeboat's head when the captain should be forced to snatch an hour's sleep now and then; and in order that these brief periods of rest might not lengthen into his regular allowance Jud Bunker took the alarm clock.

Two leading blocks were then fastened on deck and the ropes from the davit falls passed through them to the drum of the winch, thus enabling The Hoodlum to lower the lifeboat without the slightest trouble. It was precarious work keeping her from being smashed against the Maid's steel hull when she touched the water; but fortunately there was very little sea running and the launching took place on the lee side.

The Hoodlum felt very lonely as he watched Jud Bunker spread his sail and slip away into the North at a lively rate. Within two hours he was out of sight. Within three hours he hove into sight again, and five hours later he managed to beat up to the Maid of Avon, dropped his sail, and pulled in under the lee of the vessel with his oars.

"What brings you back so soon?" The Hoodlum shouted.

"Found an Aleut otter hunter and his woman," the skipper answered, "blown off shore by the same gale that brought us down here; and the poor devils are starved and half dead with exposure. I ran alongside and hauled them aboard. They're lying in the bottom of the boat under my blankets, chewing ship biscuit. Got any steam?"

"No; I let the fires die," The Hoodlum wailed. "How was I to know you'd be back so soon?"

Jud Bunker cursed The Hoodlum fervently.

"Throw me down a length of stout halyard," he ordered.

When The Hoodlum had complied Jud Bunker bent a length of it round the bodies of his chance passengers, both of whom he dragged to the stern of the lifeboat. Then he rowed up toward the vessel's bow, turned, and, sculling, came down with the wind close to the vessel. As he passed under the dangling boat falls he seized one of them, swiftly inserted the hook under the rope sling round the woman's body and signaled The Hoodlum to haul away.

With many a grunt and curse The Hoodlum hauled her up, swung the davit inboard and laid her on the deck. By the same means the otter hunter was hoisted aboard, and then Jud Bunker came over the rail via the Jacob's ladder, with the boat painter tied round his waist. He bent an extra length of line to the painter and the lifeboat drifted astern and floated free when the captain tied the painter to the stern railing. He rejoined The Hoodlum.

"God is good!" he declared piously. "We'll have these two as right as the chronometer in a day or two."

They helped the Aleut otter hunter and his woman into one of the officers' berths, undressed them and put them to bed. Then, with hot whisky punch and soup, Jud Bunker warmed their dank and chilled interiors, and left them to go to sleep.

"The woman will mind the wheel," he explained to The Hoodlum, "and the man and I will help you get steam on her and keep it. By thunder, we'll steam to Umnak, cast anchor and ship the rest of our crew!"

V

DURING the three succeeding days, while the Maid of Avon continued to drift northward, Jud Bunker and The Hoodlum divided their time between feeding their chance guests, trundling coal in wheelbarrows from the bunkers, and piling it on the engine-room floor close to the furnace doors. The boilers were filled, the engines wiped, oiled and freed of coal dust in the most important bearings, and a fire laid in the lower furnaces, ready to light at a moment's notice. The Aleuts were apparently, after twenty-four hours of rest, warmth and unlimited nourishment, none the worse for their experience; but Bunker, who planned to test their strength to the utmost, made them stay abed until he gave them orders to appear on deck.

These orders came on the fourth day. Early that morning they sighted land. Immediately the fire was started in the

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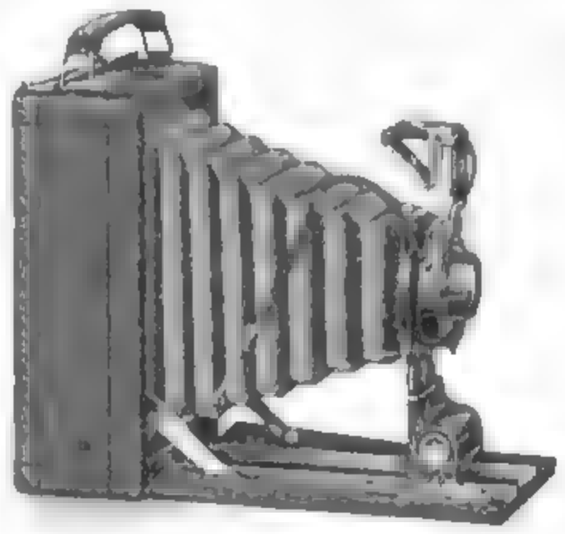

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lower furnaces and the Aleut was pressed into service as a stoker, while Jud Bunker, stripped to the waist, continued to wheel coal from the bunkers to the pile in front of the furnaces. The Hoodlum was here, there, everywhere. From the steam gauge to the water gauge his restless glance wandered; occasionally he would seize a wheelbarrow and help Jud Bunker transport coal; anon he would throw open the furnace doors and rake the coals with a slice bar. Frequently he would elbow the perspiring and rather futile Aleut out of his way while he plied the big scoop shovel like a demon and the Aleut climbed up on deck for a breath of fresh air—for, to this son of the North, the hot, fetid engine room of the Maid of Avon was a thing of evil.

By noon The Hoodlum had a fine bed of coals banked in his furnaces and ninety pounds of steam in his lower boilers, and Jud Bunker went up on deck, shot the sun and worked out his position; after which he announced that the island directly in their course was Umnak. After heaving the lead and finding no bottom he concluded it would be safe for them to drift two hours longer.

After lunch they hauled in the sea anchor and raised it to the surface. Jud Bunker was lowered overside and fastened the cargo hook on the raft, and it was hoisted in on deck. Then commenced once more the furious work in the engine room on the part of The Hoodlum and the Aleut, while Jud Bunker, with the Aleut woman, entered the pilot house and set the engine-room telegraph over to slow speed ahead. His heart thrilled as the vessel quivered; then came the dull rumble of the shaft as the propeller bit into the water, and the Maid of Avon, once more a thing of life, crept slowly forward. The poacher put his wheel hard over and the steamer rounded to and started leisurely away on her course.

A glance at his charts showed good deep water to Kettle Cape, and when the steamer was pointed straight he called the otter hunter's wondering wife. In dumb show and broken Aleut he indicated his desires; showed her the exact point on the compass, and told her to keep that point on the lubber's mark; then he gave her the wheel and stood by to coach her.

She was wonderfully pleased at the thought that she could be of service to her deliverer, and, like most primitive women, her strength proved more than sufficient to hold the wheel in leash. She was quick to see that, when the steamer's head swung off, the point of the compass swung with it, and in a few minutes she was twirling the spokes like a veteran and holding the steamer to her course. Bunker smiled his approbation and left her.

"Getting about three miles out of her," The Hoodlum shouted happily as Bunker dropped into the engine room.

"Which, with the drift, gives us about five," the captain answered.

He relieved the Aleut at the furnace doors, and set the latter to wheeling in coal from the bunkers, while he and The Hoodlum raked the fires, shoveled in coal, filled the ash hoist and dumped its contents overboard. Then up into the pilot house the master raced, found that the Aleut woman was holding her course, and dashed back into the engine room again. A glance at the steam gauge showed him that, at the speed they were proceeding, even the limited engine-room force would be enabled to maintain her steam pressure. His beaming glance met The Hoodlum's. Silently they shook hands.

"We'll bring her to a safe anchorage yet," Jud Bunker promised.

"Aye!" said The Hoodlum. The back flare from the furnace had scorched off his eyebrows and blistered the side of his face, but it is doubtful whether he even knew it. "We'll need a big gang of them Aleut stokers," he declared. "They can't stand the heat and we'll have to work 'em in four-hour shifts. There ain't no bottom to a man that's been starved all his life."

Alternating between the engine room and the pilot house every ten minutes, Jud Bunker worked the Maid of Avon up the eastern coast of Umnak. Three miles off Kettle Cape he instructed The Hoodlum to kill his engines; and the latter, leaving the otter hunter to shovel coal into the furnaces, came on deck. With the chain tackle they catted the starboard anchor and gently lowered it overside until it hung at the hawsepipe, ready to be dropped on an instant's notice. Then The Hoodlum started his engines again and the Maid proceeded under a slow bell until she had rounded the shoal off Kettle Cape and entered the bight, where his chart told Jud Bunker he might anchor in twelve fathoms.

Slowly they crept in, feeling their way. Jud Bunker, standing on the forecastle head, conned the Aleut woman by signals now; and between signals he heaved the lead. Twenty-five fathoms; twenty-two; nineteen; fifteen—and now the tallow in the blue peter showed a smear of mud, and Jud Bunker knew he had holding ground. He dashed to the engine-room entrance and bawled down to The Hoodlum to kill his engines and come on deck.

The Hoodlum was up like a Jack-in-the-box; a minute later came the grinding rumble as the steam capstan commenced to turn and the rusty red anchor chain went flying through the hawsepipe. They gave the vessel the forty-fathom shackle to the water's edge and she rounded up and swung at anchor, as The Hoodlum declared, "like a June bride on her old man's arm."

"On general principles I'm opposed to giving liquor to an Indian," Jud Bunker declared; "but if the crew of the British steamer Maid of Avon ain't entitled to a ration of grog after this day's work I hope I may be seasick for the rest of my natural life."

■■

THE Maid of Avon lay at anchor under Kettle Cape until the middle of October. During that period Jud Bunker, with a gang of Aleuts, cleared the lumber off her main deck forward until he could get at her hatch; whereupon he broached the cargo. Indeed, it will be long before the hungry villagers at Kettle Cape forget that glorious winter when the white men came in the great ship and saved them from starvation. Even now, in the telling, their chops water as they recall the crates of potatoes and onions, the sacks of flour, the cases of canned meats, and the sacks of prunes and dried apples Jud Bunker gave them before he sailed away with fifteen of their strongest and most intelligent young men; to whom he promised great wealth and a safe return to Umnak.

Never before had an Aleut met such a white man as this big shipmaster and his friend, the greasy man with the red head; never were there such men for laughter and work, and kind words for their poor Aleutian brother—never again would two such gods come to Umnak. The memory of their visit will live in song and story until the coughing sickness shall have gathered the last man on Umnak to his fathers.

It was the fourteenth of October before Jud Bunker and The Hoodlum had the hatch back again and the deckload of lumber relashed. Then, convoyed for miles by a flotilla of skin canoes filled with cheering Aleuts of assorted sexes, the Maid of Avon weighed anchor and started out once more on her long-delayed voyage to Vladivostok. With his augmented engine-room crew The Hoodlum was enabled to keep the limit pressure of steam in all four boilers, and the Maid of Avon ramped away at a good nine knots.

Two of the Aleuts had seen service on one of the Commercial Company's steamers and were very fair quartermasters; so Jud Bunker was enabled to spend much of his time in the engine room, helping The Hoodlum, for neither of them would trust an Aleut among the machinery or in the shaft alley with an oil can. The Hoodlum quickly initiated the captain into the mysteries of marine engines, and thus the former found it possible to step out on deck for a whiff of fresh air every hour or two.

They did not drive the Maid of Avon unceasingly, for there are limits to human endurance; but they crowded her as hard as they dared for eighteen hours each day. Then they would lash the wheel amidships, hang the "not under command" signals in the rigging, post a lookout, turn in and sleep the sleep of utter exhaustion for six hours, while the Maid of Avon rolled at her own sweet will in the trough of the sea. Of course they lost by this; but, nevertheless, they managed to make an average of a hundred and fifty miles every twenty-four hours. Fogs hindered them and on a few occasions they wandered off their course; but at length they came to Tsugaru Strait two weeks after leaving Umnak.

It was a gaunt, haggard white man who a week later stood on the bridge of the Maid of Avon and conned her through Peter the Great Bay, with every light doused; for, having fought so long and so hard for the Maid, Jud Bunker felt that his heart would break if a Jap cruiser overhauled him now.

(Continued on Page 49)

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Less weight under the springs. On a Franklin Car the front axle, rear axle and wheels all together weigh only 321 pounds.

What breaks up a car is rigid heavy construction *below the springs* pounding the road—sudden blows jarring every part of the mechanism. This is what causes rapid depreciation. It is almost as destructive as direct violence.

If you want to know what Franklin light-weight with flexibility means in added strength—what it means to the life of a car, go to a used-car dealer and try to buy a second-hand Franklin Car.

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It is built into the car.

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Franklin Economy Performance. See the U. S. Government report, showing it cost less to maintain the Franklin Car than the cheapest car made.

Franklin Gasoline Mileage Performance. See the legally certified statements sworn before duly commissioned State officials throughout the United States, showing that 94 Franklin Cars averaged 32.8 miles to a gallon of gasoline.

Franklin Cooling Performance. See official certificates sworn before 116 American Notary Publics, that 116 Franklin Stock Cars ran 100 miles each on low gear within 10 hours without stopping the engine.

Franklin Tire Mileage Performance. See records loaned by permission of Franklin owners, showing an average of 8,997 miles per set of tires.

Franklin Oil Consumption Performance. See records showing that Franklin owners are averaging from 400 to 900 miles per gallon of oil.

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Franklin Efficiency Performance. See official test diagram of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass., showing that the Franklin Car delivered 84.4 per cent of its engine power to the rear wheels in actual driving energy.

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The facts are available. Any Franklin dealer will give them to you.

THE FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 46)

When he sighted the fixed white light on Skruipley Island, at the entrance to the Eastern Bosporus, he called down to The Hoodlum to turn her wide open; and they dashed for the Strait. Each moment he expected the searchlight from a Japanese cruiser to come stealing across the waters to prick him out of the darkness, but at midnight he had passed Skruipley safely and had picked up the red-and-white range lights on Pospyelov Point; and presently the red sector showed on Larionov Point Light, twenty miles away, marking the western entrance to the Eastern Bosporus.

Well, he should soon know now; and he strained his eyes into the night until, farther to the north, he picked up the Point Goldobin range lights, at the entrance to the Golden Horn.

At daylight he was off the entrance. There was not a vessel of any kind in sight; so the Maid of Avon proceeded unmolested up the Golden Horn and dropped anchor in fifteen fathoms off Vladivostok. And when the port officers came aboard Jud Bunker and The Hoodlum learned that the war was over; that the treaty of peace had already been signed.

The Hoodlum, worn to a mere bundle of bone and sinew, sooty, burned, hollow-eyed and drooping, climbed up from the engine room and swore softly and with a great joy as he saw the city stretching out before him; but neither The Hoodlum nor Jud Bunker lingered to feast his eyes on the glad spectacle. They staggered to their berths and slept for thirty-six hours. Then they cleaned up, went ashore to the office of the American consul, and libeled the Maid of Avon for a two-hundred-thousand-dollar salvage claim.

HALL and his crew, steering for Juneau, crossed the regular steamer lanes to Yokohama, and were picked up by the Mongolia and landed in San Francisco eleven days after deserting the Maid of Avon. The story created a sensation; and the moment the president of the Industrial Bank & Trust Company read it he got out Hall & Calthorpe's last statement of assets and liabilities and studied it. Then he sent for the partners, reminded them that the bank held a lot of unsecured paper, and demanded a show-down.

He received it. Calthorpe was no weakling in finance; and Hall had scarcely finished telling Calthorpe of the loss of the Maid before the latter was busily at work mending their fences.

He was a man who never wasted his time in vain post-mortems; hence, when his banker asked him what he purposed doing, Calthorpe said brazenly:

"Nothing, of course. How can we? We're insolvent, and if we're crowded we'll file a petition of voluntary bankruptcy; in which event the bank will write off more than half the face value of our notes to profit and loss.

"We owe some money besides. I suggest that you call a meeting of our creditors, counsel moderation, loan us some more money and give us a chance, with the ships we have left, to work out of the woods. As our largest and principal creditor, we could assign all our assets to your bank as trustee for all the creditors."

The banker squirmed and cleared his throat; but Calthorpe knew that he and Hall were into the bank too deeply now to be cast overboard. The bank, in the terminology of the gambler, had to "protect its bet"—and it did. It whipped the other creditors into line and Hall & Calthorpe were permitted to stagger along, with the understanding that if they showed no financial progress at the end of one year the bank could foreclose.

Thus time passed, and presently to Hall & Calthorpe came the following cablegram:

"VLADIVOSTOK, November 6.

"Hall & Calthorpe,
"San Francisco.

"While afloat open boat morning September tenth found Maid of Avon leaking. Located leak, pumped, arrived here fourth. Aleut crew procured Umnak Island. Vessel and cargo undamaged. Libeled both two hundred thousand. We are sole claimants. Answer care American consul.

"JUDSON BUNKER,
"TIMOTHY KILBANNON."

Now this cablegram was every whit as good as a draft for three hundred thousand dollars to Hall & Calthorpe, for the vessel alone was worth that much, while her cargo could still be sold at a price sufficient to bring a handsome profit over and above the salvage claim of two hundred thousand; and under these conditions one would presume, naturally enough, that joy unconfined reigned in Hall & Calthorpe's offices.

But it did not. Calthorpe did not even murmur a few pious words of thanks. Instead, he roared at Hall:

"Well, you're a hell of a sea captain! You couldn't find that leak; but the first two castaways that happen along in a small boat find it immediately, plug it, salvage the ship, and libel her for two hundred thousand dollars! You big maritime impostor! A-g-h! You make me sick! Call yourself a sea captain? You're a joke!"

Hall, however, was so happy at the recovery of the Maid, and so grateful to Jud Bunker and Timothy Kilbannon for recovering her, that he refused to take offense at Calthorpe's contumely. He seized the cablegram and rushed up to the bank with it, where he went into executive session with the president. This individual immediately demanded that the newly discovered assets be assigned at once to the bank as trustee.

He explained that even the addition of this new security would leave Hall & Calthorpe owing about fifty thousand dollars, provided the salvage claim, as filed, was paid in full; and he was confident that if the matter was left in his hands for adjustment he could prune that salvage claim considerably and emerge in the clear. So Hall & Calthorpe, glad to be rid of the impending lawsuit, willingly assigned; and the banker sent for an attorney known to be one of the few authorities on maritime law, and laid the case before him.

"Maid of Avon, eh?" the attorney queried. "I should judge from the name that she is a British steamer."

"Built on the Clyde," the banker informed him. "Of course, since she is a foreign-built boat, she cannot trade between American ports; but Hall & Calthorpe put her under American registry."

"Ah, that simplifies the matter! Bunker and Kilbannon are evidently laboring under the impression that she is under British registry, for which reason they have set a rough appraisal of four hundred thousand dollars on the vessel and her cargo. Under the British law it has always been the custom, in the case of a vessel found abandoned at sea, to award the salvors half the value of the vessel and her cargo. If the owners cannot pay the vessel and her cargo are sold at public auction to the highest bidder, and the salvors receive fifty per cent of the selling price. Consequently, if the Maid of Avon flew the British flag I should advise instantaneous settlement with Bunker and Kilbannon at their own terms.

"However, since she flies the American flag, Messrs. Bunker and Kilbannon will have a rude awakening from their dreams of wealth. This case will have to be tried in the United States District Court here; and unless these fellows have enough money to fight the case I imagine we shall have no difficulty in coming to a compromise. My advice would be to cable them an offer of ten thousand dollars each in full satisfaction of all the claims against the vessel and her owners."

"Ten thousand dollars! Man, that's a year's salary for a bank cashier! They'll be glad to settle for day's wages before I'm through with them. I'll offer them five thousand each now, however, just for the sake of doing the fair thing and keeping out of the courts."

"Well, they might take it. At any rate, it will not hurt to make the offer. It's a good plan to try anything once. And, of course, if they refuse all you have to do is to put up bonds to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars to release the vessel from the libel; after which you can discharge and sell the cargo and bring the vessel home. After that it's up to the enemy to make the next move."

"I see. Thank you. I'll cable them this afternoon." And the banker dismissed his attorney.

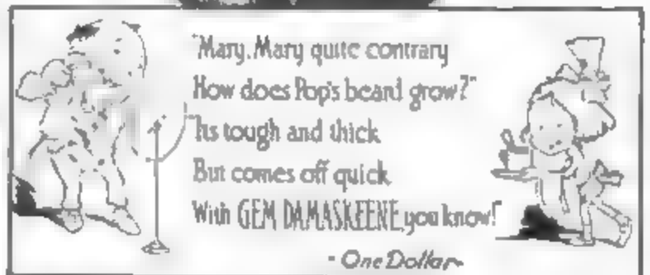
He was a bit of a bully, and when he waded into a fight his opponent was never in doubt as to his intentions; so he cabled Jud Bunker and Timothy Kilbannon as follows:

"Vessel under American registry necessitates suit Federal Court here. Impossible collect such ridiculous sum in United States Court. You will get exactly what judge thinks you earned. We will appeal case and

Great!!

THAT'S the verdict of users of Gem Damaskeene Blades—a blade that adds a new delight to the morning shave—the keen cutting edge glides over the face with a velvety smoothness, though the beard is wiry and the skin sensitive.

Gem Damaskeene Blades, 7 for 35c
(50c in Canada)


"Mary, Mary quite contrary
How does Pop's beard grow?"
Its tough and thick
But comes off quick
With GEM DAMASKEENE you know!
One Dollar

Introduce yourself to a Gem Damaskeene Razor today—you'll be friends for life.

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The GEM is different—better than the average so-called "Safety Razor."

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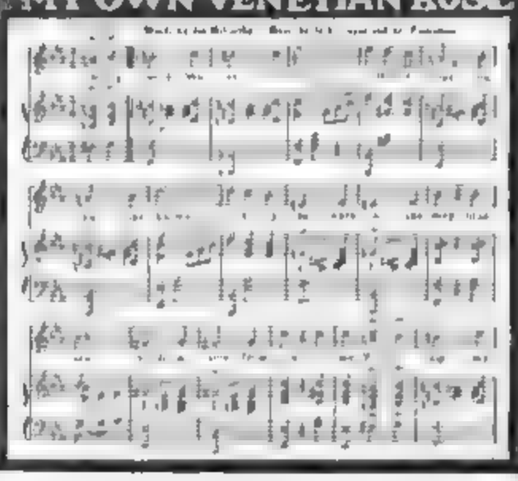
"THERE" means where you were born. "I Want to Be There" is not just "another" home-town song. It's a bigger and better home-town song than was ever written before. Recalls to every mother's son and daughter the happiness of play-days—the ecstasy of love-days. It's a safe bet that "I Want to Be There" will knock the sales records sky high. Why shouldn't it? It takes you home—to mother—to the old dog Rover—and to that "face so pleasin'." OF COURSE you "want to be there." Today's the day to get your copy. Lyrics by Grant Clarke; music by Jimmie V. Monaco. Introduced and featured by the inimitable Bessie Wynn.

"My Own Venetian Rose"

It's like "gilding refined gold" to attempt to praise this newest love song with the world-wide success. Suffice it to say that [illegible] are by Al Piantadosi, Jack Glogau and Jos. M. Gaites. "My Own Venetian Rose" is the song that Mae Francis [illegible] with [illegible] "Venetian Rose." [illegible] your partner quick when you hear this Hesitation or Hesitations. It's the dance "hit" of New York and Palm Beach. A haunting, resistless theme. You can't keep still when you hear it.

"I WANT TO BE THERE"

"MY OWN VENETIAN ROSE"



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"When You Were a Tulip and I Were a Big Red Rose."
The song with the melody you can't forget.
"The Vision My Great Grand Daddy Made"
"Bum Diddle de dum Dum, That's It" [illegible]
"I'm Glad My Wife's in Europe" [illegible]
"Dancing the Blues Away" [illegible]
"Why Not Sing Wearin' of the Green" [illegible]
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"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." Song sensation of the year. Over 700,000 copies sold in 8 weeks.
"I Want to Go to Tokio." Swing a high a lee a low
"When It's Moonlight in Mayo."
"There's a Little Spark of Love Still Burning" [illegible]
"I'm So Lonely for You Only"

SPECIAL NOTE: You should get all these songs from your dealer. Please do so. If you can't, send us six 2c stamps for one, or a dollar bill for any nine pieces. Orchestra or Band—15c each

Most of these pieces may also be procured for your Talking Machine or Player Piano. Orchestra leaders will gladly play any of them on request. Ask to hear them.

"Shadowland"—that big Boston "hit" by Gilbert—has just been purchased by us. Introduced by Sousa and a band of 400 men at a big Concert in Boston. Price, Piano Solo, 30c; Band or Orchestra, 50c

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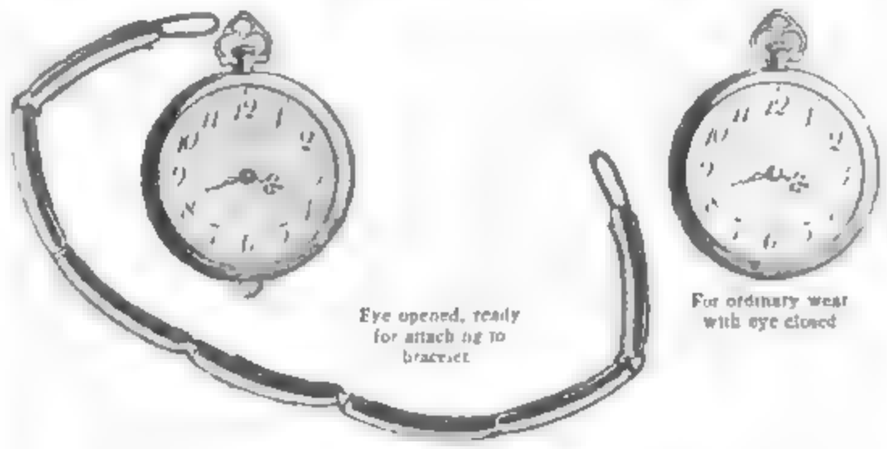

Eye opened, ready for attaching to bracelet

For ordinary wear with eye closed

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By a new invention, instead of the old attachment, we employ an eye which is made to disappear in the case so that the watch appears to be a regular model. This feature is very clever mechanically and adds interest to the possession of the watch.

Probably we need not say that the watch movements accompanying this novelty will be of regular Waltham excellence. And there are sufficient variations in size and grades to accommodate different requirements.

A watch like this will be very interesting to own and its individual character makes it a desirable and memorable gift. It can be had at the better class of jewelry stores.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA., PENNA.

keep you in court ten years. Be reasonable and accept five thousand each. Answer.

"INDUSTRIAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY,
"Assignees Hall & Calthorpe."

When Jud Bunker read that cablegram he laughed heartily.

"Didn't I tell you how it would be, Hoodlum? We can't afford to go to law with anybody - much less a bank—for two reasons: First, we're wanted for poaching and we couldn't come into the United States District Court with clean hands; and if we did we'd probably be arrested on some sort of a charge. Even if they couldn't prove anything, they know we're guilty, and they'd keep us in jail a year for the good of our souls before they tried us and turned us loose. That's why we're in Vladivostok instead of Juneau. In the second place, Hoodlum, we haven't any money to fight with—and, as this banker says, he could appeal the case to the next highest court and keep us in suspense until we'd be too old to enjoy the money.

"The reply to this cablegram is going to clean us for fair; and if we don't win we'll be left stranded in Vladivostok. But I think we'll win, Hoodlum. If we don't we'll jolt that bank so hard it'll wish we had won. Hoodlum, lad, I'm going ashore to fire a broadside. Meantime you crawl down through the starboard bunker and open that deadlight again. I've poached too long to be swindled out of my rights by a damned pirate. Huh! He'll threaten me, will he?"

Two hours later the president of the Industrial Bank & Trust Company called up Hall & Calthorpe and asked for Hall.

"Hall," he said, "listen while I read you a cablegram just received from that man Bunker."

"Oh, by the way," Hall interrupted, "did you see this morning's papers? They've identified Bunker as Captain Jud Bunker, of the famous poaching schooner Athenia. The revenue cutter Sea Fox returned for the winter yesterday, and her commander reports having chased the Athenia on August thirtieth and damaged her seriously. It is the general belief that she sank and that Bunker and one of his men, escaping in a small boat, were driven by a gale down to where they found the Maid. I've heard a lot of gossip along the water front about this same Bunker. They say he's the flower of the flock for deviltry."

"I can well believe it, Hall. Listen to this!" And the banker read:

"Vessel leaking again. Of course we could stop it if we cared to. Tried that once and it was not worth while. Our figure for salving vessel is two hundred thousand dollars, payable in advance. Greatly fear damage to cargo this time. Unlike yourself am too polite to threaten, but get there just the same. You're a bigger thief than I am, Gunga Din. JUD AND TIM."

Hall laughed the big, mellow laugh of a clean-hearted, honest man.

"By Neptune," he replied, "I think he's right at that! You're licked, you damn fool banker—you're licked! Can't you realize that without ringing me up?"

"Why—why, the infernal scoundrel says, in effect, that he'll scuttle the ship if his terms aren't met! I say him—because I dare say the scheme is Bunker's. Why, he wouldn't dare to scuttle a ship in port!"

"Not if he could be caught at it; but who is going to catch him at it? And if the ship sinks who is going to prove he scuttled her? She had a leak once and I couldn't find it; and I'll bet I know my way through that ship better than any disinterested Russian official you may cable to board the ship and find the leak. That's what you're figuring on doing, is it not?"

"Well, yes. I've got to do something to block this fellow."

"Don't do it! Men like Jud Bunker never pull a gun unless they know it's loaded. He'll have fifteen hundred tons of water in that engine room by the time your cable reaches the Russian authorities or the American consul, and before they can find the leak the Maid of Avon will be sunk in fifteen or twenty fathoms. The proposition is a simple one: You pay that salvage claim or we'll lose the ship."

"I won't be held up, Hall! I don't think he'll sink her. He'll fill her with water, perhaps, so that he can sink her at a moment's notice; but he'll keep her afloat until he gets a counter offer. I tell you he dare not sink her! We could extradite the scoundrel!"

"You couldn't. And I tell you he'll sink her if he doesn't get his price. I'm sailor enough, despite Calthorpe's opinion of me, to realize something of the battle those two men fought to save her. They've been through hell, and my hat is off to them. Why, if I were in Jud Bunker's boots I'd sink her myself—if only to show my contempt for a man that would offer me five thousand dollars for risking my life to save property worth five hundred thousand!

"You can't bluff Bunker. He's the fellow who was chased by the revenue cutter Alaska in the summer of 1902. When he saw he was likely to be overhauled he paid out a couple of hundred fathoms of hemp hawser astern, and then altered his course and zigzagged until he had the line floating right in the cutter's course. She steamed into the bight of it, snarled it up in her screws and lay there helpless, while Jud Bunker hove the Athenia to just out of range of the cutter's guns and kidded her commander to death in the international code."

"I'm going to call his bluff, Hall. I tell you he hasn't got the nerve to scuttle her. Remember, I've offered them each five thousand; and five-thousand-dollar bits do not grow on trees."

"You damned idiot!" Hall screamed. "You can't afford to take a chance. Cable two hundred thousand dollars immediately to the credit of Bunker and Kilbannon with your Vladivostok correspondent. If you refuse, say so now, and give us a reassignment of the Maid and her cargo, and I'll cable him to wait until I can get out there—or we'll give them a two-hundred-thousand-dollar mortgage on the steamer."

"The bank's interests are paramount——"

"I'm not asking you to favor me!" Hall shouted. "I'm ordering you, you infernal fool, to take care of that man Bunker or give me a free hand to do so; and if you refuse both you'll bankrupt me and I'll kill you! You want to fight this man so your bank can get into the clear, because we'll still owe you some money if you meet his terms. I tell you, if we get the Maid back we'll have our heads above water in a year; and if we can wait, so can the bank.

"Look here, now! You have two desperate men to deal with—Jud Bunker is one and I'm the other. If that boat sinks you've sunk her, because you have the ready money to save her and Hall & Calthorpe haven't. If you sacrifice me to your fool prejudices and greed, I'll make hell look like a summer holiday to you, my bucko! Damn you! Cable that money! If you don't I'll go up there and wipe the decks with you."

It was Hall the sea captain talking now; but the banker did not realize this. He merely thought Hall's troubles had unbalanced him; so he hung up and sat for a long time thinking the matter over. Finally he cabled the money; and, in due course, Jud Bunker cabled back:

"Vessel dry again. Will guard her until arrival Hall."

And guard her they did. Hall was positively ill when The Hoodlum informed him he had run from an open deadlight; and to this day he has kept the secret to himself. He knows he can never by any possibility explain to Calthorpe that the coal had been stowed flush with the deck just forward and aft of the deadlight, with an empty space between to receive the water as it poured in where nobody could see it or know where to look for it. And, of course, they left the vessel on the lee side; whereas it was a weather-side deadlight that was open.

As for Jud Bunker and The Hoodlum, they purchased, at a ridiculous figure, a little poaching schooner that had been confiscated the summer before and was lying at Vladivostok, waiting to be sold. In this schooner they sailed away to Umnak, with their Aleuts—and out of this story.

For the sake of whatever moral may be attached to a shrapnel, however, we might as well state that it cured both of poaching. At any rate, the last heard of them they were running a ship-chandlery shop in Yokohama.

It's Red Rubber that makes Empire Tires wear longer

Some tires hardly give you time to feel well acquainted with them before—"bing!"—off they go to the promised land, tearing a hole in your wallet big enough to drive a car through.

But there's a way to beat this tire game—to make every tire earn its board and keep. Equip your car with Empire RED Tires. They have the bounce and stamina of tough, springy, new rubber —*and they keep it.*

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If, by any chance, an Empire RED Tire happens to upset these calculations, or if you ever feel that you have another inch of mileage coming to you, we'll make good in a hurry to your complete satisfaction.

Did you ever hear a fairer proposition? Can you make a stronger one yourself? If so, go ahead, and we'll back Empire RED Tires to gallop home in the money. Fix that RED color firmly in your mind, then see your dealer and play the Empire RED to win.

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MECCA CIGARETTES

Special Cable to the N. Y. Times; London, March 6.

The Daily Mail quotes the Hamburger Nachrichten as saying that when the Kaiser was on the western front he dropped his handkerchief and an infantryman picked it up. The Kaiser gave him some cigarettes and the man said: "Thank you, your Majesty." Thereupon the Kaiser said: "Oh, you need not call me your Majesty. Here you can simply address me as comrade."

Another infantryman in the neighborhood heard this and promptly called: "Comrade Wilhelm, suppose you give me some, too?" The Kaiser laughed and handed over the rest of his cigarettes.

A good cigarette makes all men comrades. The *largest selling brand* of cigarettes in America today is MECCA—and the sole reason is *Quality*. This wonderful Turkish Blend of the world's choicest tobaccos gives daily, year-'round "Perfect Satisfaction" to a great, peaceful army of millions of American smokers. Have *you* ever tried MECCA?

In the handy slide box 10 for **5c** In the oval foil package 20 for **10c**

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

BALM FOR LOVERS

(Continued from Page 7)

"Button's nothing. Look at the side pockets in this skirt!"

"Pockets! What on earth are the pockets there for?"

"To keep my hands warm. Savvy?"

But just as she was giving a spirited imitation of a little Dutch boy a bell rang, and the imitation broke up in sudden confusion.

"Who is it?" cried Agnes. "Where's my skirt? Where's my petticoat? Hurry! We must change!"

"It's only the expressmen," reported Margaret, peeping through the window. "They're bringing the phonograph."

Three months passed, during which time the two sisters led an existence that, by comparison, reduced the experiences of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde to flubby insignificance.

Inside their own home the Misses Perkins were dashing and daring, fond of a frolic, snappy of speech, and devoted to dress and the dance; but never yet had they found the courage to show these things outside. So far as Clarksville knew, they were still the same meek, shy, unassuming girls as ever—and certainly they were quite as destitute of suitors as they had ever been.

"Agnes," said Margaret on the day before Thanksgiving, "we're a couple of quitters -seize it from me!"

"I know it, Margaret; but if I met the sky pilot in this rakish rig he'd throw himself into a swoon!"

They beamed at each other like two bad boys when the teacher finds the hoptoads in his desk.

"We've simply got to make up our minds to start something, though," said Margaret. "And that goes! See?"

"Yes," said Agnes in a very faint voice.

"That new dance record came this morning—the one Aunt Sophy picked out—and Cousin Jane has sent another chafing-dish recipe. That's the third she's sent this week. To-day, sister mine, we're going to round up a few of the nicest fellows we know, and to-night there's going to be a war dance and big eats in this tepee—take it from Little Papoose!"

"But, Margaret ——"

"Nothing doing! We've been but-Margareting all the month and getting nothing for it. 'Tain't profitable. Now! Agnes Perkins! Are we ever going out in our new clothes? Or aren't we?"

"Of course we are."

"All right. Now I am going out to-day! Are you going with me or are your feet too cold?"

"Of course I'm going out with you; but ——"

"It's a promise, then?"

"Y-yes. But Margaret, look! It's going to snow."

"Heh? You think Little Maggie's afraid of the beautiful snow? Not on your diagram—diaphragm, I mean! And, when I come to a slippery place on the sidewalk, do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to slide, and sli-i-ide, and sli-ide!"

"Margaret! You'll fall!"

"And if I do, do you think I'll care? Like fun! I'll wave my tootsies in the air ——"

"Margaret Perkins!"

"I will! I will! I'll wave 'em round and shout 'Hurray! Look here, people! Look!' There!" And, quoting from the classics, she triumphantly concluded: "That's the kind of a little girl I be!"

At ten o'clock, however, Margaret was trying out her new chafing-dish recipe.

"We'll wait till noon," said Agnes.

But at noon Agnes was busy with the pumpkin pies.

"We'll wait till two," said Margaret.

At two o'clock Margaret was shampooing her hair.

"We'll wait till four," said Agnes.

Four o'clock found the Misses Perkins studying the engrossing steps of the Tabasco Tangerine.

"We'll wait till dark," said Agnes. But at eight o'clock poor Agnes found her courage failing fast. "These skirts," she sighed, "are like—like ——"

"Like tights," said Margaret.

"Tights, I believe, have two legs," said Agnes, shuddering a little at the first word and the last; "but these have only one."

Margaret peeped through the window.

"There's no one round and it's snowing again," she reported. "Come on! We'll run round the corner and come right back."

Compromising thus with their heroic intentions of the morning they opened the front door and went down the steps. It had been freezing all the afternoon; the sidewalk sloped sharply down to the corner.

"Now for that slide!" cried Margaret.

She seized her sister's hand willy-nilly, and, running a few steps down the hill, they braced themselves for the slide. At the same moment two masculine forms turned the corner and started up the slippery incline.

How hastily history happens! In less time than it takes to tell it two screams arose, to a barytone accompaniment; and almost simultaneously four human beings closed and clashed and cluttered up the snow. Presently three of them rose, with varying degrees of grace; but one of the men stayed down.

"'S'matter, Bill?" asked his companion.

"Broke a leg, I guess," groaned Bill.

Agnes turned pale and panted a little. It was she who had slid into Bill.

They got the injured man into the house, and after Agnes had telephoned to Doctor Case she returned to the living room. Bill was floating on a couch in a sea of cushions. He was a mustached young rascal, with blue-gray eyes; and after he had introduced himself as William Hanley, of New York City, he introduced his friend as Charles Hooper, of the same well-known place. Mr. Hooper was thin-waisted, dark and serious; and the only time when he wasn't gazing at the vivacious blond beauty of Margaret was once when he frowned at the mustached features of Bill.

"And by Jove!—if you haven't got a talking machine!" Bill chattered on. "You know, this leg of mine feels better every minute—guess it's only sprained after all. Don't suppose you've got the record of the Tabasco Tangerine; have you?"

"Got it this morning," smiled Agnes. "Would you like to hear it?"

"Do me more good than an operation," said Bill. He nudged Mr. Hooper with an elbow like a battering ram, and surreptitiously whispered: "It's them!"

Agnes went to the machine, which was partly draped by the invalid's overcoat. She picked this up to move it and a batch of letters fell from one of the pockets to the floor.

His injury forgotten, Bill sprang like a young, mustachioed chamois and picked them up before Agnes had a chance to see the writing on the envelopes. Perhaps it was just as well that he showed such speed, because otherwise Fate would here write Finis to this story; for each letter was addressed in a familiar hand and each one bore that familiar address: "Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane, % New York Evening Star, New York."

Whereupon I will let you into the full secret, with all its rich significance. The two gentlemen whom we have just met ran the magazine page of the New York Evening Star.

Bill was Aunt Sophonisba.

Mr. Hooper was Cousin Jane.

By nine o'clock they had mastered the Tabasco Tangerine; and though Bill limped a little now and then, this only added to the realistic nature of his dips. At ten Margaret withdrew to prepare the ingredients of that new chafing-dish recipe. Mr. Hooper went with her—to cut the cheese.

"I wonder what time the last trolley leaves for Middletown," he said, after he had cut up the cheese for a time in a sort of eloquent silence.

"At half past twelve, I think."

"Good! I was afraid it might go earlier."

"Why?" asked Margaret, with the over-wide eyes of innocence. Then, hastily changing the question: "Do you live there?"

"No; but Bill's folks do. We came up to spend Thanksgiving and to—to have a look round and see the country."

"Do you like the country?"

"Oh, beautiful!" said Mr. Hooper, with unexpected fervor. For some unaccountable reason, Margaret blushed.

"Middletown is a pretty place," she said.

"Clarksville's got it beat!" To which I should add, as the schoolmen have it: "Sic!"

"Have you ever been here before?"

"Not until to-night."

"Then how do you know it beats Middletown?"

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Does that sound like a pretty strong statement? Let us prove it.

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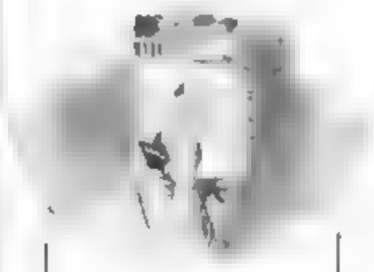

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"I know!" He spoke like one in possession of a pleasant secret, who would reveal it if properly pressed.

"Tell me!" pleaded Margaret.

"May I whisper it?"

She bent her ear, with a charming tilt of her head. Mr. Hooper whispered it.

It was a pretty little ear, designed by Nature for the reception of such sweet things; and, though it promptly drew away as if in alarm, one might almost say—if an ear had lips—that this pretty little ear seemed to smack its lips and then return for more!

In the other room Bill—that mustached young *maître de danse*—was showing Agnes a new step. He took his position, with his arm lightly placed round her, and then—perhaps naturally enough—he forgot. And while he was thus standing, blissfully, patiently waiting for inspiration, Agnes laughed and tried to step back.

"Wait!" he said. "It may strike me any minute."

"Please!" And then, suddenly changing her note: "Listen! There's a car stopping outside."

"What of it?"

"It's the doctor."

"What doctor?"

"Doctor Case—come to set your leg."

This seemed to tickle William's risibilities most exquisitely.

"Is it Dr. Lawson Case?" he asked. "Fine fat old fellow? Always smoking a cigar?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Rather! I was born in Middletown—and the doctor was among those present."

Agnes ran to the door, and presently a noise was heard in the hall like an asthmatic old whale climbing aboard the captain's dory. This was the good physician shedding his overcoat.

"Well!" he cried, striding in and checking himself with a start that rocked the house. "If it isn't Bill! Come back to run the stove business, Bill?"

"Maybe. How are you?"

"Fine! Thought you were in New York."

"Came up to spend Thanksgiving with the folks."

"Still on the Evening Star?"

You could have heard a feather drop in a pound of melted butter. And when the doctor—having thus tipped the fat into the fire—finally floundered out, with that elephantine grace for which he was famous, Agnes settled herself on the piano bench and looked at Bill.

You know the way a searchlight bores holes through the darkness? Well, that's how Agnes looked at Bill.

"I didn't know," she said, "that you were a newspaper man."

"No?" he said. "Well, it's an awful life."

She ran up the scale—oh, ever so nonchalantly!—and then ran down again.

"What paper did the doctor say you were with?"

Bill thought to himself: "It's coming!" And, gulping a little, he answered:

"The Evening Star."

Agnes was very busy with the minor chords, but still she kept her searchlights playing on Bill.

"I've been reading the Star lately," she said. "Tell me—do you know the man who writes the dramatic reviews?"

"Hanson Weeks? Oh yes, very well! Splendid fellow!"

"And then there's somebody who signs his name to the music criticisms ——"

"Bob Dailey. Bob's a corker, I assure you!"

She extemporized among the twiddley bits and carelessly—oh, so carelessly!—continued:

"Then there's another department. The funniest thing! Let me see—what's it called? Balm for—something or other."

"Balm for Lovers?"

"That's it—conducted by two ladies. Aunt—what's her name?"

"Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane."

"They're the ones—yes! Do you—do you happen to know them too?" And the twiddley bits nearly fainted away, so faint had they become.

"Well—I did know them," said Bill; "but they—left the paper this morning."

"For good?"

"Yes; for good."

"Do you know where they went?"

"To the country, I think; but just before they went I heard 'em say they were never coming back."

Agnes slammed a big bass chord with a fortissimo that may have been relief, and then she played The Maiden's Prayer with a lively dance movement appropriate to the feelings of one whose skeleton has just been taken from the closet and buried somewhere fifteen fathoms deep. Messrs. Hanley and Hooper missed the last trolley home; but it was only five miles to Middletown, and that night either of them could have walked fifty miles and still have reached his destination treading on air.

"But if they ever find out that we're Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane," said Mr. Hooper, "it's all off, Bill. They aren't that kind. They simply couldn't stand for it if they thought we had seen those letters."

"Oh, I fixed that all right," said Bill with a superior air; and he told what he had done.

"It's time we dropped that department anyhow," commented Mr. Hooper with approval. "We'll start another: Advice to Newlyweds."

And on they walked, each man throwing out his chest before him in the darkness as a buffer against Fate, and spurning the ground behind him with imperious feet.

That was in November. In the following June the Misses Perkins were sitting in the same room where we first saw them. One was writing—or trying to write. The other was reading—or trying to read.

"Margaret," said Agnes, shaking the ink from her pen, "I can't write any more—I'm too excited. We've had twenty-eight more presents come this morning, and you'll have to write the rest of the addresses on the cake boxes. There'll be no time to-morrow."

"I was just thinking ——" said Margaret, taking her place at the desk.

"Break it gently, honey."

"——I was just thinking how sorry I was that Aunt Sophonisba and Cousin Jane won't be there to see us married."

"Yes; I thought the very same thing when we were sending the invitations."

"Because, you know, Agnes, if it hadn't been for them we shouldn't have had the phonograph or the chafing dish; and we couldn't have danced or sung, or played *Hasenpfeffer*, or anything, that night when Billy nearly broke his leg. And if we hadn't been able to entertain them they would have gone away—and that would have been the end of them!"

"Yes; I'd just love to see them—and give them a good hug and a kiss!"

"But we never shall, I'm afraid."

"No; we never shall, dear. I wonder whether they still read the Evening Star, wherever they are."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised. Why?"

"I was thinking we might put a personal in the Star to-morrow—so they would see it—and understand."

From the Middletown Journal of June fifth:

"DOUBLE WEDDING

"A double wedding was celebrated yesterday noon in St. John's Church, at Clarksville. The brides were the Misses Perkins, daughters of the late Judge Perkins. The bridegrooms were William J. Hanley, Jr., son of one of our leading citizens, and Charles H. Hooper, of New York.

"The happy couples left for New York in time to catch the steamer for the Panama Canal and San Francisco. After an extended tour in the West, including a visit to Yellowstone Park, they will return to Middletown, where Mr. Hanley will assume the management of the Hanley Stove Works. Mr. Hooper will be associated with him as sales manager."

And from the New York Evening Star of the same date:

"PERSONAL

"To Aunt S. and Cousin J. Sorry we cannot meet you on this day of perfect happiness. Followed your advice. Best love and many thanks from A. and M. P."

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As a taxpayer you furnished good money to put that material into the road, and if it doesn't stay there it means that the road is too weak to withstand modern traffic, and will soon have to be replaced—*also at your expense.*

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The use of Tarvia binds the road materials closely together, forming a sort of plastic concrete that is not torn loose by traffic.

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JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 14.

another in the most vituperative manner. They seek every personal advantage—commercial, political and social. They are eager to exalt themselves one above the other. They are at times concerned in governmental and financial scandals. But these are among themselves. Let a foreigner appear, and they instantly conceal all differences and exalt Japan.

Nationally it is the same way, but on a larger scale. Conscious of whatever deficiencies there may be, proud of what they have done, sure that their progress in the past presages even greater progress in the future, they turn the smiling face to all the world and seek to impress with the presentation and recital of their exterior excellences, while concealing whatever weaknesses there may be. Japan holds herself to be one of the great Powers. Nobody disputes this seriously; but Japan, supersensitive unless some nation may and suspicious lest some nation shall not take Japan at her own estimate of herself, constantly strives to make a tremendous impression, to show herself as great now as she hopes to be one day in the future. Japan reminds one of nothing so much as a family of good standing, good income, undeniable reputation, that lives in a fine house on a fashionable street surrounded by families with greater incomes that live in finer houses, and strives, by every means within reach, to keep up the appearance of equality in all things with bigger and richer neighbors.

Japan does very few things nationally that are not considered from the viewpoint of the impression that will be made on the outside world. She is ambitious, the climber among nations, and her skill at it all is marvelous. When a distinguished Englishman, or a distinguished American, or a distinguished Frenchman, or a distinguished personage of any other nationality comes to Japan, he is given small opportunity to see Japan with his own eyes. He sees Japan through the eyes of the Japanese. He sees what the Japanese want him to see, and he is shown about so politely, with such an excess of generous hospitality, with so great kindliness and courtesy, that he leaves in a happy haze of pleasant impressions and ever afterward sings the joys and beauties and wonders of the country.

How Japan Came to the Front

I am not setting these things down in any spirit of criticism. I am using these facts in order that the people of the United States may understand the attitude and manner of thought of the Japanese people, in order that their quality of patriotism may be appreciated, and in order that their sense of nationality may be taken at its full worth in relation to our own attitude toward Japan. No person who has made even a superficial study of the Japanese can fail to admire their quick intelligence, their great valor, their high devotion to their ideals, their kindliness and courtesy, their ambition, their progressiveness, their culture, their powers of assimilation, their adaptability, their tenacity of national pride, their undimmed certainty of their great future. These are as patent as they are worthy of praise. Likewise the other characteristics I have detailed explain many things.

Japan being reborn, so far as our Western view goes, as the result of the visits of Commodore Perry in 1853 and 1854, and the following events that led up to the Restoration and the elimination of the shogunate, took a place as a Power by virtue of her bulk of population, if for no other reason. After a development along many lines, and principally along lines of offense and defense, through the building of an army and a navy under direction of foreign experts, Japan fought and won the war with China, did a great part in suppressing the Boxer rebellion in China in 1900, and fought and won the war with Russia five years later. This world-politic development came after the Daimios abdicated and gave their estates to the nation in 1871, less than a generation ago. The result was that Japan, although Oriental because of her geographical position, and with a high and completely prevalent sentiment of nationality, became, to all intents and purposes Occidental in methods and in governmental and commercial aims. Japan had not changed her place or her spirit, but in material things Japan had progressed.

The war with Russia fixed her status, not only from the outside view but from the interior view. Japan claimed boldly to be a great Power, and was admitted to be a great Power by the congress of nations. This added to Japan's sense of self-importance, and added to the sensitiveness concerning anything that might seem, in the eyes of the outside world wherein Japan was so sturdily asserting her position and maintaining that position also, either to detract from the world's estimation of Japan or to make Japan seem in any way inferior to the peoples of any other country whatsoever. Japan was assertive and serious. She was jealous of her newly acquired prerogative, and refused to countenance any action on the part of any other nation that in her opinion seemed to detract from either her dignity or her position. She would not subscribe to any doctrine or any action that in any sense imputed inferiority, either as a race or as a nation.

Meantime, the success of Japan in the war with Russia had led to the expression of certain fears in the United States of a continuance of a war policy by Japan with the United States as its objective point. These fears may have been real in some few honest instances. Mostly they were based on politics, and on desires by those who gave view to them for larger appropriations for our army and our navy.

Effect of the Alien Land Law

Whatever their causes or inspirations, they grew to have some currency and were shrewdly fostered by certain agitators. Japan had no part in the expression of those views, save as they were echoed by Japanese agitators and journalists who sought sensation. Japan wanted no more war. Japan wanted peace, and a chance to pay off the enormous debt incurred by the war with Russia, and the development of what was secured thereby. And Japan's course in making peace after that war proved what I have set forth—that her main object at the time was to make a good world impression rather than any immediate gain for herself.

Then the California agitations began. These were specifically directed against the Japanese in California, and culminated in the Alien Land Law of 1913, passed by the legislature of that state. A "gentleman's agreement" had been entered into in 1907 regarding emigration and, as the Japanese claim with truth, had been lived up to absolutely by them. This agreement was not held in high regard by the Japanese, but it was accepted, however much it displeased them and offended their sense of equality. The talk of the Yellow Peril grew greater in volume in the United States, and the agitation there found its response in Japan. The result was that the proposal of the Alien Land Law in California and its making into law, coming after the repeated attempts to complete such legislation, strained relations between the two countries.

The law was signed by Governor Johnson on May 19, 1913, and in that month, and in the June and July following, the Japanese made formal representations against it, alleging that it violated the treaty between Japan and the United States. There was much agitation against the United States in Japan, and a good deal of ill-considered and inflammatory oratory and writing in the United States directed at Japan. The two countries that had been friends for years were almost at the point of open enmity.

It was at this time that the war talk was most prevalent. There were anti-American meetings in Tokio and in other cities, and the papers screamed against the United States in headlines and in editorial articles. The point of it was that the national pride of Japan was hurt. The fact that a few thousands of Japanese subjects could not own land in the United States wasn't the main issue. The main grievance was that only Japanese people were put under such a ban. It wasn't the theory. It was the discrimination, the singling out of the Japanese for such inhibition. That hit them where they were most vulnerable. They felt that it legally set forth that the Japanese were inferior to other races and not desirable as citizens. That was the assumption, as predicated on the Japanese sense of nationality and Japanese pride

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and Japanese dignity. It was a sore point. Japan's sole national endeavor for years had been to maintain herself on a full footing of equality with all other peoples, to force that consideration into actual belief. Then came a sovereign state in the country of her oldest and warmest friend, and offered her this indignity.

Let me quote Baron Kato, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs in Japan, on this point. I talked with him about the situation one afternoon in March, and he said:

"The entire trouble rests on the discrimination against our people by the state of California. You can readily understand that we could have and would have no valid objection against such a law if it applied to all alien peoples. But when it applies specifically, as it does in spirit, and when it was framed, as we know and you know, with the direct object of depriving our people of the right to hold land, that ceases to be a general piece of legislation and becomes a specific and discriminatory law, and as such we protest against it.

"The government understands, of course, the claim that the United States makes that the central government of the United States has no power to interfere with the actions of individual states in matters of this kind, and knows that such provision for autonomy is made in your Constitution. However, we are not to be blamed if we, in the circumstances and in these days, consider your Constitution inadequate to your needs, and we wonder at your easy compliance with so many of its unsuitable provisions when your present necessities of government are concerned.

"It is quite true that there was friction and irritation between my government and yours on this matter. We considered then, and consider now, that we had and have just cause for complaint. Moreover, there were numerous echoes here of the agitation raised and fomented in your country. It was not the question of a few thousand immigrants, or a few tens of thousands of them. It went deeper than that. And we fully understood the objection that might be raised to some of the tendencies of our people. For example, we can fully agree with the Californians when they protest against segregations of Japanese in small and virtually Japanese communities in their state. We do not wonder they did not like that. We Japanese would not care to have seven or eight hundred Americans, for example, come here and set up and maintain a community of their own among our people."

Baron Kato's Explanation

"What we did object to was the discrimination. If it was not good for the public weal of California to allow these things, so far as Japanese immigrants were concerned, why should other immigrants be allowed to do them? It implied an assumption of inferiority in our people repugnant to our patriotism and to our knowledge, and not at all in accordance with the facts. Our people did not understand.

"We remembered that some years ago when an Englishman, Richardson by name, crossed in front of a procession of a Daimio and was killed for this violation of our laws and customs, at that time Great Britain sent warships here; and in 1863 your country, in company with some others, bombarded Shimonoseki and collected indemnity, which your country gave back, of course, but to which your country never was entitled. These manifestations were directed against certain integral parts of our government. Why, then, a Japanese is likely to argue, cannot Japan bombard San Francisco, for example, inasmuch as an integral part of your country has offended us? Of course we know that anything like that is absurd, but I merely cite the idea to show the basis for our lack of popular understanding of your view of the functions of a central government as demonstrated in these cases.

"There was misunderstanding. As a whole, our people did not know and could not comprehend why our great and traditional friend, the American nation, should allow one part of its country to do this thing, to discriminate in this repugnant manner against us. Still, aside from the agitators and the echoes of agitation in your country that arose here, all war talk was foolish. We had no idea of going to war with you, nor you with us. The Japanese Government is living strictly up to the letter of its agreement as to immigration, and we have every confidence that your people will see to it that these discriminations are done away with.

"At the same time, when our relations are to be considered you must not overlook the fact that the agitation in your country is not yet suppressed. As I understand it, there is a bill introduced in the present California legislature forbidding the disposition by will of property in that state owned by Japanese. This bill has been introduced, but we hear its prospects are unfavorable. Also in other legislatures, notably in Idaho and Montana, there have been bills introduced containing similar discriminatory features against our people. We hope these bills will not be passed and become laws.

"So far as agitation is concerned, we are of the opinion here that your navy has, to some extent, been built up by agitation of a possible war with Japan, thus putting us in a false position in your country. We feel that we have been used unjustly in this regard and in others, for we have no desire for war with the United States. What we want from the United States is trade and friendship, and we Japanese are peculiarly susceptible to friendship and kindliness. We are not a belligerent people. This is not a bellicose nation.

"We want to attain means for commercial expansion, to afford our people better opportunities for trade, and that is what the end and aim of our nation is—that and the education and the betterment of our population."

Japan More Hurt Than Angry

"As a proof that we are still your friends, witness our exhibition at your Panama Exposition. There was some protest in Japan over making this exhibition from Japan. It was held that the United States had without cause affronted us and discriminated against us in a manner most disagreeable to our national spirit. But we took the broad view that it is a national exposition and not a sectional one, and that the American people as a whole are our friends. So we did the best we could, and spent our money freely in making our display. You are a good customer of ours, as well as our traditional friend, and we took that view in the hope and the expectation that these affronts will no longer continue, and that time will find a remedy for what has already been done. But so far as war is concerned, war between my country and your country, that has never up to this time been nearer realization in Japan than the talk of the agitators and the screams of the sensational press. I admit we felt coldly toward you, but we did not feel warlike toward you. We were hurt because an old friend had treated us in this unfriendly and unreasoning manner."

Baron Kato put his finger on the realest of all real reasons why Japan desires no war with the United States, when he said the United States is a good customer of Japan. The United States is a good customer of Japan; in fact, the United States is Japan's best customer. Japan buys largely of us, also, but the balance of trade is many millions of yen in favor of Japan. We buy most of her raw silk—practically all of it now that France is out of the market; nearly all of her tea, and a great quantity of her other productions. In turn Japan buys cotton and other goods from us; but as things now stand, if the United States were eliminated as a customer of Japan, Japan would be ruined or so hard hit as to be practically ruined. Japan wants trade with us, not war with us. China is Japan's next best customer, but China buys far less than we do. And people seriously think—or say they do—that this nation of keen traders, where money is so much needed, will go to war with that sort of customer over anything less than a national dishonor!

The Japanese resent their treatment in California because of their intense nationality, their supersensitiveness, and their great endeavor to hold a foremost place with smaller substance than some of their neighbors, and they will be cold toward us. But they will not sacrifice that customer over any grievance that their better sense tells them is no national affront, and that may be composed by time. Again, this country of approximately sixty million people has a national debt greater than that of the United States. I have not the figures in detail, but as I remember them

(Continued on Page 61)

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Dann Insert will help your car to deliver maximum efficiency. Smothers shocks—reduces vibration, safeguards the mechanism, helps your car make good on its warranty, and makes users enthusiastic.

—And now comes the inter-leaf shock absorber

Road shocks are broken up into mere ripples—all roads seem smooth as boulevards—tire bills become less—upkeep is reduced—depreciation is retarded—springs never rust or squeak—when you use Dann Insert.

Supplied ready packed for every make of car

Dann Insert is packed in boxes, ready for immediate installation on ***any* car.** Full instructions in each box. Your local garage man or repair man can easily equip your car with Dann Insert. Do it yourself, if you are handy around the car.

DANN INSERT

"The Inter-Leaf Shock Absorber"

Invented to give permanent lubrication,
Dann Insert proved the real shock absorber

Here's the principle

Dann Insert is a thin, perforated strip of non-shock-conducting metal, inserted between the spring leaves from tip to tip. The perforations are packed with a specially prepared graphite, which can't escape and lasts indefinitely. Lubrication is thorough and continuous. Springs can't dry out, squeak or rust.

But perfect lubrication is only a *small part* of what Dann Insert gives. The soft metal strips of Dann Insert between the highly tempered leaves of the spring deaden the shocks—break them up—render them *harmless*.

Effective entire length and breadth of spring, not at a couple of points

Here's a shock absorber that's used on *all the springs*, putting a shock and vibration dampener in direct contact with every square inch of bearing surface—a shock absorber that positively does not retard natural spring action—a shock absorber that becomes an actual co-operating part of the springs, strengthening and supporting them, and increasing their sensitiveness and flexibility.

Dann Insert saves its cost many times over

Springs last longer—tires wear longer—upkeep decreases—depreciation is retarded

It's the constant jar, jar, jar—the car-killing vibration—that slowly but surely picks your car to pieces, and cuts down the life of your tires. Dann Insert relieves your tires of the big stresses—takes the punch out of the road shocks—breaks them up—renders them harmless. Dann Insert quickly pays for itself in reducing upkeep—saves its cost in spring replacements—saves it in postponement of repairs—saves it in the prolonged life of your car—and its greater second-hand value. Dann Insert is standard equipment with Winton cars and has been adopted by the Tuthill Spring Company.

Insist upon Dann Insert in the car you buy new

Send coupon today for booklet

Without Dann Insert, every bump in the road will bring discomfort—and vibration will immediately start the slow but sure process of "junking your car." With Dann Insert, your car will ride smooth as a boat on all roads—with low tire and upkeep expense—and stay like new for a long time. Send the coupon, get the booklet. It tells how shocks are *really* absorbed by Dann Insert.

Put Dann Insert on your present car

Send the coupon for price

No matter what car you own, you can buy Dann Insert ready boxed for the very model you drive—full instructions for installation in each box. Any garage can do it. Do it yourself, if you're handy 'round the car. Many accessory dealers handle Dann Insert. If yours doesn't, write us. We will see you are supplied. Fill out the coupon, find out what Dann Insert will cost you for your car—get the whole story.

Get this book **"The Story of the Inter-Leaf Shock Absorber."** If you own—or intend to own a car—get this book—it gives the "real dope" on the shock absorber question. It's worth while and free for the asking. Write your name on the coupon—tear it off—slip into an envelope—and mail today

Dann Spring Insert Co.,
2275 Indiana Avenue, Chicago

Send me your booklet The Story of the Inter-Leaf Shock Absorber.

Tell me how much Dann Insert will cost me for the springs in my car.

My car is

NAME

Name

Street Address

Post Office

State

Accessory Dealer

DANN SPRING INSERT COMPANY, 2275 Indiana Ave., Chicago

Dann Oil Cushion Springs are the highest development in spring building—ask for particulars

Styleplus Clothes

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The men of this nation demand *style* in their clothes—and they are getting it in Styleplus.

The men of this nation demand style in their clothes *at a reasonable price*—and they are getting it in Styleplus.

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"The same price the world over."

In Styleplus, style is the outward expression of inner merit—the merit of fine all-wool fabrics, correct design, perfect fit, guaranteed wear. Men buy Styleplus Clothes $17 because they *wear* as well as they *look*.

Unique scientific methods of manufacture and specialization on the one suit enable us to offer you such a generous measure of style and wear for $3 to $8 less than you have been accustomed to pay.

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Write for our book: "Style for $17."

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Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

Trade Mark

This is the portrait of Mr. Henry Sonneborn, the founder of this organization.

Look for this Trade Mark on the coat sleeve. It protects you against substitution.

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Father and Mother can't always buy chocolates and bonbons for the children—they're too expensive. But any boy or girl with a craving for sweets can eat and enjoy

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Transparent Paper Wrapper

any time. Five cents buys a big, fresh package containing a pleasing variety of nine good old-fashioned flavors.

The cost is so reasonable that several packages can always be kept in the house.

At druggists' and confectioners' everywhere.

New England Confectionery Company,
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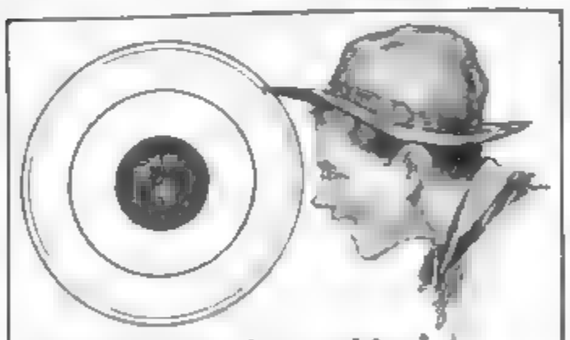

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US .22 Calibre Short Cartridges for BOY SCOUTS

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(Continued from Page 58)

the Japanese national debt, probably increased by the participation in this present war, is about a billion and a quarter dollars, while the national debt of the United States is not much more than a billion dollars. I give these figures as approximations, as authorities are not at hand here in Japan. To go a bit farther: The national wealth of Japan is not more than twenty billion dollars, while our national wealth is practically a hundred and sixty or sixty-five billion dollars, or thereabouts—a few billions one way or another will not matter. And the taxes in Japan run anywhere from twenty to forty per cent, or higher in some cases. Think that over, and think what the taking of the Philippines or an invasion of the United States would mean to Japan in the way of increased expenditure. There is small danger.

Moreover, these agitations have not depended entirely on the resentment of Japan against the action of the state of California, or on other projected discriminations. There have been astute persons at work spreading this gospel, with ulterior motives and with a desire to foment discord between Japan and the United States for the benefit of another nation that had great designs on the Far East. Likewise, manufacturers of arms and armaments, and of various implements of warfare, had something to do with it. Likewise, again, overzealous officials in the army and navy, seeking increased appropriations and more battleships, and more power, had a large share in it.

These same influences have had their successes in Japan. The agitation has not been all governmental, by any means. It has been European in some ways; commercial in some ways; professional in other ways; and political in about every way.

The Japanese took their side of it much more seriously than we took our side of it, and for the reasons I have explained, which are national and racial and inherent. Though the government in Japan was scrupulously polite in all its dealings, there was a lack of cordiality—a coldness—that was distinctly noticeable; and among the people and in the newspapers there was much hostility.

Cordial Relations Resumed

Now, when you come to think that every person in Japan can read—even the coolies who pull the jinrikishas—and that there is a great multiplicity of newspapers, it is easy to discover the reason for popular resentment, especially as some of the newspapers, which I shall show in another article, are yellower than even our yellowest. Naturally this public opinion had its official reflex, albeit there was no official action of any kind other than through the usual diplomatic channels.

This coldness has gradually been dispelled, until now the relations between the two countries are assuming their old cordiality. The Japanese are much encouraged over the lack of further anti-Japanese legislation and look with tolerance on the actions of individuals in introducing offensive bills in various legislatures. They were pleased when the Arizona alien labor law was declared unconstitutional, and applauded President Wilson's veto of the immigration bill as showing that he has set himself against discrimination. They have a high admiration for President Wilson and regard him as their friend.

They have sent various Japanese scholars and speakers and statesmen to the United States to explain the Japanese view—notably Dr. Inazo Nitobé, of the Imperial University, and Dr. J. Soyeda, former president of the Industrial Bank, and others—who have spoken and written in a campaign of education; and they have listened with interest to Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie and Dr. Shailer Mathews, and other Americans who have been here on a similar mission, and have shown them every courtesy.

Doctor Soyeda, in speaking of the friction between the two countries, said:

"Japan, which was once petted like a child by the American people, is now unduly feared and even disliked by some as she grows up; but by the deeper study and better understanding of Japan which was necessitated by the California question the American people will come to know more of her neighbor; and it lies with America to judge who, among all the nations of the world, is her best friend. The governments of the United States and of

Captured by a Seneca

When this Seneca Chief's dancing days are over his squaw will still prize the picture. Bright, happy days with your family at home or in interesting places can be enjoyed years later if you capture them with

Seneca CAMERAS

for Roll Film, Film Packs or Plates

Easy to load, simple to use, light and convenient to handle. Each detail and safeguard is so perfected that every Seneca, from the little Scout at $2.00, is a real picture maker.

The Seneca Folding Scout, a brand new camera for the amateur, made in three sizes selling at $8 to $12, is a departure in the Camera World, a vertical round end, folding camera with splendid capabilities. The Roll Film Senecas offer every refinement up to the most complete equipment any one can desire. Senecas accommodate any standard make of roll film.

Get acquainted with the entire tribe of Seneca Cameras and then order the one that meets your requirements.

Send today for the 1915 Seneca Handbook—Free on Request

It describes all Senecas and Seneca Supplies—tells many interesting things about lenses, shutters, etc. Brim full of new photographic ideas, it is yours for the asking.

Seneca Dealers carry the Camera business [illegible] for Druggists, Jewelers, Stationers, Opticians etc. It will pay any retailer to investigate the Seneca Agency Plan. Write today, get the signed statements of 27 Dealers and see what comprehensive Camera Departments you can install for $50, $75 or $100.

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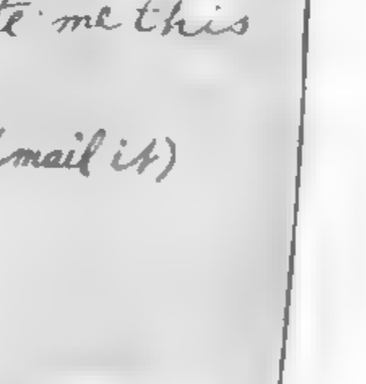

SEND for this BOOK

Men—Will you write me this letter?

(Or just tear this out and mail it)

Jim Henry,
Mennen Chemical Company,
1404 Orange St.,
Newark, N.J.

Dear Jim:

I am sceptical from the word "go". You say Mennen's Shaving Cream will [illegible] anything else, because it is [illegible] tion. You say it has no "free caustic in it," that it is a neutral soap and will make my face feel great. You say it has properties that soften the beard, without "rubbing in", and that with it I can even use a dull razor without unpleasantness. All this is hard for me to believe, for shaving is a [illegible] to me now and if you're there with some real relief, I'm your customer. So I'm willing to give your cream a trial. Enclosed is 10 for which send me a medium-sized tube. Also send me, free, a trial can of your Mennen Talcum for Men, which you say is so desirable for after-shaving, because it's a neutral tint and doesn't show

Yours for a better shave.

Name

Address

City State

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"CHALMERS Lets the Body Breathe"

Durable Summer Underwear that Must Be Cool

The weave of Chalmers "Porosknit" is so open that you can see right through it. (Note the picture.) It lets the air in. It is cool, comfortable, light, flexible, durable. Your satisfaction is guaranteed unconditionally. Ask any leading merchant.

For Men 50c — Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment — For Boys 25c

For Men $1.00 — UNION SUITS Any Style — For Boys 50c

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

Chalmers Knitting Co.
1 Bridge St., Amsterdam, N. Y.
Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weights

CHALMERS TRADE MARK "Porosknit" GUARANTEED
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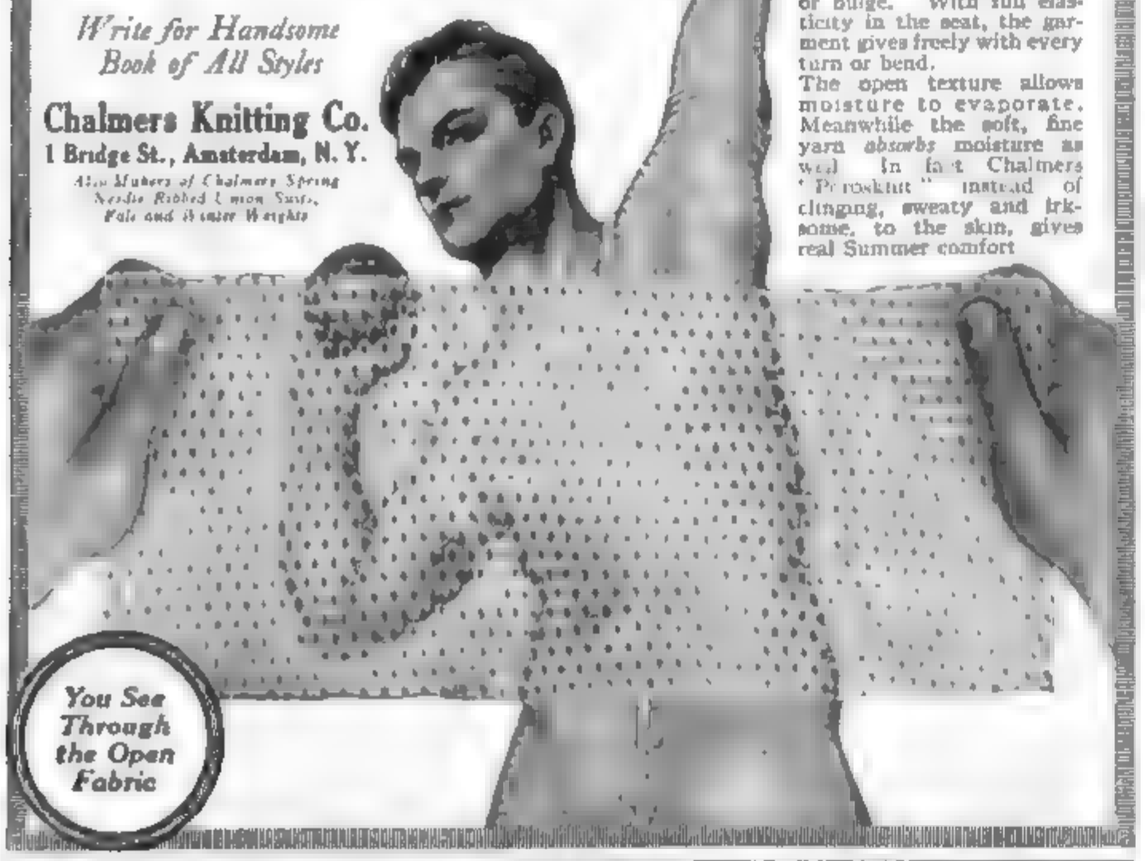
This Label on Every Garment

Buy Some Union Suits for Comfort

With Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits there can be no "short-waisted" feeling—no cutting in the crotch. Their Closed Crotch is comfortable, fits, stays put, cannot gape open or bulge. With full elasticity in the seat, the garment gives freely with every turn or bend.
The open texture allows moisture to evaporate. Meanwhile the soft, fine yarn *absorbs* moisture as well. In fact Chalmers "Porosknit" instead of clinging, sweaty and irksome, to the skin, gives real Summer comfort



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SHARE THE FUN OF CANOEING THIS SUMMER
Don't envy canoeists any longer; you can buy an "Old Town Canoe" at little cost and enjoy canoeing yourself. It is one of the few sports women enjoy as well as men. 4000 "Old Town Canoes" ready—all graceful in style and durable—priced $16 up. Dealers everywhere. Send for catalog of canoe views telling the whole story.
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LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL
Whitest White. Stays White.

Berry Brothers celebrated finishes—supreme for 57 years—are specified by architects, used by painters and decorators and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere. Interesting booklets free from nearest Berry Bros. dealer or direct.

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Japan are on the best terms of friendship and good will; but to leave this question unsolved, and let it appear from time to time, and supply material for the yellow press and petty politicians in both countries to play with, is a matter beset with great danger.

"Japan will be glad to act in union with the United States so long as the great republic walks in the path of peace, justice and humanity; and, as Japan's example is followed by other Oriental nations, while the two countries work together for the noble cause the East and the West will be united and kept in harmony. It is time for the two countries to understand each other better; to do away with suspicions and malicious misunderstandings; to settle at once all small differences and to work together for the higher and nobler missions that are left for their united efforts."

The sober fact of it all is that the Japanese are not correctly portrayed in the deifications of some of their interpreters in English; nor are they the scheming, tricky, dishonest nation portrayed by their detractors. They come midway between the two. The Japanese are a high-spirited, valiant, progressive people, now in a period of transition between their former feudalism and their eagerly seized civilization from the West. They have worked marvelous changes in their lives and in their country; but it must not be forgotten that these reforms have been in things material and not in their ideals.

Japan is still loyal to her past in spirit, and as materialistically inclined toward the present as the most American American. It is a combination of utilitarianism and Bushido—the ethics of the samurai—of trade and tradition. Wherefore there must be discrepancies between ideals and practices; and there are and will be.

East is East and West is West

The interests of Japan and the United States in the Far East are identical. Each wants the fullest opportunity for trade and commerce, and Japan logically stands in the position of mediator between the East and the West, because of her position as well as her connection, by spirit and racial ties, with the East, and her rapid assimilation and practice of the civilization of the West.

Japan is not a lotus land. It is no longer a land of two-sworded samurai, of lordly daimio, of restrictions and codes and harakiri. Instead, it is a land of some sixty million people, governed by wise and far-seeing leaders, which must expand to keep pace with its growing population and with its growing enterprise and progress.

Japan needs trade, as does every other nation; and the need is vital. Japanese people have proved themselves not only keen traders, but so adaptable to the new necessities of their country since it threw off its shackles of feudalism, that no boundaries can be set to limit their penetration into the markets of the world. They must be dealt with. They have taken a place in the sun. But, to deal with them, their history and their temperaments and their Orientalisms must be considered; for, no matter how far they have progressed into the present, they have not shaken off the past.

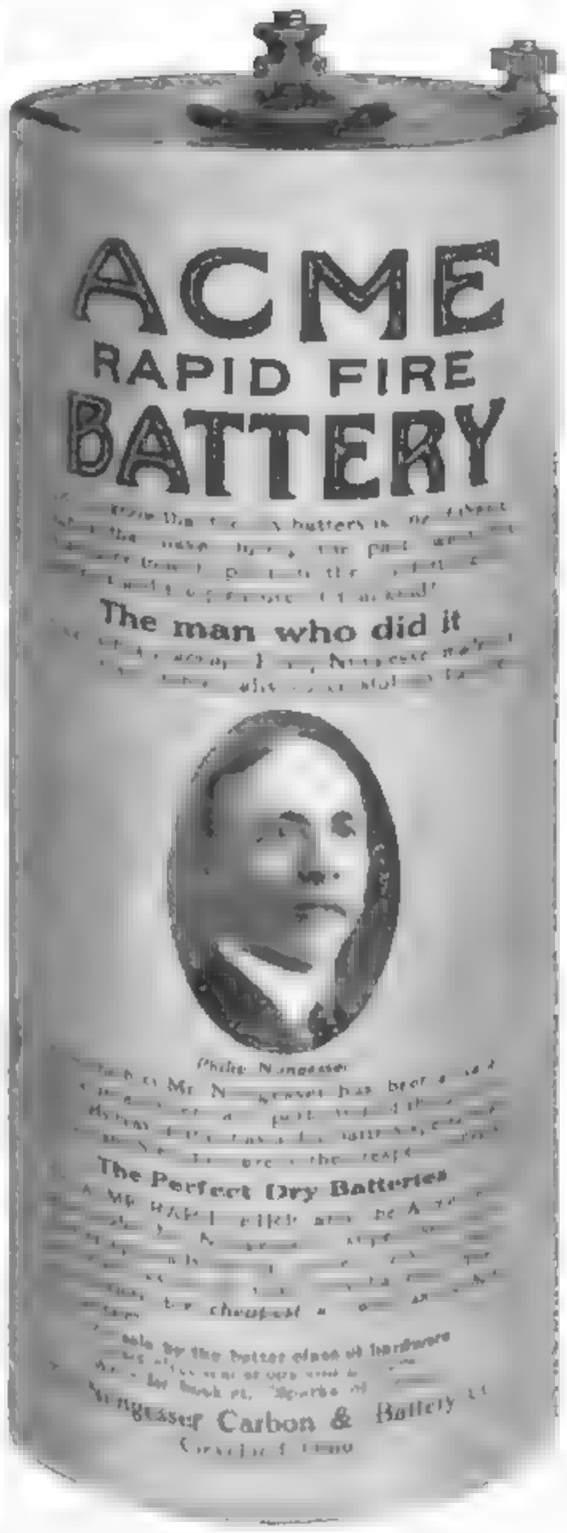
The Japanese are a complex people; but to understand them is reasonably simple after their history and their training are understood. They cannot be dealt with as of the West. They are of the East. Once this distinction is understood and respected, the whole affair becomes one of the application of plain and practical common sense.

Crank Lamps

OF ALL the hundreds of hand electric lamps that have appeared during the last few years, the oddest is an electric lamp which has no battery, but which obtains the electric current for the light from a magneto, turned by a hand crank. So long as the crank is turned the lamp will be lighted.

It is the idea of the inventor that the necessity for turning the crank will not be an inconvenience under many applications, such as in the case of a delivery man seeking the number on a house door; and, of course, the magneto does away with the occasional expense of supplying a new battery for the electric hand lamp.

Patents have been issued only recently on the magneto lamp; but it is planned to have it on the market soon.



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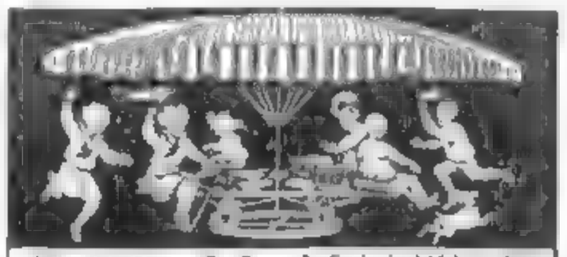
No Rubber in Leg Band — Weighs only ½ an ounce.

NEVERBIND LIFTS gently on the socks and keeps them smooth—NO METAL contacts—a perfect four-seasons' garter, much needed RIGHT NOW.

If your dealer is out, we'll send sample pair, postpaid, mercerized, 25c; double grip, 35c; silk, 50c.

George Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass.



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Touring
in The Eight-Cylinder Cadillac holds new fascinations

THE greatest boon the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac confers upon the American people is that it removes the strain and the weariness from long distance motor travel.

If ever a nation needed the relaxation, as well as the exhilaration of motoring, this nation needs it. And if ever a motor car was at once both stimulating and soothing, that car is the Cadillac "Eight."

Men and women all over America are awakening to this delightful discovery.

The roads of the continent are calling to them with a new charm and a new insistence.

The Cadillac "Eight" has supplied the last necessary link in the chain of causes which constitute the thing called luxury.

It sets the traveler free from taut nerves, from tense muscles, and from constant concentration on the performance of the motor.

All the glorious tingle of a noiseless flight through space is there in increased measure.

But the strain is gone—gone, and forgotten, because the flow of power is so continuous and so quiet that you are scarcely conscious that the engine exists.

There are no convulsive movements of the motor, no noise of straining and labor, no irritating vibration—because there is no lapse or halt between Cadillac power impulses.

You relax and rest, in the Cadillac "Eight," because the unpleasant reminders of intermittent power are removed.

You forget the engine, you forget the mechanical system which is carrying you forward—and luxuriate in a sense of serene well-being and comfort.

The mind is released from its thraldom to the car, and turns a thousand times more often to the beauty of the road, of the sky and of the landscape.

The joy of touring is not only a greater joy in the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac, but it calls into being a new set of physical and a new set of mental sensations.

Heretofore, no matter how gallantly your motor mounted a hill, you were conscious every moment that it was climbing—that it was laboring. Now, you only know that the hill was high because you saw it before the mount began—or looked back after the crest was reached.

The old sensation is now exactly reversed.

Then, the car fought against the hill and triumphed over it—now, the hill seems to melt away before the car.

You can now travel almost continuously on high gear—under throttle control.

The power-application is so fluid that the effect, when you accelerate the speed, is very much as though you had "turned on" the power, as you "turn on" water by opening a spigot.

As far as sound and vibration are concerned, the engine does not seem to be energizing at all.

The car simply glides from one rate of travel to another, without perceptible effort or hesitation.

The result is that the mind is lulled into repose and the body obeys the impulse of the mind.

All the niceties of Cadillac construction supplement and simplify and emphasize the luxurious action of the Eight-Cylinder engine.

The latter might be ever so perfect and still fail of its full efficiency if the car as a whole were not manufactured in every minute part with relation to the requirements of the motor.

Cadillac thoroughness is responsible for the accuracy of every function which might contribute to the efficiency of the engine.

And, too, the spring suspension, and the deep, soft upholstery share the task of resting and soothing mind and body—the two work to that end in continuous harmony.

More than eight thousand Cadillac owners are now enjoying these marked elements of ease which confer a new charm upon motoring.

Our information would indicate that nearly all of them experience the same impulse—a renewed and irresistible call to long-distance touring.

With rough roads largely robbed of their terrors, and good roads made almost doubly delightful—with hills no longer to be dreaded and gear shifting practically eliminated—with a new and astonishingly active acceleration, always to be relied upon—touring in the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac becomes an unalloyed delight.

A Complete line of Cadillac Cars and a demonstrating chassis are exhibited at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition San Francisco, Calif.

Styles and Prices

Standard Seven passenger car, Five passenger Salon and Roadster, $1975. Landaulet Coupé, $2500. Five passenger Sedan, $2800. Seven passenger Limousine, $3450. Prices F. O. B. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

Loosen up a bit on this say-so:

You lay-to long enough to buy some Prince Albert tobacco. Jam your old jimmy pipe brimful to the spilling-spot, or roll a makin's cigarette, make fire with a match—and go on. *For you've got yours!*

That's all there is to it—this digging fun out of a pipe or a cigarette—if you follow suit and play the game via P. A., *because then* you've switched to the right track! And your tongue will be fine-like-silk whether you smoke one load *or a hundred!*

For Prince Albert is made by a patented process that *cuts out* tongue-bite and throat-parch! Now, you just let it sift in that no tobacco ever was, or can be, made like

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Quit teasing your smoke-appetite. Don't let your palate protest every time a whiff of jimmy pipe joy or cigarette makin's happiness breaks into the atmosphere!

Cut-loose with a pipe or a cigarette and a tidy red tin of P. A. and swing open your chest to some spring smoke-sunshine. For then you'll qualify to be a real and true pipe-r on the P. A. band wagon, which means 33d degree tobacco happiness—and a guarantee that you'll be jimmy pipe joy'us and cigarette cheerful!

Prince Albert smokers everywhere are enthusiastic over the classy pound crystal-glass humidor with the sponge-moistener top which keeps the tobacco in fine fettle—always. It's a thing of joy for every man who smokes a pipe or rolls his own cigarettes. Prince Albert is also sold in toppy red bags, 5c (handy for cigarette smokers); tidy red tins, 10c; and handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE JITNEY JUGGERNAUT

(Continued from Page 9)

That, then, is the jitney's defense and justification—that people want it; that it gives them a better article for their money than they got before. On that it stands, and to this writing it is about holding its own. Opponents have demanded various regulatory and repressive measures, such as that the busses be excluded from the busy parts of Broadway, Main and Spring Streets; that each owner be required to carry ten thousand dollars of accident indemnity insurance in a company acceptable to the city authorities; that the busses be expressly prohibited from refusing to carry negro or Chinese passengers; that they be required to come to a full stop before crossing any street-car track, except where a crossing policeman is stationed; that they be required to carry a light in the tonneau—lest sentimental passengers take advantage of the dusk to spoon, spooning being a crime unknown on the Coast before the advent of jitneys. Some extreme critics would confine them to streets on which no trolley cars ran—which would generally mean streets where they could do little business.

In the latter part of February the City Council passed an ordinance to regulate jitney busses. It provided that each bus and the driver thereof must procure a license, the driver passing a satisfactory examination as to his knowledge of traffic rules and skill as a chauffeur; that rear wheels of the cars must be equipped with nonskid tires and use chains in rainy weather; that in congested districts the busses must stop to receive and discharge passengers not less than fifty feet back from the corner, or seventy-five feet if a street-car line rounds the corner; that every bus must carry a conspicuous sign setting forth the route over which it operates and no other advertisement; that busses must not deviate more than three blocks from the route described, except to carry passengers to some public attraction or demonstration—but the route may be changed on written application to the police department; that the tonneau must be lighted after dark; that an indemnity insurance policy for five thousand dollars must be filed with the city clerk for each bus; and that no passenger shall be refused on account of race or color.

The mayor vetoed this ordinance on the ground that it did not go far enough in the way of regulating jitney traffic. The Council passed it over his veto, and both sides to the controversy denounce it as unsatisfactory. The anti-jitney people say it is a weak, temporizing, ineffectual measure. The jitney men say it is unjust and oppressive. The latter immediately got up a referendum petition, the effect of which is to suspend the ordinance and refer it to the votes of the people at the spring election.

Piling Up Jitney Taxes

They also used the Initiative to put before the electorate an ordinance of their own. As a matter of fact, their ordinance does not differ very greatly from that passed by the City Council. It provides for examination and licensing of busses and drivers, for nonskid tires and tonneau lights. The provisions for a sign designating the route and prohibiting deviation from the route except under certain conditions are much like those in the Council's ordinance.

The important differences are, that the jitney men's ordinance fixes the license fee for a bus at twelve dollars a year, while the Council ordinance continues the present fee of sixty dollars a year; that it leaves out the provision for a five-thousand-dollar indemnity bond; that it does not require a bus to carry a passenger irrespective of race or color; that it permits busses in the congested district to stop within thirty-five feet of the street corner instead of fifty feet or seventy-five; and the route provision gives the busses a little greater freedom of operation.

No very great differences, one might say; yet they are no doubt very important to the jitneys as now operated. At present the busses are licensed under a general ordinance governing automobiles operated for hire, which was designed mainly for taxicabs; so they pay a license fee of fifteen dollars a quarter, or sixty dollars a year. They also pay the state license fee for an automobile, which, for the type of vehicle commonly used—the light five-passenger car—comes to ten dollars a year. They also pay the state license fee for a chauffeur, which comes to two dollars a year, and the city fee of one dollar. That makes seventy-three dollars a year.

Besides, they pay the ad valorem tax on an automobile as personal property, which comes to about seven dollars and a half a year. Of course there is no dodging this personal-property tax, for the machines are all registered.

If a man paid four hundred dollars for a secondhand car, or invested that much in a new one on the installment plan, his tax bill would thus come to twenty per cent of his investment. I believe the average receipts of the busses do not run over fifteen hundred dollars a year each. On that basis the tax would come to about five and a half per cent of gross income.

I doubt that the busses net on an average over three dollars a day for the owners, who, being also the operators in nearly all cases, give their time and labor as well as their investment. In short, in the main they are only making moderate wages at the business.

This conclusion is strengthened by the fact that the number of busses has declined somewhat. From near a thousand it has fallen to not much over eight hundred—holding somewhere round that number for the last three months. The field, of course, is wide open to competition. Anybody who can get hold of a car can enter it at any point, choosing any route he pleases. Under such conditions one would expect that every established route would have just about as many cars as could make wages on it. If a route much more than paid wages other cars would come in.

Harassing Restrictions

Naturally, then, the jitney men fight every increase in cost, while their opponents clearly perceive that the way to put them out of business is to increase the cost. A ten-thousand-dollar accident indemnity bond would cost sixty-five dollars if the premium were paid in cash, or seventy-eight dollars if it were paid in installments. Jitney men resist that reduction of their slender margin. Stopping a few rods back of the street corner instead of near it, where passengers naturally congregate, would mean the loss of a few nickels; and there are few to lose.

Street railroads pay the state five and a quarter per cent of their gross receipts in lieu of ad valorem taxes. They figured out—for the purpose of a tax argument—that average receipts of the jitney busses ran twenty-one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year, and insisted that the state tax them five and a quarter per cent of that amount, which would come to about a hundred and fourteen dollars a year and undoubtedly put a good many busses out of business. A later proposal is that the state tax the busses twenty dollars a year a seat.

The trolley companies, of course, make a large point of the taxes they pay; but from the point of view of income the jitney busses are almost as heavily taxed now, and from the point of view of investment they are far more heavily taxed. The question of state taxation on the busses is undecided at this writing.

There is the little question of the colored brother. If jitney busses are common carriers they can draw no color line in California. Opponents want it explicitly stated that they must not refuse to carry a passenger on account of race. The jitney men wish to preserve a discreet silence on that point. In one case passengers with color prejudices might abjure the jitneys. In the other case they might not. I do not remember any fight in which so few points were overlooked.

This, briefly, is Los Angeles' experience with the jitney bus—the whole question of what to do with them still being virtually in the air at this writing. Every city on the Coast has had substantially the same experience in a greater or less degree.

San Francisco's case, for example, is quite illuminating. When the five-cent bus in Los Angeles developed into a public problem, with capital letters, San Francisco papers naturally noticed it. With that sisterly affection which always characterizes two cities of about the same size that

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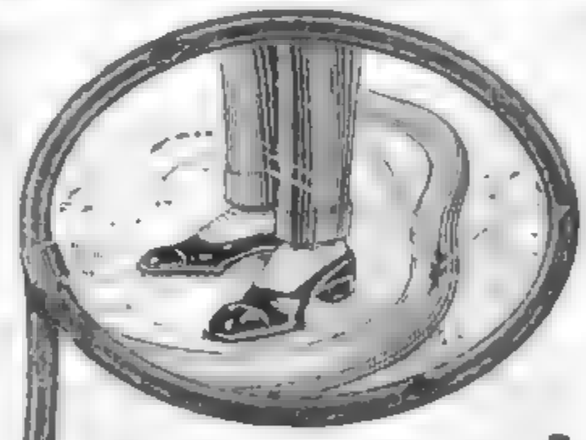

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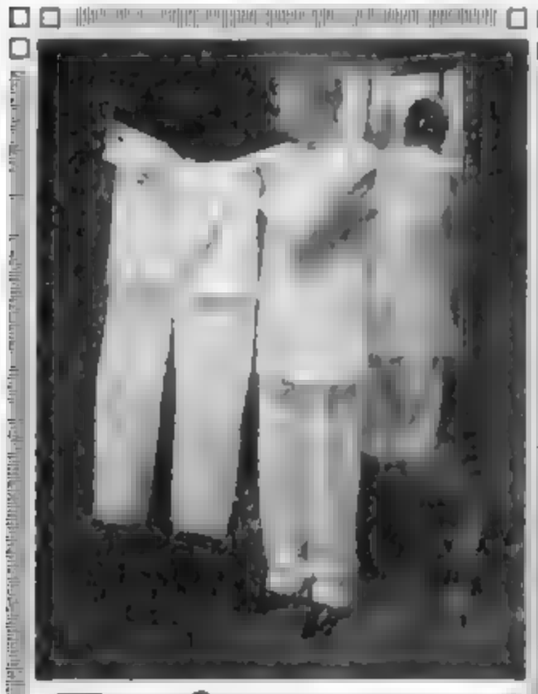
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are near enough together to compete all along the line, they pleasantly referred to Los Angeles as Jitneyville, and explained that it was a cheap and shabby sort of place anyway, in which any sort of cheap and shabby contrivance might naturally expect to succeed.

This was along in November. Two or three Los Angeles men, one of whom was in the automobile business, were discussing these derogatory expressions at luncheon. The result of their discussion was that they procured four cheap secondhand five-passenger cars, shipped them up to San Francisco, hung jitney signs on them, and put them into business. Within ten days a dozen native cars followed in the trail thus blazed; and the Los Angeles men—observing, with pleasure, that the infection had taken—had their cars sent home. There are now, according to police records, five hundred jitney busses in San Francisco, or nearly as many as in Los Angeles; and a patriotic inhabitant of the latter city can read a newspaper from the sister city with no fear of being offended by a reference to his own city as Jitneyville. Indeed, he can and does point the moral that San Francisco differs from Los Angeles in being only a couple of months behind.

Of course the Exposition at San Francisco has been a stimulant to the jitney business. On any week day Market Street literally swarms with the busses. There is a peculiar angle in the situation there that serves to illustrate the unsettled status of the jitney. The United Railroads is the big trolley-car system; but there is also a municipal trolley line. By common consent the jitney bus men—not wishing the enmity of the city government—kept off the municipal line; but it is alleged that the United Railroads bought a hundred cars and put them to work along the municipal line as a testimonial of its affection.

The manager of the United Railroads said his company could carry passengers for short hauls in the zone of dense traffic at two and a half cents each, but could not maintain long hauls at five cents if the short-haul business was taken away. He argued that the result of continued jitney competition would be the adoption of zone fares by the street railroad.

In Other Coast Cities

In San Diego the Chamber of Commerce demanded a ten-thousand-dollar indemnity bond for each bus, and the manager of the street railroad declared that the company would be unable to make any extensions and improvements unless protected from jitney competition. The busses, he pointed out, ran along street-car routes and sniped passengers who were waiting for the trolley, thereby entailing a dead loss to the company of at least a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The San Diego street-car service, I am happy to testify, is excellent, having been put in prime condition for the Exposition there.

The Portland Street Railroad reported a loss of ninety-three thousand dollars in gross receipts for December, as compared with the same month the year before, which it attributed largely to jitney competition. The city government there proposed to bar the busses from the busiest parts of Washington and Morrison Streets.

In Seattle the street-car company abolished a number of through-route long hauls because of jitney competition, and the legislature passed an act regulating the busses that jitney owners said would put them out of business.

From the Coast the jitney bus, with its inevitable attendant problems, moved eastward to the Atlantic seaboard. Probably as summer comes on it will be a live issue pretty well over the country. So far it has been mostly a fight with the street railroads, in which what strikes me as the most interesting and important aspect of the matter has been pretty generally ignored.

First, the automobile has been developed to a point where it can successfully compete with a street railroad for certain business. There is no doubt about that. A five-passenger car can carry people at five cents a head over a route four or five miles long, under reasonably favorable conditions, and make at least enough profit to represent rather good wages for the owner. I believe that means a larger extension of gasoline-driven city transportation.

In spite of all good American boasts, no large city in the United States has as good transportation as London or Berlin or Paris. True, there is no single agency in any of those cities as efficient, for example, as the New York Subway; but more agencies are available at a moderate price. London motor busses carried seven hundred and thirty-four million passengers in 1913, an increase of almost a hundred per cent in three years. In all three of the European cities named taxicabs are plentiful and cheap—their charges being a third or a quarter of those ruling in American cities.

In short, the development of the gasoline engine has been extensively applied to city transportation over there, but hardly at all here. The gasoline-driven traffic in New York, represented by the Fifth Avenue busses and the taxis, is small; and in Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston it is much smaller.

The European type of double-decked motor bus seems not to catch on in this country. In New York the bus fare is ten cents; and the volume of business done by the busses, when measured against total city transportation, is fairly negligible. When the jitney busses began to make a large impression in Los Angeles a line of double-decked vehicles of the Fifth Avenue and London type was put in operation. It lasted but a short time and did hardly any business.

In this country taxis at a moderate cost seem to be an unattainable dream. Nobody has satisfactorily explained why, when you go from a railroad station to a hotel in Chicago, you must pay five times as much as you would pay in London to travel the same distance in a cab which very likely has an American engine driven by American gasoline.

The Jitney of the Future

Probably the real reason is that in Chicago you are expected to stand for it and in London you are not. At any rate, there is the fact. Possibly the demonstration that a jitney bus can run four miles, with a load, for a quarter or thirty cents, and make a profit, may have some effect on cab fares.

At any rate, the jitney seems to have demonstrated that there is a large place for the gasoline engine in city transportation. Jitney owners who have studied the situation admit frankly that the type of car heretofore used is not most suitable for the traffic. They need a larger carrying capacity.

Already, in Los Angeles, for example, they are rather giving the preference to seven-passenger cars. But the most experienced and intelligent owners agree that a new type of car, carrying eight, ten or a dozen passengers, is what the business needs; a car of comparatively low speed—say, twenty to thirty miles an hour—and built with special reference to minimizing tire and gear wear.

The jitney business came on pellmell, with no foresight or preparation, and is still organized to only a slight degree. Some time ago Mr. Draper, Mr. Hagans, and other Los Angeles jitney men, formed the Auto Bus Owners' Association; but its principal activity has consisted simply in fighting hostile legislation.

Probably the first problem, except the elementary one of staving off legal asphyxiation, is to find the sort of car that is best adapted to this traffic.

As Mr. Hagans puts it, the first cost is for labor. A man competent to operate a jitney bus ought to get thirty cents an hour, and that labor cost is as great for hauling four passengers as for hauling twelve. A car running over smooth pavements can be made to ride very comfortably without pneumatic tires, which would reduce another expense item.

Undoubtedly automobile manufacturers have been studying the jitney phenomenon; but—probably because they were waiting to see how it would develop and what its needs might be—they seem to have taken no hand in the fight between the jitneys and the street railroads.

True, street-railroad men say the revolution will never happen, for the jitney will be suppressed—or at least repressed to a point where it will disappear as speedily as it appeared. Of course there must be regulation and responsibility. There are serious problems of street congestion to be considered. The matter of street-car fares may have to be revised.

Probably a new type of gasoline car will be evolved. But people who have suffered from slow and jammed trolley cars will not view the advent of a new vehicle in that field with any alarm.

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THE PHŒNIX

(Continued from Page 17)

The music had started, and the newcomer had presented himself before Mrs. Bucknam's two-hundred weight, claiming the dance, when that good lady, raising her eyes toward the entrance, saw a suspicious sight, sir.

Believe me when I tell you that from the streets there had entered a figure the like of which had seldom been observed in the midst of Bodbank scenes. Mrs. Bucknam afterward described this figure as a magnificent man. He was six feet tall, and his well-tailored, close-fitting sack coat gave a gracefulness to his waist and an impressiveness to his ample chest. He had the bearing of a soldier, the face of a statesman, and he viewed the dazzling scene with a look of polite scorn.

"Pardon me one moment," said Mrs. Bucknam to the Reverend George Stafford and to the son of an earl. "Another gentleman awaits a welcome."

She hurried toward the door, and then, half afraid, hovered in front of the marvelous stranger.

"Won't you come right in and dance?" said she reconnoitering.

"Thank you, no," replied the other, staring at her with a superior surprise. "I am an observer merely."

"You are not familiar with our new dances?" asked Mrs. Bucknam archly.

"We know them slightly in my own country," said the other, bowing very low in the manner of a European diplomat, and the lady caught at a chair after the terrible crash of realization.

Having steadied her shattered nerves, but pale and sensing the evil that had befallen Bodbank, she flew to her husband.

"Listen, Ernest," said she to him: "You have shown a lot of ability. You have risen to crises. You must outdo yourself now. Ask me no questions. But go as straight as you can to that man we have welcomed into our bosom, and find out where he was before he came to Bodbank."

"Wait," said the dazed manufacturer, licking his lips; but his wife had gone, leaving with him only the comfort of her faith in him as a tower of strength. He now saw coming toward him along the wall the son of an earl, for the moment looking about as if he had lost a friend in a crowd, and Ernest bravely exposed his vast area of waistcoat and stepped in the smaller stranger's path.

"Nice occasion?" said he.

"Yes," answered the other.

"Been in Bodbank long, sir?"

"No. I just came up from Kentucky."

"Fine horses in Kentucky," said Bucknam wisely.

"They're better than the judges," the stranger said, happy in the conversation and speaking with the briskness of authority. "Yes, sir; it was unjust judges that suspended me, and I'm glad to be back in a place like this—warm hearts, a square deal and no favors."

"Suspended you? How's that?" gasped Mr. B.

"Why, I can't ride for six months now. They suspended me—ruled me off—don't you get it? I'm a horse jockey."

"Cæsar's ghost!"

Bucknam threw his clutch into reverse, caromed off a couple behind him and ended at the other end of the hall, puffing like a switch engine.

"Don't be a fool and faint," he whispered into his wife's ear. "Just listen!"

Now, I don't mean to insinuate anything against folks who live in this town, but after Mrs. Bucknam had listened to what her husband blew into her ear there was a first-class example of how quickly gossip can travel. The word went about in marvelously swift ways. Eyes began to turn toward the figure in the door—toward the impressive figure standing like a statue; mothers began to gather their daughters under their wings; fair eyes under fair foreheads began to glower at the handsome poetic face of McCune, or to turn away from his active, searching, wistful eyes. As he walked across the hall, dancing couples drew away from him; as he passed the orchestra, one of the musicians stared so hard that he played a sour note. Happiness had yielded to gloom, warmth to chill, and democracy was curled up like a Saratoga chip. The membership of the Home Club undoubtedly wished that the evening was over.

McCune, if that was his name, found round Miss Firkin playing wallflower, and asked her to be his partner. She said she had a headache. He tried the angular Miss Arthur, and Miss Arthur, gasping, said that she was waiting for her aunt. He consulted his card and twice tried to claim a dance which had been engaged, and twice was told that there must have been a mistake. Poor McCune, crestfallen, the light gone from his face, his shoulders hanging dejected, his eyes more wistful than ever, retired to the wall and sat in pathetic loneliness, staring at the maxixe.

And then it was, sir, that Miriam Roebling, seated for the moment between Mrs. Bucknam and Mrs. Firkin, ruined her position in Bodbank society. She had been observing the man away from whom all low-neck gowns and white-silk waistcoats and aristocratic faces had turned. She had seen him, with his well-shaped muscular fingers, tear up the dance card upon which the cream of Bodbank had spread thick their illustrious names, and drop the pieces sadly into the jardinière behind him. Perhaps she knew what it was to feel lonesomeness in the midst of gayety. Perhaps she saw the expression on his face, which reflected something of that which was in her heart. At any rate she smiled at him.

Yes, sir, she smiled at him. And catching her smile with his two surprised eyes, McCune, the suspended horse jockey, arose and came over to her and asked her for a dance.

"Thank you," said Miriam, trying to rise. "That is very kind."

Mrs. Bucknam seized her upon the right; Mrs. Firkin upon the left.

"You are mad!" whispered one voice hysterically.

"You have never danced these new dances!" exclaimed the other.

"Not in Bodbank," said Miriam with a curious little mischievous smile, slipping away from their detaining hands.

And then, sir, the two of them—Miriam and McCune—seemed to be picked up by the music, as the down of thistles is picked up by a summer breeze. I am no expert upon these wild new contortions, but this I know—the thing which these two did was no contortion.

Usually it is the dance which follows the music, but as Miriam and her partner sailed off across the open spaces the musicians looked up with surprise and knew at last that sometimes the music is only an accompaniment. Bodbank society—the smart set of our town—fixed its eyes upon that work of art which was being created by the movements of Miriam's tall willowy figure in unison with the sweeps of motion of the man who danced with her. The eyes of society were undecided. They hung between admiration and scorn.

"Dancing like that should be made permanent!" exclaimed Doris Sturges.

Miriam had lost her head at last. She was not content to do this once and then modestly refuse a second opportunity. She did not act in a way to discourage the creature against whom the judgment of Bodbank's best people had been rendered. Indeed, sir, she created for him, as one might say, a circle of warm sunshine in which he basked. She danced with him again and again. She allowed him to bring her lemonade. She talked with him, fixing upon him her big brown eyes, in which there was always that peculiar peace gleaming up like something shining from the bottom of a deep, cool well.

"Look!" said Mrs. Shook. "Even Sir Winsted Coldstream Hilton at the door has noticed her behavior. See the sneer upon his face! In spite of his refusal to allow us to entertain him there certainly is something magnificent about that foreigner!"

She was interrupted, however, by a voice that sounded above the soft chatter of the intermission. There was a peculiar quality to that voice. It was not loud but it had technique. The chatter ceased; everyone turned toward the door. The voice was that of McCune; it could be heard clearly ringing into every corner of the Home Club.

"Good night, Miss Roebling," said he, commanding the attention of everyone, and apparently without consciousness that he was doing so. "I would not go were it not by a necessity. Thank you heartily for your kindness to a stranger. Thank you for the best dance I have ever had. Thank you for your willingness to allow me to see you again before my stay in Bodbank is over. Good night."

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And then he turned to the magnificent figure at the doorway and said no less clearly: "Welch—my coat, please!"

"Damson jams!" exclaimed Mrs. Bucknam, losing all sense of propriety as she realized the truth. "Bodbank is a ruin. That man is his valet!"

Windfall Page, as an expert, admitted many times in the half hour that followed that the lieutenant in the King's Battersea Guards and the author of Portraits and Purses would probably go back to the hotel and write the whole story for the press of the country.

"And all of the Chicago papers have cuts of me," said Mrs. Bucknam, who was trying to gather the committee together.

"It is very unfortunate, very lamentable, very untoward," added the Reverend George K. Stafford.

"The Chamber of Commerce can shut up shop now," said Shook, the president of the Bodbank Trust. "You can't find industries to locate here after this. Get your committee together in the card room and see what can be done."

"Did you ever hear of such luck?" Mrs. Arthur exclaimed, feeling the dangerous points of her own elbows. "Who but Miriam would have had such luck?"

"It wasn't luck," said Mr. Bucknam, with a wilted collar. "She danced with him because she felt some kind of feeling which led her to do what she did. It was democracy. That's what it was—democracy."

"Democracy be dum-dummed!" growled Mr. Firkin. "It was democracy that got us into all this trouble!"

"I counsel temperate thoughts," Stafford said. "Here comes Miss Roebling. We must ask her what we must do."

"Do?" said Miriam softly. "Do? Why do we do anything?"

Mrs. Bucknam seized the girl and they tell me she shook her.

"Do?" she shrieked. "We must do something to prevent that fool Englishman from writing Bodbank off the map."

"Oh, he won't do that," said Miriam. And for the first time in years she lost all her composure and blushed and looked at the floor. "I suppose if you must know, I—I—well, I thought of that, and I made him promise he wouldn't."

"How?" asked the minister. "Assure us. Give us the comfort of assurance. How did you make him promise?"

Then the truth burst out from the embarrassed girl.

"Gave him one of these gold spangles off my dress," said she.

About ten days after the famous dance I was passing Stafford's house about three in the afternoon, and I saw him standing on the corner of his porch, which overlooks the open fields running down toward the Mississippi. He had a pair of pearl-covered opera glasses up to his eyes, and was watching something, and then shaking his head as if he could not understand.

"What are you slanting, Stafford?" said I.

He jumped and then said: "For an old man, you keep up these modern expressions in a manner almost reprehensible."

"What are you slanting?" I repeated.

"There are some persons I do not pretend to understand," said he. "However, let me tell you. Of course you know how much this Hilton has been with Miriam in the last week. He says himself he has sat round her tea room until, even though he is an Englishman, he hopes he will never see tea again. But of course I expected, as everyone did, that if anything came of it a man like Hilton—and a man of his wealth—would want a big affair. Accordingly I was somewhat surprised, and you will be, at the fact that as they walked by to-day they came in and were married. The only witnesses were his valet and Katie, my cook!"

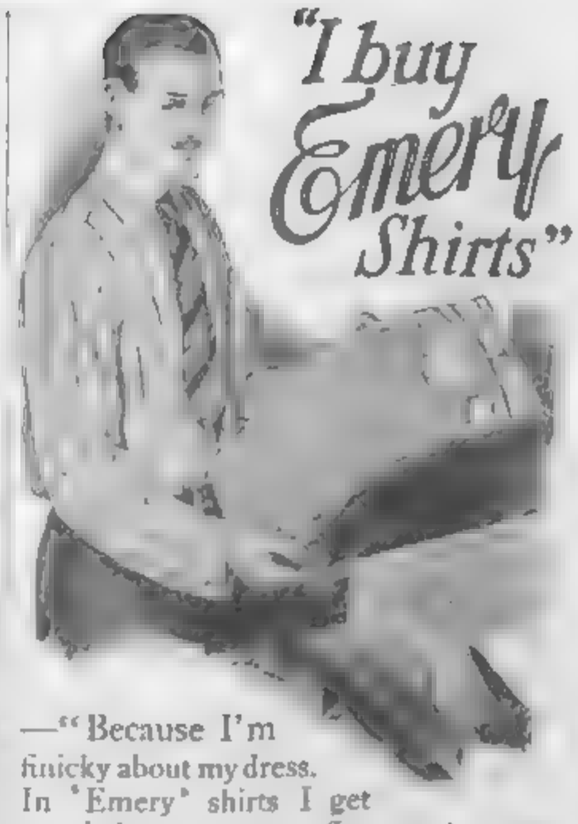
"Huh!" said I, acting as carelessly as possible. "And why the opera glasses?"

"Just because the frost is hardly out of the ground," Stafford answered. "And they've begun their honeymoon by sitting on the grass down there on the slope of Pioneer Park."

"And now, Heaven forgive us, she's teaching him to play mumblety-peg!" said he. I laughed.

"Ah, Mr. Bosville," said he to me, "I have meditated to-day. I have meditated on democracy. I have given it profound consideration. And, Mr. Bosville, I do not believe that democracy is a philosophy. I believe, sir, that democracy is only a feeling."

Editor's Note—This is sixth in a series of stories by Richard Washburn Child. The seventh will appear in an early number.



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